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Nov. 15, 1958

THE NEW YORKER

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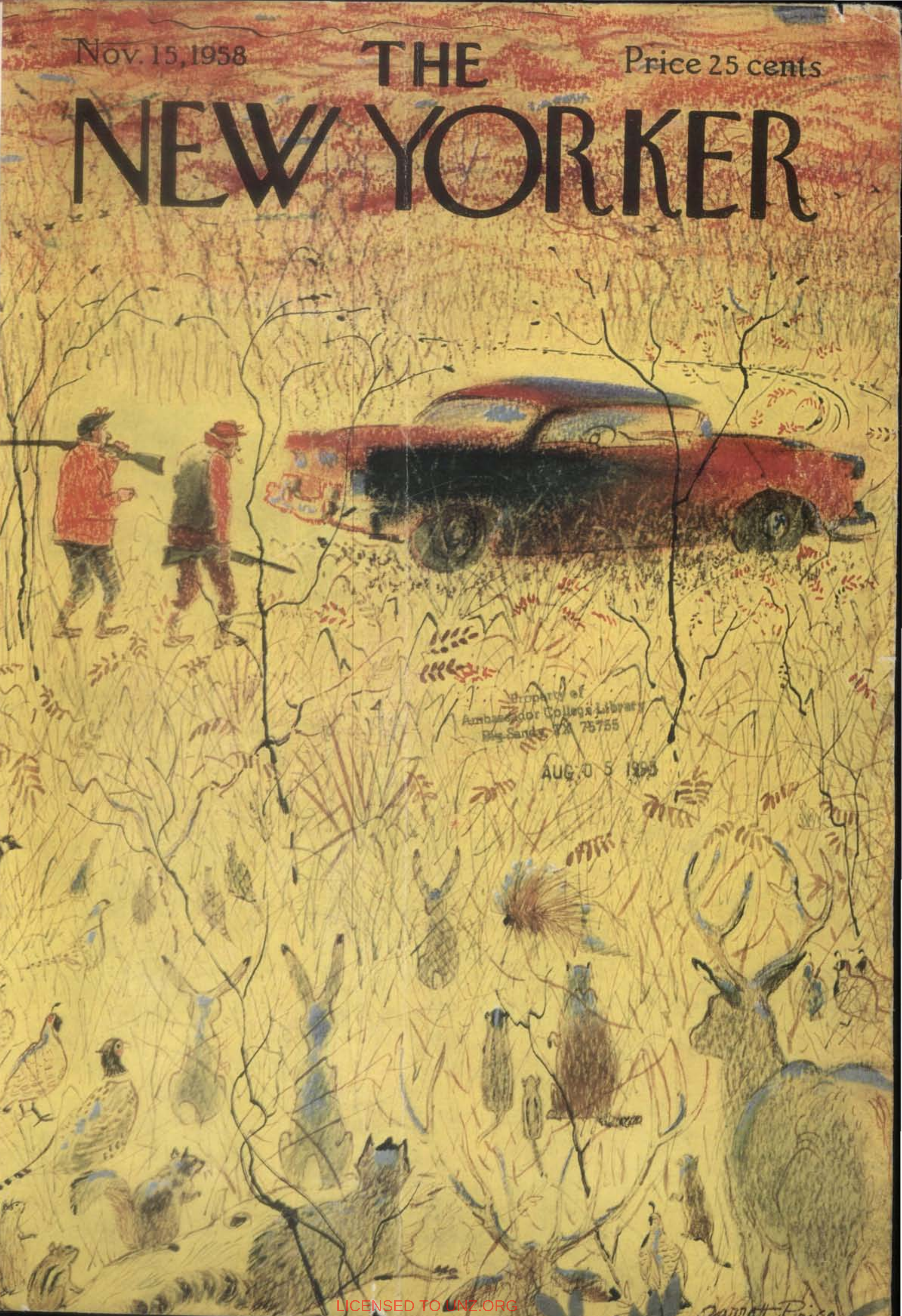

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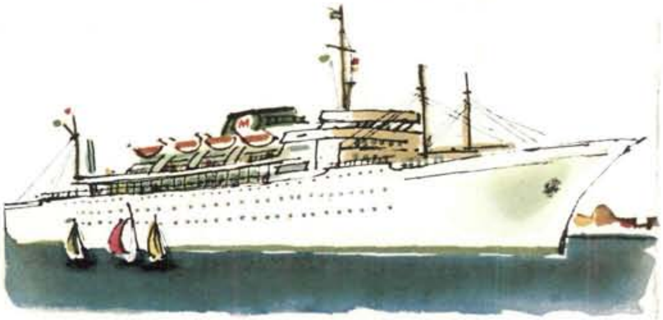

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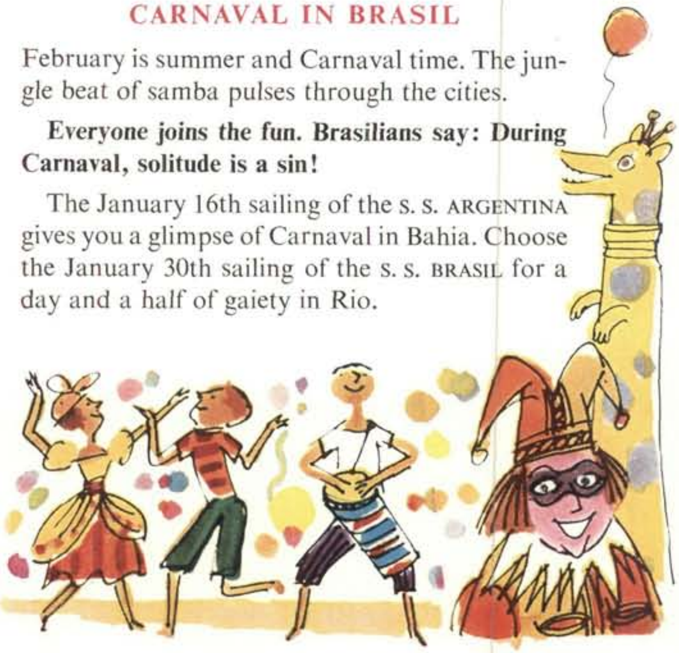

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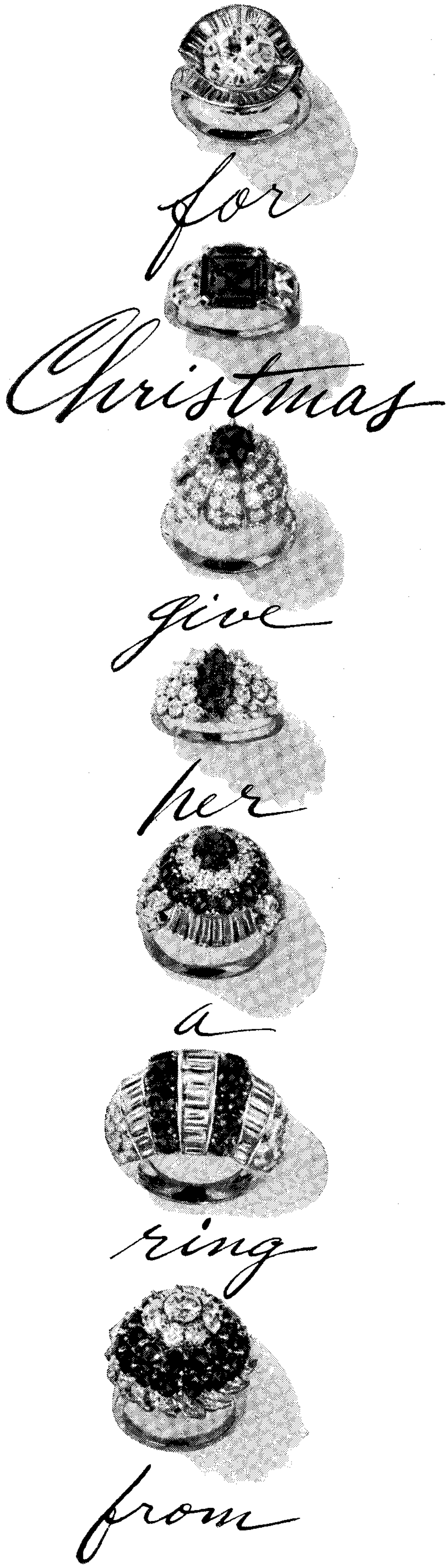
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NEW YORK

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Comes a Day—George C. Scott gives a virtuoso performance as a psychopath in a darkly dramatic and predominantly maudlin play by Speed Lamkin. The cast also includes Judith Anderson, Brandon de Wilde, Arthur O'Connell, and Diana van der Vlis. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. CO 5-1855. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Drink to Me Only—A comedy by Abram S. Ginnes and Ira Wallach, with Tom Poston, Paul Hartman, and Georgann Johnson. (54th Street Theatre, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Epitaph for George Dillon—An unsuccessful artist takes out his tragedy and his spleen on a family of humble Philistines. The cast of this strong, if uneven, play by John Osborne and Anthony Creighton is headed by Robert Stephens and Eileen Herlie. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40. May close Saturday, Nov. 15.)

The Girls in 509—A play that makes wide, satirical gestures but delivers nothing but jokes. Peggy Wood and Imogene Coca are as funny as they can manage to be in the roles of a pair of Republican fugitives from Socialism. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Make a Million—Sam Levene and Don Wilson in a comedy written by Norman Barasch and Carroll Moore, and directed by Jerome Chodorov. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Man in the Dog Suit—Hume Cronyn and Jessica Tandy work hard to make something of this account of the adventures of a mousy bank teller who is transformed into a formidable fellow when he climbs into a masquerade costume. But for all their efforts, the play isn't very plausible. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Marriage-Go-Round—There is nothing particularly original in this comedy by Leslie Stevens, which has to do with the difficulties of a happily married professor trying to keep his monogamous balance while being pursued by a Swedish Amazon, but Charles Boyer, Claudette Colbert, and Julie Newmar frequently sparkle in the principal roles. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Once More, With Feeling—This farce about the symphony-concert business has a few bright lines in it, and a great deal of nonsense. With Arlene Francis, Joseph Cotten, and Walter Matthau. (National, 41st St., W. WI 7-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Pleasure of His Company—Cyril Ritchard has given smooth direction and a polished performance to this somewhat sententious comedy, by Samuel Taylor and Cornelia Otis Skinner, about family life in San Francisco. The cast also includes Charlie Ruggles, Walter Abel, Dolores Hart, and Miss Skinner herself. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

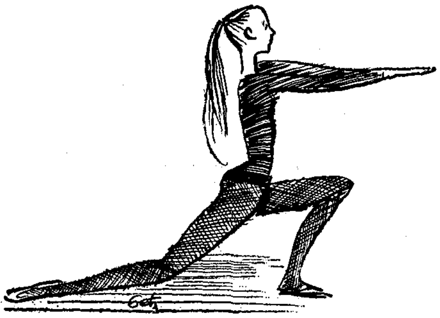
Say, Darling—This very successful backstage comedy is partly the work of Richard Bissell, who also wrote the novel on which it is based. Betty Comden, Adolph Green, and Jule Styne contributed nine songs, and David Wayne, Vivian Blaine, and Johnny Desmond head the large and gifted cast. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A Touch of the Poet—Eugene O'Neill's play about life in the United States back in the Colonial period. A satisfactory drama that has the estimable services of Helen Hayes. This is its first American production. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Visit—How a village is corrupted by a vengeful woman who wants a man murdered because he seduced her in her youth. Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne are extraordinarily effective as the unfortunate mouse and the ferocious cat. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40. Closes Saturday, Nov. 29.)

The World of Suzie Wong—A small, trite hymn to love in Hong Kong, lavishly orchestrated, and played with quiet skill and sincerity by a new actress named France Nuyen. Others in the cast are William Shatner and Ron Randell. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—**The Dark at the Top of the Stairs:** Concerning the small tragedies and comedies that beset an Oklahoma family in the nineteen-twenties. Teresa Wright, George L. Smith, and Eileen Heckart have the leading roles in William Inge's play. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **Look Homeward, Angel:** Thomas Wolfe's monumental novel reduced by Ketti Frings to a coherent play. Now with Miriam Hopkins and Ed Begley. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **Sunrise at Campobello:** Ralph Bellamy as Franklin D. Roosevelt in Dore Schary's play centering on three crucial years in the late President's life. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **Two for the Seesaw:** Dana Andrews and Anne Bancroft are the whole cast of William Gibson's play about a couple of lonely people in New York. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE NEW YORKER
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MUSICALS

Goldilocks—Elaine Stritch and Don Ameche in a handsomely dressed musical treatment of early motion-picture days that is fast, funny, and sometimes even thoughtful. Book by Jean and Walter Kerr, music by Leroy Anderson, and lyrics by Joan Ford and the Kerrs. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**Bells Are Ringing:** Judy Holliday as a telephone-answering-service girl who is dedicated to her job. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **Jamaica:** A tale of old West India, featuring Lena Horne. Harold Arlen composed the music and E. Y. Harburg the lyrics. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **The Music Man:** Meredith Willson wrote the book, the music, and the lyrics for this piece about an Iowa con man (Robert Preston) who falls in love with a librarian. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **My Fair Lady:** Shaw's "Pygmalion," turned into a musical by Alan Jay Lerner (book and lyrics) and Frederick Loewe (music). Edward Mulhare and Sally Ann Howes now head the cast. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **West Side Story:** This story of love and violence among uptown teen-agers vaguely follows the pattern of "Romeo and Juliet." With Carol Lawrence, Larry Kert, and Muriel Bentley. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

La Plume de Ma Tante—A revue from Paris (but in English), written, devised, and directed by Robert Dhéry. The music is by Gérard Calvi, the lyrics are by Ross Parker, and the cast includes M. Dhéry and Colette Brosset. Presented by David Merrick and Joseph Kipness. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Thursday and Saturday this week, and Wednesdays and Saturdays thereafter, at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

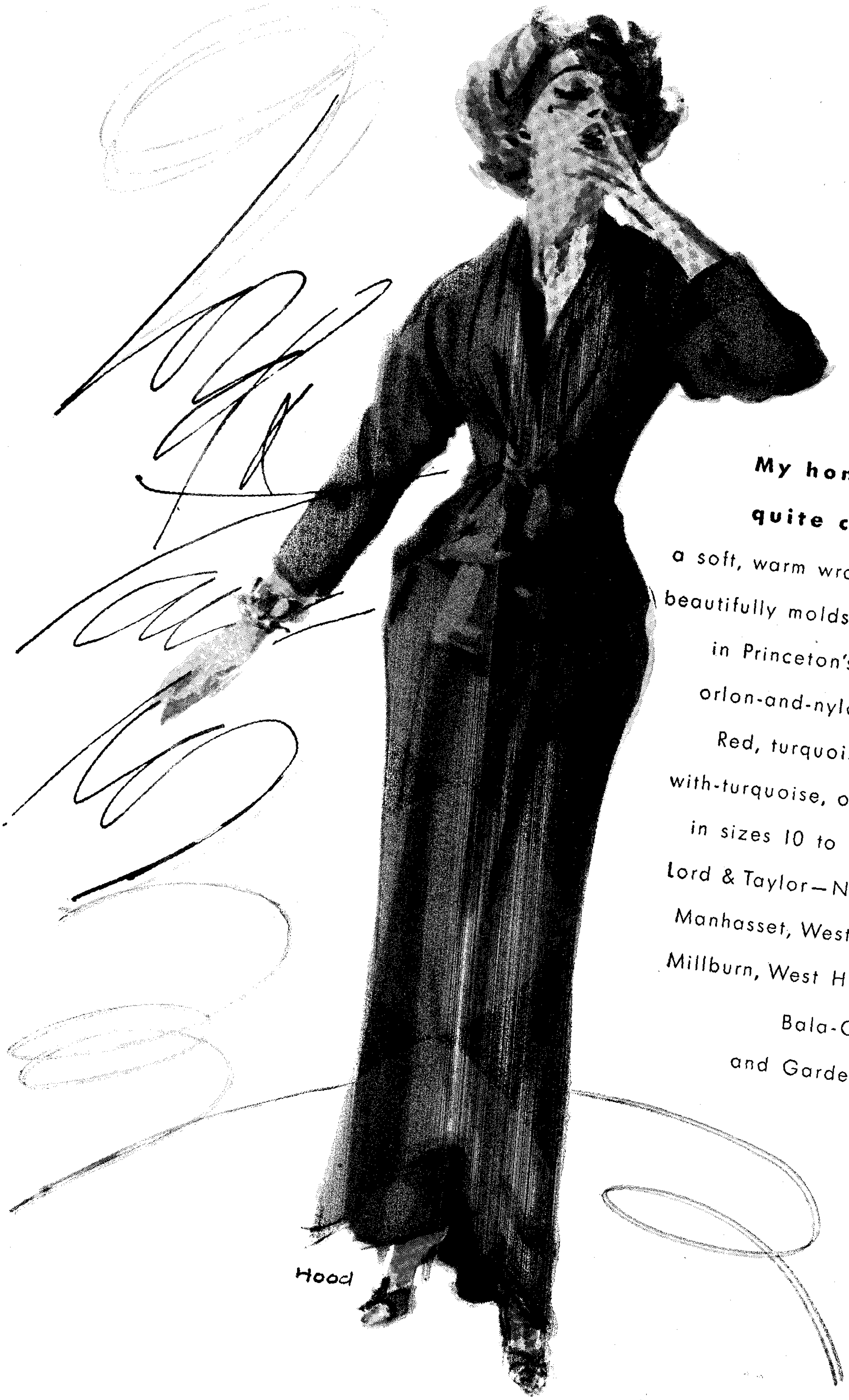
The Shadow of a Gunman—Susan Strasberg, William Smithers, and Gerald O'Loughlin in a revival of Sean O'Casey's play. Directed by Jack Garfein and produced by Cheryl Crawford and Joel Schenker, by arrangement with the Actors' Studio. Opens Wednesday, Nov. 19. (Bijou, 45th St., W. JU 6-5442. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is generally advisable.)

Amato Opera Theatre—Friday through Sunday, Nov. 14-16: "Faust." Starting Friday, Nov.

The New Yorker, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., New York 36, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, chairman of the board; S. B. Botsford, president; E. R. Spaulding and R. H. Truax, vice-presidents; P. F. Fleischmann, treasurer; M. L. Fries, secretary; A. J. Russell, Jr., advertising director. Vol. XXXIV, No. 39, November 15, 1958. Second-class postage paid at New York, N. Y. and at Greenwich, Conn. © 1958, by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U. S. A. Subscription rates: U. S. and possessions, 1 year $7.00; Canada, Latin America, and Spain, $8.00. Other Foreign, $10.00.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

21: "La Traviata." (Amato Opera Theatre, 159 Bleecker St. GR 7-2844. Fridays through Sundays at 8:15. Admission is free, but seats should be reserved in advance.)

Blood Wedding—Federico García Lorca's drama, with Dina Paisner, Adele Lamont, and Daniel Ades. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 9:45; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

The Boy Friend—A revival of Sandy Wilson's musical. Ellen McCown and Gerianne Raphael are among those in it. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-4468. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:45; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30.)

Children of Darkness—Colleen Dewhurst and Jack Cannon in a revival of a play by Edwin Justus Mayer. (Circle in the Square, 5 Sheridan Sq., east of Seventh Ave. OR 5-9437. Thursday and Friday at 8:40; Saturday at 7 and 10; and Sunday at 2:40 and 8:40. Closes Sunday, Nov. 16.)

The Crucible—A revival of Arthur Miller's play. Tim O'Connor and Ford Rainey head the cast. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Wednesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Thursdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Deathwatch—Vic Morrow, Athan Karras, Harold Scott, and George Maharis make up the cast of this play by Jean Genet. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 2-9220. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 5:30 and 8:40.)

Diversions—A revue written and directed by Steven Vinaver, with music by Carl Davis and a cast that includes Thom Molinaro and Nancy Dussault. (Downtown Theatre, 85 E. 4th St. GR 3-4412. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:45; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30.)

The Family Reunion—T. S. Eliot meets the Eumenides, and the flowing robes of classical drama are surmounted by a neat black bowler hat. Particularly noteworthy among a superior cast are Florence Reed, Fritz Weaver, and Lillian Gish. (Phoenix Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. AL 4-0525. Nightly at 8:40. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:40. Closes Sunday, Nov. 16.)

Héloïse—The British playwright James Forsyth has abstracted a splendid drama from the medieval love story of Abélard and Héloïse. It is competently, if not spectacularly, performed by a cast that features Eugene Miles and Mitzi Hoag as the celebrated lovers. Henry Kurth's ingenious sets turn a tiny stage to excellent account. (Gate Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-8796. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6:30 and 9:45; and Sundays at 3 and 7.)

Ivanov—A thoroughly rewarding production of one of Anton Chekhov's lesser plays, in which the tedium of provincial life is charmingly scrutinized to the ultimate stifled yawn. Paul Stevens is first-rate in the difficult title role, and he is deftly supported by, among others, Jacqueline Brookes, Anne Fielding, Jack Bittner, and Sada Thompson. (Renata Theatre, 144 Bleecker St. OR 4-3210. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10; and Sundays at 2:30 and 8.)

Look Back in Anger—A revival of John Osborne's play, in which William Daniels, Audree Rae, and Diana Herbert appear. (41st Street Theatre, 41st St., E. BR 9-3631. Nightly, except Thursdays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:45.)

The Playboy of the Western World—The Irish Players presenting J. M. Synge's play, with Dermot McNamara and Helena Carroll. (Tara Theatre, 120 Madison Ave., at 30th St. MU 9-3960. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

The Threepenny Opera—The Kurt Weill opus, with an English libretto by Marc Blitzstein. In the cast are Gerald Price and Christiane Felsmann. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

The Time of the Cuckoo—Kathleen Maguire and Robert Pastene in Arthur Laurents' revised version of his comedy. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-9244. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

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Ulysses in Nighttown—A dramatization of a portion of James Joyce's novel. The evening stands as a lurid personal triumph for Zero Mostel, who, as Leopold Bloom, does not so much interpret Joyce as supplant him. (Rooftop Theatre, Second Ave. at Houston St. AL 4-6244. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Nov. 30.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

Beryozka Russian Dance Company—A troupe of forty-three women dancers from Moscow, in their first appearance here. Presented by S. Hurok for a five-week engagement. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30. Through Saturday, Dec. 6.)

Ballet Español Ximenez-Vargas—Flamenco dancers, singers, and guitarists. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Nov. 15, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

Adolph Green and Betty Comden—Songs and sketches of their own concoction. One in a series of programs called "Monday Nights at Nine." (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-4468. Monday, Nov. 17, at, unsurprisingly, 9.)

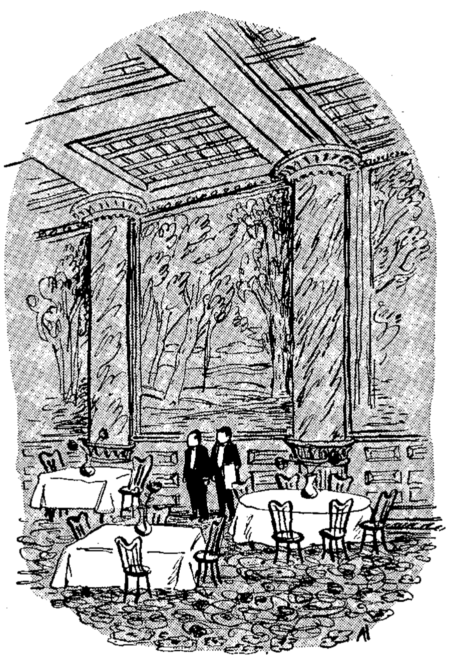
NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—All this world's a stage, and you're not allowed to forget it. Freddy Alonso's rumba band and Joe D'Orsi's orchestra play industriously for the stage entrance.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Sigmund Romberg is now the guest of honor (*in absentia*) of the Cotillion Room, where Earl Wrightson and an assisting posse are in full cry behind the music of the old maestro. This happens at nine-thirty during the week, at nine-thirty and twelve-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. Nothing stirring Mondays, not even a mouse. . . . ¶ Stanley Worth's quartet, or a reasonable facsimile, goes on humming music for cocktail, dinner, and supper dancing every evening in the Café Pierre, a fairly de-luxe operation.



Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—The permanent party in the Persian Room is the *cordon-bleu* dance band belonging to Ted Straeter and the perky quintet of Mark Monte. The transient is Hildegarde, singer, pianist, walker, talker, whose manner of presentation should win her the presidency of almost any garden club. She glides aboard at dinner and supper. On Wednesday, Nov. 19, Jacqueline François, the girl who should be first in the hearts of her countrymen, will replace Mlle. H. She's a bundle of lyrics in the French and the American vernacular. The place is closed Sundays. . . . ¶ The Rendez-Vous remains pale and cool and beautiful and dignified all the time. Maximillian Bergere's and Gunnar Hansen's orchestras dispense both dancing and listening music after eight-thirty. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's orchestra plays Darjeeling-with-cream music in the Palm Court from four until seven, and sauce-béarnaise music later on in the Edwardian Room. No dancing in either arena.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—In the giant Grill, Sammy Kaye's orchestra is luring the timid out onto the dance floor and the bold up onto the bandstand for such bits of child's play as audience participation. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—At dinner and supper in the Maisonette, Fernanda Montel, collector of fashionable clothes, hairdos, and ballads, exhibits her most recent acquisitions in all three fields. The bands of Milt Shaw and Ray Bari contribute their bubbly dance music all evening. Closed Sundays.

Savoy Hilton, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Emile Petti is in the Café Lounge, where his piano and his band play for tea dancing, dinner dancing, and supper dancing, day in, day out.

Sheraton-East, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—The shooting stick and the opera cloak are rife in the checkroom of the Embassy Club, through whose halls the prancing music of Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Quintero's band resounds after nine every night but Sunday. There's dinner music, too, for those who haven't yet been wired for Muzak.

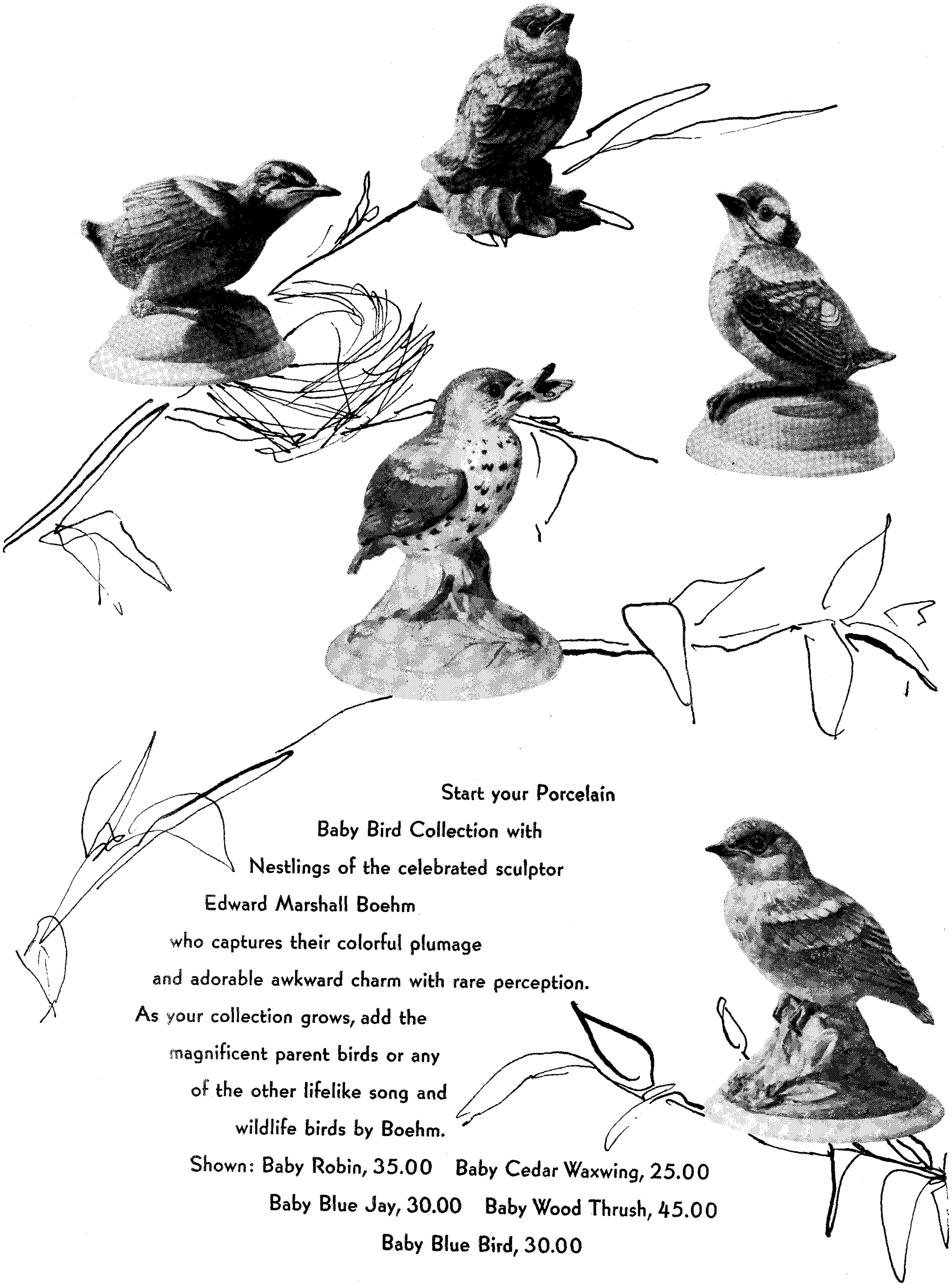
Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—During dinner and supper in the Empire Room, Gordon MacRae and Sheila Stephens handle a perishable commodity (husband-and-wife situation comedy) with such light hearts and fingers that not a single seam is ripped. They take to the road on Saturday, Nov. 15; on Monday, Nov. 17, Harry Belafonté will resume his personally conducted tour of Calypso and all those other imaginary West Indian islands. Emil Coleman's men and Béla Babai's rout devise the dance music, which begins at dinnertime. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In an amiable clearing in the tangled thicket of Peacock Alley, there's browsing music, Mondays through Thursdays, by the Norman Paris trio, whose abode is just this side of paradise, and by Jozsi Ribari's group. On Fridays and Saturdays, the two outfits play for dancing. Their term of duty is seven to twelve. They're away Sundays, when the Babai orchestra does the dance job from eight to twelve.

Note—The Rainbow Room is high enough up to be above the rain belt, which is mainly in the plain below. Languid non-dance music by Joseph Sudy's small assemblage burbles now and then from four-thirty to nine. The address: 30 Rockefeller Plaza. The phone: CI 6-5800. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): The sort of well-maintained park in which you can easily imagine lords and ladies at their stately play. Addison Bailey runs the piano quietly and efficiently for cocktails, dinner, and after the theatre. On Sundays, the pianist is Joel Forbes. . . . **LITTLE CLUB,** 70 E. 55th St. (PL



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

3-9425): It takes all kinds, and here they are, from Greenland's icy mountains to Broadway's and Park Avenue's coral strands. After eight, Rack Godwin, a piano technician of vast imagination, demonstrates what can be done in a small space with a lot of old ivory. Closed Mondays. . . . **GOLDIE'S NEW YORK,** 232 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): First childhood, second childhood, and other harmless games take place in this bar-and-grill run by Goldie Hawkins. He and his confrere, Wayne Sanders, play double as well as single houseparty piano from dinnertime until curfew rings the night out. Five, though, is the opening hour for both bar and music, with Bob Printz occupying the piano stool until seven-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Rome is built in a night as Theo Fanidi's circumnavigating violinists gently swing and sway from one table to the next. Closed Sundays. . . . **BARBERRY ROOM,** 19 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): Renato Rossini, whose guitar is a mass of mixed emotions (passion and nostalgia are prominent), patrols this hall of mirrors. His fandangos, which run from six-thirty to one, are tinkly at the dinner hour, far more fervent later on. Closed Sundays. . . . **RSVP,** 145 E. 55th St. (EL 5-0250): The small world of Mabel Mercer, a *salonnière* whose one-of-a-kind chansons are compounded of wise words, witty words, and a pocketful of wry words. Sam Hamilton, her lifelong companion-at-arms, is her pianist. Don't look for her before eleven. Closed Sundays. . . . **WEYLIN,** 40 E. 54th St. (PL 3-4907): Cy Walter, administrator of the law of eminent domain in the realm of drawing-room piano, is back of the Steinway from six to eight and from ten to one or two. The scenery is subdued without being glum. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Up to a point, it's like owning your own castle on the Loire. Wandering from table to table, Norbert Faconi and his what-are-we-waiting-for violin make music from dinner through supper every night but Sunday. . . . **LA ZAMBRA,** 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): The twilight hour in Granada, when the chef is in his glory and the local musicians are breaking out the piano and the guitar. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Not even the major-domo, a splendid example of the Hungarian military man, can repress the tendency of the entire staff to sing, probably because he sings himself. Plenty of indigenous instrumentation, too, but none of it overbearing. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **LEFT BANK,** 309 W. 50th St. (CI 7-3470): The pictures on the walls are a show in themselves; the principal amusement (after ten) is listening music. Cecil Young's duo noodles around the bandstand; *Jacques Kayal, a new French pianist, sings* all the Continental tongues with a nice mixture of fervor and formality. Closed Sundays. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): The natives, resolutely Spanish, are restless at night, which leads to outbreaks of song, dance, and music, mostly furious. Dancing for the visitors, as well. Closed Sundays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, whose file case bulges with good old musical-comedy tunes, is at the piano after nine in the faintly rumpled bar of the Hotel Earle. No music Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): George Feyer, the social lion of the premises, does kitten-on-the-keys piano at intervals between eight-thirty and one-thirty or two. The room, a luxurious landscape, is closed Sundays. . . . **NINO'S TEN EAST,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): Jules Kuti, who inhabits the bar of an enterprise devoted to making life easy for bon-vivants, shies away from many of the ills that cocktail pianists are prone to. He operates from five to eleven. All is dark Sundays. . . . **CARLTON HOUSE,** Madison Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-3000): Amid a fine exhibition of oak panelling, there's the on-the-beam piano of Al Mello from five-thirty to eight, and from nine to twelve-thirty, every day but Sunday. . . . **CASANOVA,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (TR 9-8113): The setting could be carnival in Venice, the music (throbbing violins, operatic tenors, South American sopranos) could be the banks of the Seine, the Danube, or just the East River. Closed Sundays. . . . **STANHOPE GATE,** Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): The thimble-size bar of the Stanhope Hotel is a study in cool modern décor. From nine to twelve-thirty every night but Monday, the guitar of Fernando Sirvent, which is yearning, burning Andalusian, is in charge.

BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): The show here will never run the two-hundred-and-twenty-yard gamut in record time, and the jokes of someone called Professor Backward may persuade one to take cover, but the setting, Erewhon, is handsome, and so are the innumerable young ladies, one of whom, Anna Marie Alberghetti, looks and sings like a story-book princess. The house guests can dance, too.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Martha Davis and Spouse, armed only with piano, bull fiddle, and two ragamuffin voices, are putting that old devil sound barrier in its place. The other workers in the vineyard are George Matson, a mimic who holds a mirror up to some demoniac types, and Martha Wright, brightening night life and a few songs after too long an absence. The new-era Jimmy Lyons trio (Jim Raney and Beverly Peer are his aides) and the piano of Bart Howard are the background. Nine-forty-five is kickoff time on Fridays and Saturdays, ten-thirty the rest of the week. . . . ¶ In the front room, Alex Fogarty strokes his sociable piano for a boy-and-girl clientele at cocktail and dinner time every day but Sunday. Nightly, except Saturdays and Mondays, there's a rantipole session by the Lyons group from 2 to 4 A.M. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (CI 5-9465): Six shining faces (Ceil Cabot, Gerry Matthews, Jack Fletcher, Jean Arnold, Jane Connell, and George Hall) in shining armor, which is provided in satisfying measure by the most recent revue put together by Julius Monk, lord of this manor. It is taken off its leash at nine-thirty and midnight every evening but Sunday. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (CI 5-9465): The nether half of Julius Monk's wayside inn. Portia Nelson, who was never more alert, alive, aware, sings full voice and clear after the theatre; Don Evans and Carl Norman dish up personable piano. The bar opens at five, the music at nine-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **IN BOBOLI,** 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): The cuisine, décor, mood, and management couldn't be more Florentine. Calm, dispassionate piano by Dick Hankinson illuminates the scene from time to time; after the theatre, Herman Chittison unrolls his crisp, clean jazz piano, Dean Sheldon does simultaneous neat tricks with lyrics and a bongo drum, and Nancy Kenyon imparts real operetta zest to her songs. Closed Mondays. . . . **DELMONICO,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500): A new sound bounces around the Café Lounge after eleven-thirty—the piano and voice of Hugh Shannon, whose happy-go-lucky ditties often deal with the American counterparts of the "Threepenny Opera" characters. He stays home Sundays. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE,** Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): In the bar, where the twin pianos of Bob Downey and Harold Fonville have been rumbling these many years, other entertainment appears from time to time, such as Phyllis Diller, an unguided missile given to frenzied conversation, and Stewart Rose, who sings. Mr. R. is off Sundays, when old movies are added; Miss D. is off Mondays, when amateur talent has its brief moment. . . . **DEN IN THE DUANE,** 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (OR 9-7848): It's really the old root cellar of the Hotel Duane converted into a playroom. Some of the amusement is what in childhood days you paid an admission fee of two pins for, but on the other hand there is Milt Kamen, a man-of-the-people extemporaneous orator and seer, to say nothing of a small sunflower named Isobel Robins, owner and operator of some of the brightest and most literate lyrics in town. Closed Sundays. . . . **VERSAILLES,** 418 Sixth Ave., at 9th St. (AL 4-8346): Stella Brooks, an observer of civilization who can read handwriting on walls quicker than most, delivers her epitaphs for

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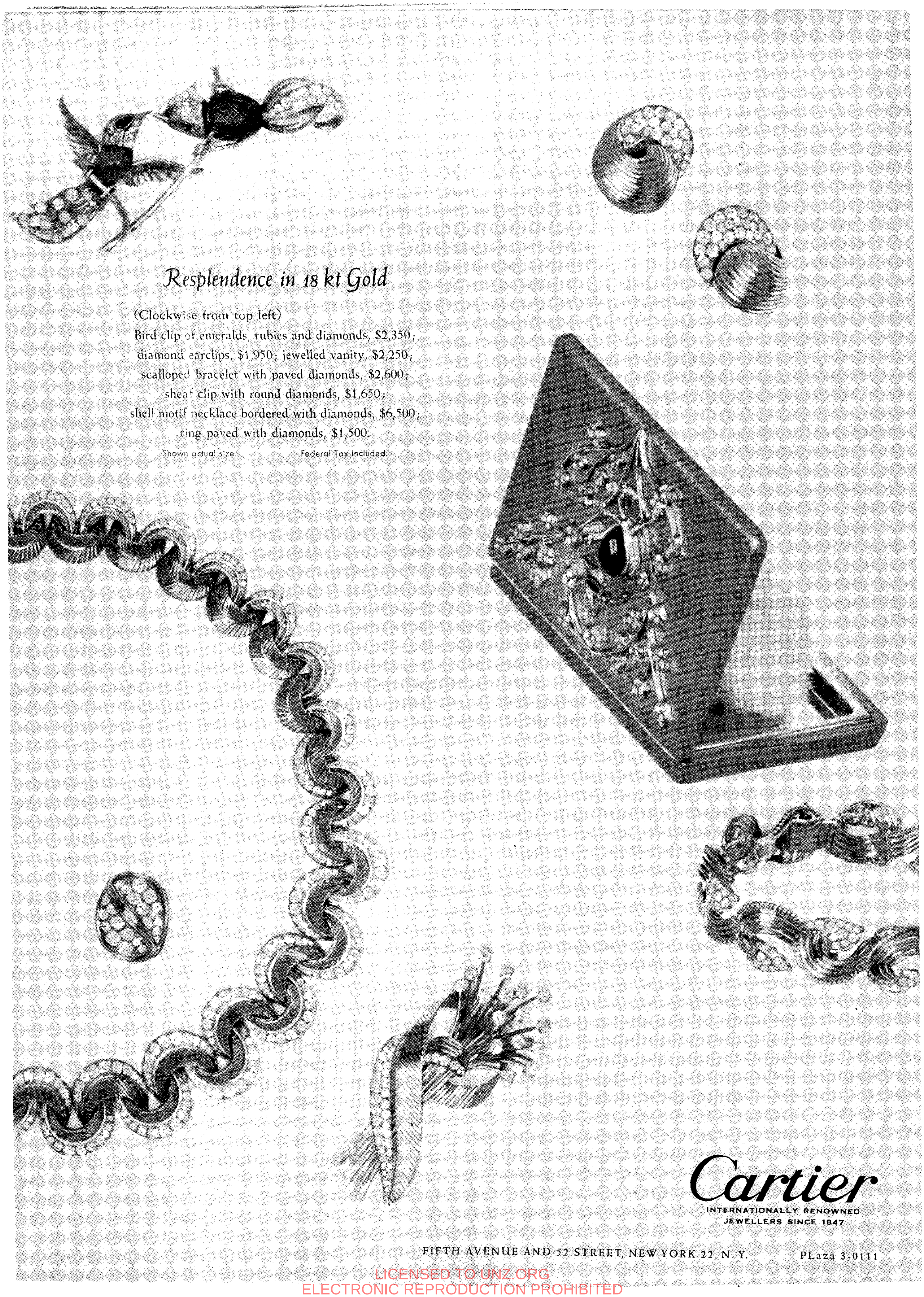

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MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Arrayed on the bandstand of Mr. Condon's handsome place of business are Rex Stewart, Cutty Cutshall, Gene Schroeder, Herb Hall, George Wettling, Leonard Gaskin, and (whenever the moon is in the right quarter) Mr. Condon himself. In between sets, Bob Hammer gets custody of the piano. The speech pattern is distinctly Early American. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): The Miles Davis sextet, which is for well-advanced students, departs on Sunday, Nov. 16. Ernestine Anderson, a recently discovered comet, will keep right on singing her little head off, and on Tuesday, Nov. 18, Johnny Griffin's new quartet, which includes Mose Allison, will join her. Sundays there's a four-thirty matinée as well as an evening session. The place is closed Mondays. . . . **ROUNDTABLE**, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310): King Arthur slept here, but only for one night. At play in a vast but comfortable amphitheatre are the quartet of Tyree Glenn, whose trombone has the electric drive of Gabriel's horn, and a foursome operated by Joe Bushkin, whose piano now seems to be on a sentimental journey. At dinnertime, there's hearts-and-flowers serenading by Ving Merlin's threesome. The Bushkins finish up on Saturday, Nov. 15. On Monday, Nov. 17, George Shearing's quintet moves in. Other hands gambol Sundays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52nd St. (JU 6-9800): Rampart Street just about as it looked in 1910, and just about as it sounded, too, what with the likes of Wilbur and Sidney de Paris, Omer Simeon, Lee Blair, and Wilber Kirk on the bandstand. Don Frye is the intermission pianist. The place is shut Sundays. Jam sessions Monday nights. . . . **BIRDLAND**, 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): Home of the free, home of the brave, home of a famous lullaby. Good men and true, such as Chico Hamilton's quintet and Johnny Smith's trio, are proclaiming the new way of life, and there's also a vocal proclamation on the same topic from a threesome in which Annie Ross is deeply involved. Jam sessions Mondays, when the regulars are up in the clouds. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Don Shirley, a pianist who can be all things (Bach, Bartók, Gershwin, et al.) to all men, and his trio are off and running on the oval track that circles the bar. Zero hour is ten-fifteen, and there is no action Mondays. . . . **NICK'S**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): The Pee Wee Erwin band, which has hot feet, is thoroughly happy on this range. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays. . . . **METROPOLE**, Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): It's always warm weather when good Dixielanders get together. Among the players in a just about continuous performance are such men as Herb Fleming, Tony Parenti, Sol Yaged, Cozy Cole, Red Allen, Buster Bailey, and Claude Hopkins. On Sunday afternoons and Monday and Tuesday nights, a quintet owned by Roy Eldridge and Coleman Hawkins raises its dizzy head. The row begins at 3 P.M., Mondays through Fridays, and ends at 3 A.M. On Saturdays and Sundays, it begins at 1:30 P.M. . . . **THE COMPOSER**, 68 W. 58th St. (PL 9-6683): Old friends are best friends, and the back room has two—Mary Lou Williams, a famous progenitor of what's new in music and a repository of the best of what's old, as well as Bernard Peiffer, a pyrotechnician of great proficiency. Each one plays piano and owns a trio. Their day's work starts at nine. The Peiffers stay home on Sundays, the Williamses on Mondays. . . . **THE EMBERS**, 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): Even the trumpet of Jonah Jones cannot call all the denizens of the front-row pews to order, so the work of his quartet and of Eugene Smith's trio, such as it is, is sometimes wasted on the desert air. They begin at eight-thirty. Sundays are devoted to the work of visiting practitioners. There's cocktail and dinner piano every night, too. . . . **HALF NOTE**, 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): Charlie Mingus, who hasn't yet run out of ideas, is once more using a quintet to get them into print. The interesting results are exhibited every evening but Monday in a plain-spoken but amiable little hero-sandwich foundry. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA**, 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): The most modern music offered here isn't even the "Lambeth Walk;" it's the "Plymouth Rock." On Friday and Saturday, Nov. 14-15, the antiquarians on display should be Willie the Lion Smith, Charlie Shavers, Conrad Janis and his Tailgaters, Tony Parenti, Gene Sedric, Dick Wellstood, Freddie Moore, Henderson Chambers, Sandy Williams, and Panama Francis. . . . **GOTHIC ROOM**, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (OR 9-2782): The smallest dance floor of them all, maybe, but nevertheless a dance floor, beside which a squadron called the Commuters supply the wherewithal from nine to one every night but Monday.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

Arnold Blanch—Abstractions; through Nov. 29. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St.)

Arbit Blatas—Expressionist oils in black and white; through Nov. 28. (Associated American Artists, 712 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.)

Ralston Crawford—Abstract oils, crisply linear in style; through Saturday, Nov. 15. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Stephen Etnier—Paintings, primarily of the sea off Mallorca, Maine, and Nassau; through Saturday, Nov. 15. (Milch, 21 E. 67th St.)

Lyonel Feininger—Oils, water colors, and drawings; through Dec. 6. (Willard, 23 W. 56th St.)

John Ferren—Abstract oils; through Nov. 29. (Stable, 924 Seventh Ave., at 58th St.)

Balcomb Greene—Figure paintings mostly, done in blurred massed forms verging on the abstract; through Saturday, Nov. 15. (Bertha Schaefer, 32 E. 57th St.)

Joseph Hirsch—Paintings of people; through Nov. 29. (A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.)

Philippe Hosiasson—Abstract oils; through Nov. 29. (Kootz, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Oskar Kokoschka—Water colors, drawings, and lithographs; through Saturday, Nov. 22. (St. Etienne, 46 W. 57th St.)

Fernand Léger and the School of Paris—Oils, water colors, and drawings by Léger, supplemented by oils by Picasso, Soutine,

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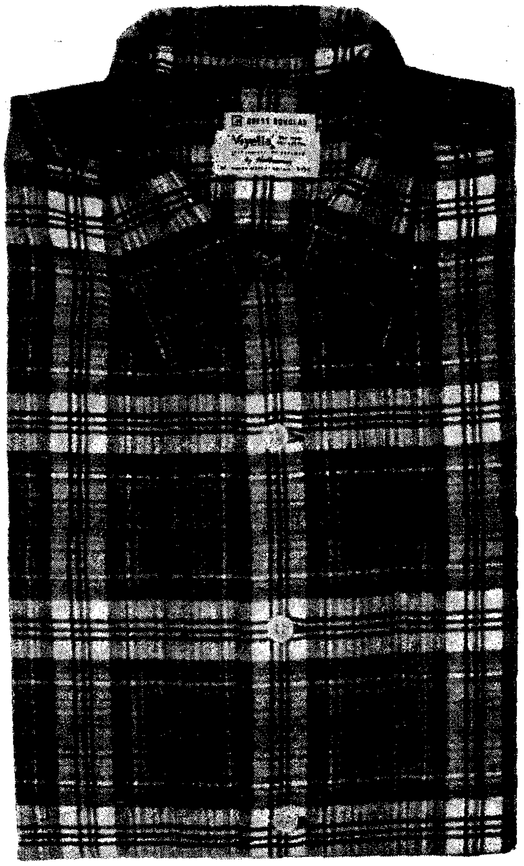

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Braque, and others; through Dec. 20. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Reginald Marsh—A small memorial show of paintings, all done in the four years before his death, in 1954; through Saturday, Nov. 22. (Rehn, 683 Fifth Ave., at 54th St.)

Joan Miró—"Peintures Sauvages;" through Nov. 29. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Sidney Nolan—Paintings by a young Australian artist, mainly built around native folklore themes; through Saturday, Nov. 22. (Durlacher, 11 E. 57th St.)

B. J. O. Nordfeldt—Water colors and a few drawings, including marines and landscapes with figures; through Nov. 29. (Passedoit, 121 E. 57th St. Closed Monday mornings.)

Alfonso Ossorio—Paintings; through Saturday, Nov. 22. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.)

I. Rice Pereira—Paintings; through Nov. 29. (Nordness, 700 Madison Ave., at 62nd St.)

Jackson Pollock—A selection of his smaller oils (1934-54); through Nov. 29. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

Kay Sage—Surrealist oils and collages; through Saturday, Nov. 22. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St.)

Robert Sivard—Paintings of Paris, Rome, New York, and other cities; through Saturday, Nov. 15. (Midtown, 17 E. 57th St.)

Hyde Solomon—Semiabstract landscapes; through Saturday, Nov. 22. (Poindexter, 21 W. 56th St.)

Max Weber—"Figures in Retrospect, 1906-58;" through Dec. 6. (Downtown, 32 E. 51st St.)

Andrew Wyeth—Paintings in various mediums, done in his almost super-realist style; through Saturday, Nov. 22. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

Paintings from the City Art Museum of St. Louis—Fifty European and American works, from Cranach to Picasso, on loan from, and for the benefit of, the Museum; through Dec. 13. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

International Art—Forty countries are participants in an exhibit of works (ancient to modern) arranged as a tribute to the United Nations. Included are paintings (by Rembrandt, Goya, and Bonnard, for instance), architectural models by Frank Lloyd Wright, abstract tapestries from Yugoslavia, and contemporary sculptures from Ethiopia. For the benefit of the Federation of Jewish Philanthropies. Through Nov. 23. (Seagram Building, 375 Park Ave., at 52nd St. Daily, noon to 11.)

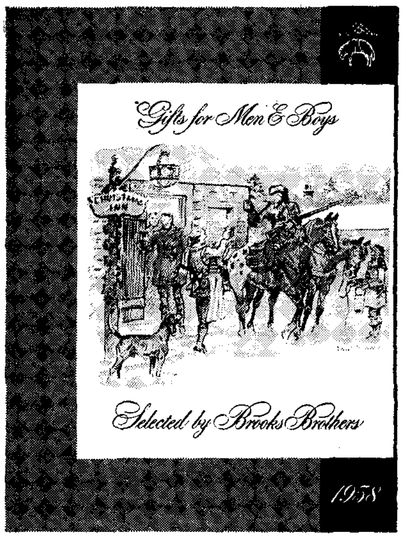
Sculpture by Painters—Degas, Gauguin, Burgoyne Diller, and other Europeans and Americans; through Nov. 29. (Chalette, 1100 Madison Ave., at 82nd St.)

Americans; Group Shows—At the CASTELLI, 4 E. 77th St.: A painting apiece by six artists, including Jon Schueler and Robert Rauschenberg, plus one sculpture, by Marisol; through Saturday, Nov. 22. . . . NEW YORK CITY CENTER GALLERY, 131 W. 55th St.: The November offering consists of paintings selected by I. Rice Pereira, Walter Murch, and Sidney Laufman; through Nov. 28. (Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 6.) . . . SALPETER, 42 E. 57th St.: Oils, chiefly, by Ben Benn, Paul Riba, Noel Davis, and other gallery artists; through Nov. 29.

Americans and Europeans; Group Show—Busts of several art collectors (by Jacques Lipchitz, Marino Marini, William Zorach, and others) and paintings lent by the subjects; through Saturday, Nov. 22. (Fine Arts Associates, 41 E. 57th St.)

Europeans; Group Shows—At the ROSENBERG, 20 E. 79th St.: Braque, Gris, and Léger are among the artists represented in a showing of twentieth-century French paintings; through Nov. 29. . . . WORLD HOUSE, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Modern German paintings and drawings by, among others, Ernst Ludwig Kirchner, Franz Marc, and Emil Nolde; through Dec. 10.

Some of Next Week's Openings—At the BORGENICHT, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Milton Avery; starting Tuesday, Nov. 18. (Closed Mondays.) . . . JAMES, 70 E. 12th St.: Group show; starting Friday, Nov. 21. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.) . . .



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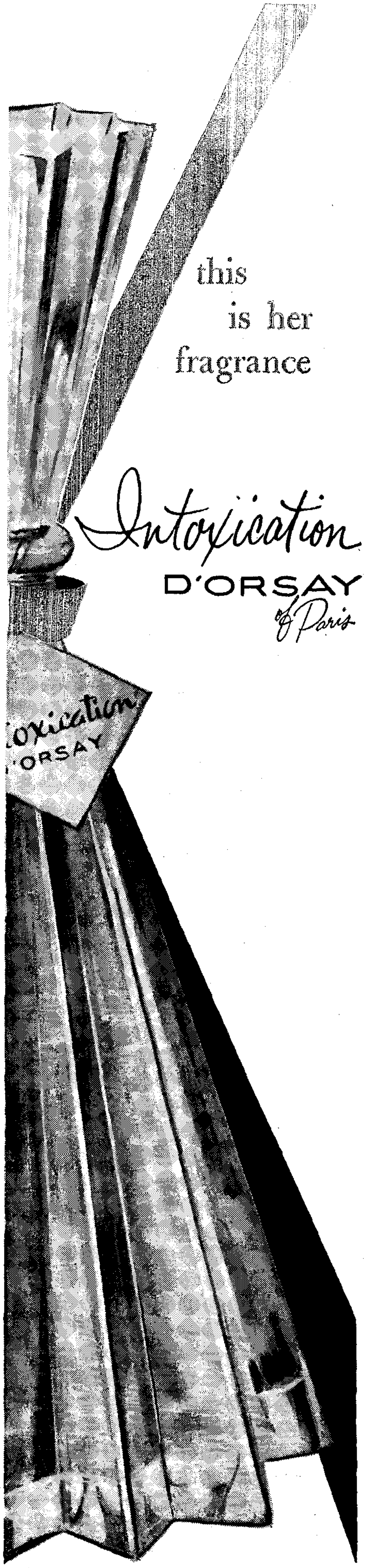

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

KLEEMANN, 11 E. 68th St.: Antonio Corpora; starting Monday, Nov. 17. . . . **MIDTOWN**, 17 E. 57th St.: Robert Vickrey; starting Tuesday, Nov. 18. . . . **MILCH**, 21 E. 67th St.: Paul Sample; starting Monday, Nov. 17. . . . **SAIDENBERG**, 10 E. 77th St.: Picasso; starting Tuesday, Nov. 18. . . . **BERTHA SCHAEFER**, 32 E. 57th St.: John Little; starting Monday, Nov. 17.

NOTE—There will be an exhibition and sale of paintings, drawings, and sculptures by American artists (among them William Baziotes, Charles Burchfield, and Archipenko) at the Society for Ethical Culture, Central Park W. at 64th St., on Thursday and Friday, Nov. 13-14, from 2 to 10:30, and Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 15-16, from 1 to 10:30, for the benefit of the society and the scholarship fund of its schools. . . . ¶ Another exhibition and sale, this one consisting of paintings, drawings, and sculptures by American artists (including Ben Shahn, Moses Soyer, and Costantino Nivola), plus a large selection of Japanese prints, will take place at the Little Red School House, 196 Bleecker St., on Friday, Nov. 14, from 7:30 P.M. to 11 P.M., and Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 15-16, from 1 to 10, for the benefit of the scholarship fund of the Little Red School House and the Elisabeth Irwin High School.

MUSEUMS

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Paintings and other works, ranging from Colonial times to the present, and principally from the Museum's collection, by fourteen American masters, including John Singleton Copley, George Inness, Mary Cassatt, Georgia O'Keeffe, and John Marin; through Jan. 4. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—A loan show of sculptures, reliefs, collages, and graphics by Jean Arp; through Nov. 30. . . . ¶ A photographic display called "Architecture Worth Saving;" through Dec. 15. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—An exhibit of pagan and primitive peoples' funerary objects (clothing, jewelry, masks, statuettes, vessels for food and drink, and so on) from Egypt and other African countries, the Far East, and North and South America; through Jan. 4. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—About a hundred and fifty Dutch master drawings, from Bosch to van Gogh, principally assembled from museum and private collections in the Netherlands; through Nov. 29. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY CRAFTS, 29 W. 53rd St.—A display of Finnish rugs and rug designs, as well as an exhibit of pottery, silver, wall hangings, glass, and other craft items on loan from various museums; through Nov. 30. (Weekdays, noon to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

RIVERSIDE MUSEUM, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—Part I of the eighteenth annual of the Federation of Modern Painters and Sculptors, with works by such artists as Henry Botkin, John von Wicht, and Louise Nevelson; through Nov. 23. (Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 2 to 6.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 22 W. 54th St.—A retrospective of oils, collages, pastels, and water colors by Arthur G. Dove; through Sunday, Nov. 16. . . . ¶ The 1958 annual of paintings, sculptures, and drawings; starting Wednesday, Nov. 19. (Daily, except Monday and Tuesday, Nov. 17-18, from 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460, for Town Hall JU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Thursday, Nov. 13, at 8: "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," with Laurel Hurley, Rosalind Elias, Lucine Amara, Nicolai Gedda, and Martial Singher. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 14, at 8: "La Traviata," with Licia Al-

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banese, Giuseppe Campora, and Robert Merrill. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 15, at 2: "Otello," with Renata Tebaldi, Martha Lipton, Mario Del Monaco, and Leonard Warren. (A non-subscription performance.) . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 15, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Kunie Imai, Margaret Roggero, Barry Morell, and Mario Zanasi. . . . ¶ Monday, Nov. 17, at 8: "La Bohème," with Victoria de los Angeles, Heidi Krall, Richard Tucker, Mario Zanasi, and Cesare Siepi. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 18, at 8: "The Magic Flute" (in English), with Gloria Davy, Roberta Peters, Nicolai Gedda, Giorgio Tozzi, and Theodor Uppman. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 19, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Renata Tebaldi, Mildred Miller, Barry Morell, and Mario Zanasi. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 20, at 8: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Zinka Milanov, Primo Zambruno, and Cesare Bardelli; and "Pagliacci," with Lucine Amara, Mario Del Monaco, and Leonard Warren. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 21, at 8: "Carmen," with Risë Stevens, Hilde Gueden, Richard Tucker, and Mario Zanasi. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 22, at 2: "Rigoletto," with Mattiwilda Dobbs, Eugenio Fernandi, Robert Merrill, and Nicola Moscona. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 22, at 8: "Boris Godunov" (in English), with Nell Rankin, Margaret Roggero, Cesare Siepi, Kurt Baum, and Charles Kullman.

New York City Opera Company—Final performances of the season—Thursday evening, Nov. 13: "The Silent Woman." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 14: "Susannah." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Nov. 15: "Madame Butterfly." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 15: "La Traviata." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Nov. 16: "The Merry Widow." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, Nov. 16: "La Bohème." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Evenings at 8:15. Matinées at 2:30.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Carnegie Hall, Herbert von Karajan conducting on Thursday, Nov. 13, at 8:30; Friday, Nov. 14, at 2:30; Saturday, Nov. 15, at 8:30; and Sunday, Nov. 16, at 3 (no soloists); and an all-Beethoven program on Thursday, Nov. 20, at 8:30; Friday, Nov. 21, at 2:30; Saturday, Nov. 22, at 8:30; and Sunday, Nov. 23, at 3 (all with Leontyne Price, soprano; Maureen Forrester, contralto; Leopold Simoneau, tenor; Norman Scott, bass-baritone; and the Westminster Choir).

Boston Symphony—Charles Munch conducting. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Friday, Nov. 14, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Nov. 15, at 2:30.)

Danish National Orchestra—John Frandsen and Thomas Jensen conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Nov. 16, at 8:30.)

Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra—William Steinberg conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Nov. 17, at 8:30.)

Twilight Concert—Carl Bamberger conducting an orchestra in an all-Bach program, with Martina Arroyo, soprano; Fernando Valenti, harpsichord; John Wummer, flute; Ralph Herbert, baritone; and others. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, Nov. 15, at 5:30.)

Boston Little Orchestra—Russell Stanger conducting, with Frank Glazer, piano. (Town Hall. Sunday, Nov. 16, at 2:30.)

Little Orchestra Society—Thomas Scherman conducting an all-Bloch program, with Zara Nelsova, cello, and Murray Panitz, flute. (Town Hall. Monday, Nov. 17, at 8:30.)

American Opera Society—Arnold Gamson directing a performance of Handel's "Giulio Cesare," in concert form, with Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, soprano; Maureen Forrester, contralto; and Cesare Siepi, bass-baritone. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Nov. 18, at 8:45.)

Collegiate Chorale—Ralph Hunter directing a performance of Bach's Mass in B Minor, with Louise Natale, soprano; Gladys Kriese, contralto; Blake Stern, tenor; Paul Ukena, baritone; and a chamber orchestra. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Nov. 21, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

Ruth Slenczynska—Piano. (Town Hall. Thursday, Nov. 13, at 8:30.)

National Association for American Composers and Conductors—A program of music by several composers, among them Harold Morris and Eli Krul, performed by Juliette

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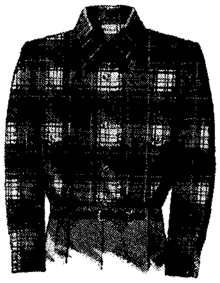

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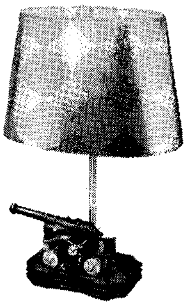

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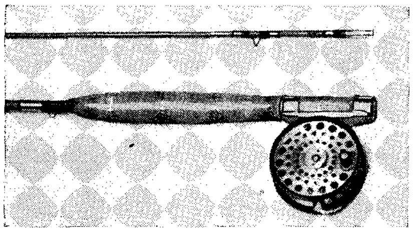

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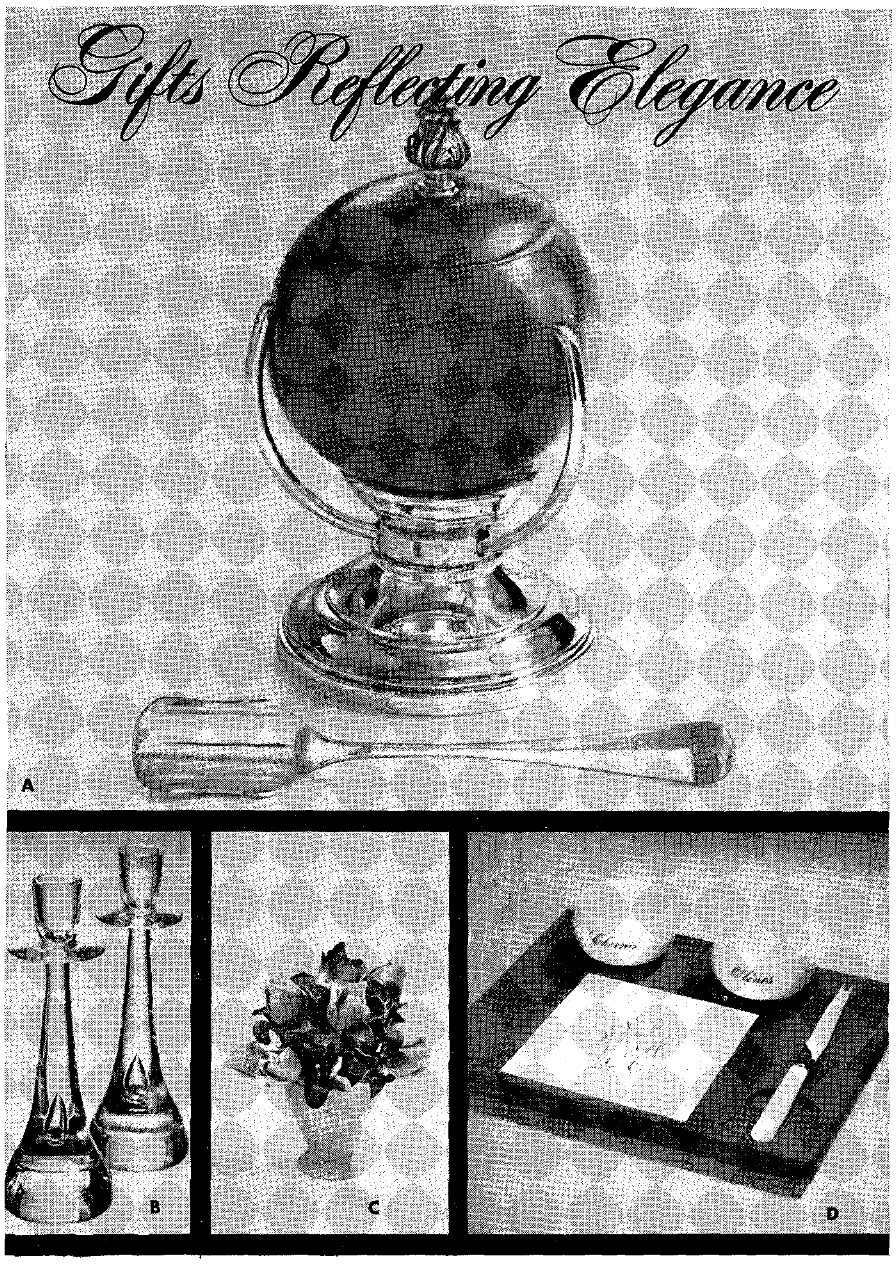

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Arnold, piano; Eugenie Dengel, viola; Mildred Hunt Wummer, flute; and others. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, Nov. 15, at 2:30. No tickets necessary.)

RICHARD DYER-BENNET—Tenor and guitarist. (Town Hall. Saturday, Nov. 15, at 8:30.)

NEW YORK PRO MUSICA—Renaissance music of Spain. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Saturday, Nov. 15, at 8:30.)

LEONARD SHURE—Piano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Sunday, Nov. 16, at 3.)

SUNDAY CONCERT SOCIETY—The second in a series of eight concerts, this one by the Janacek Quartet. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, Nov. 16, at 5:30. For information about tickets, call PL 7-0782.)

FRANK GLAZER—Piano. (Town Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 19, at 8:30.)

JOHN CREIGHTON MURRAY—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 19, at 8:30.)

BUDAPEST STRING QUARTET—With Walter Trampler, viola. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, Nov. 21, at 8:30. All seats have been sold and only standing room is left.)

SAIDENBERG CHAMBER PLAYERS—Daniel Saidenberg conducting. (Vanderbilt Hall, New York University, 40 Washington Sq. S., at Macdougal St. Friday, Nov. 21, at 8:30. For tickets, call SP 7-2000, Ext. 618, Mondays through Fridays, 4 to 7.)

JUILLIARD STRING QUARTET—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Nov. 22, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

ISAAC STERN—Violin. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, Nov. 22, at 8:30.)

NOTE—Gina Bachauer will give a piano recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, Nov. 23, at 2:55. Free tickets, limited to one per applicant, will be issued on Monday, Nov. 17, in order of written application. Applications must be received on Monday morning—not before.

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

COLLEGE FOOTBALL—SATURDAY, NOV. 15 (all at 1:30): Amherst vs. Williams, at Amherst. . . . ¶ Cornell vs. Dartmouth, at Ithaca. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Brown, at Cambridge. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Columbia, at Philadelphia. . . . ¶ Syracuse vs. Colgate, at Syracuse. . . . ¶ Wesleyan vs. Trinity, at Middletown. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Princeton, at New Haven. . . . **SATURDAY, NOV. 22** (all at 1:30): Harvard vs. Yale, at Cambridge. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Dartmouth, at Princeton. . . . ¶ Rutgers vs. Columbia, at New Brunswick.

HOCKEY—At Madison Square Garden—Saturday, Nov. 15, at 8:30: Rangers vs. Boston. . . . ¶ Sunday, Nov. 16, at 7: Rangers vs. Canadiens. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 19, at 7:30: Rangers vs. Toronto.

PROFESSIONAL BASKETBALL—At Madison Square Garden—Thursday, Nov. 13, at 7: Minneapolis vs. Detroit and Knicks vs. St. Louis. . . . ¶ Sunday, Nov. 16, at 2:30: Knicks vs. Minneapolis. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 22, at 9: Knicks vs. Syracuse.

RACING—At Jamaica: Weekdays at 12:45; through Saturday, Nov. 29. The Gallant Fox Handicap, Saturday, Nov. 15, and the Firenze Handicap, Wednesday, Nov. 19. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 10:45 and 1, and Saturdays between 10:30 and 1:25.)

TROTTING—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays at 8:25; through Saturday, Nov. 29. (Buses to the track from the Mount Vernon station.)

FOR CHILDREN

CONCERT—Thomas Scherman conducting the Little Orchestra Society, with Abbott Lee Ruskin, thirteen-year-old pianist, and members of the Metropolitan Opera Ballet School. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave.

at 69th St. Saturday, Nov. 15, at 11 and 3. For tickets, call CI 6-2168.)

Plays—By the **pilgrim productions:** "Pinocchio." (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturday, Nov. 15, at 11.) . . . **theatre east:** "I Wish I May." (211 E. 60th St. TE 2-9220. Saturdays at 11, 1:30, and 3.) . . . **merri-mimes:** "The Arabian Nights." Saturday, Nov. 15. . . . ¶ "Peter and the Wolf," Saturday, Nov. 22. (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Afternoons at 1, 2:30, and 4.) . . . **rockefeller players:** "Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves." (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, Nov. 15, at 3. Tickets at the box office only, after 2 on the day of the performance. Children under four not admitted.) . . . **equity library theatre:** "Fox in a Fix." (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday, Nov. 22, at 3.)

Junior Museum, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—"How to Look at Paintings," an exhibit comprising European and American works, visual demonstrations of materials and techniques of artists, peephole and push-button displays, and so on. . . . ¶ Paintings and prints by children of Southern Rhodesia; through Dec. 21. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current presentation, "Eclipse at Danger Island," has to do with the total solar eclipse as it was seen on Oct. 12 from Danger Island, in the South Pacific. Through Dec. 1. (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.) . . . ¶ Every night except Monday, a half-hour conducted tour of the Planetarium starts at 8.

Movies—"The Strong Man," with Harry Langdon. (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. Saturday, Nov. 15, at 11 and 1:15. Admission is free, but adults will be admitted only if accompanied by a child.)

Note—The Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, is open (free) exclusively to ice skaters of fourteen and under every Saturday from 10 to 12.

OTHER EVENTS

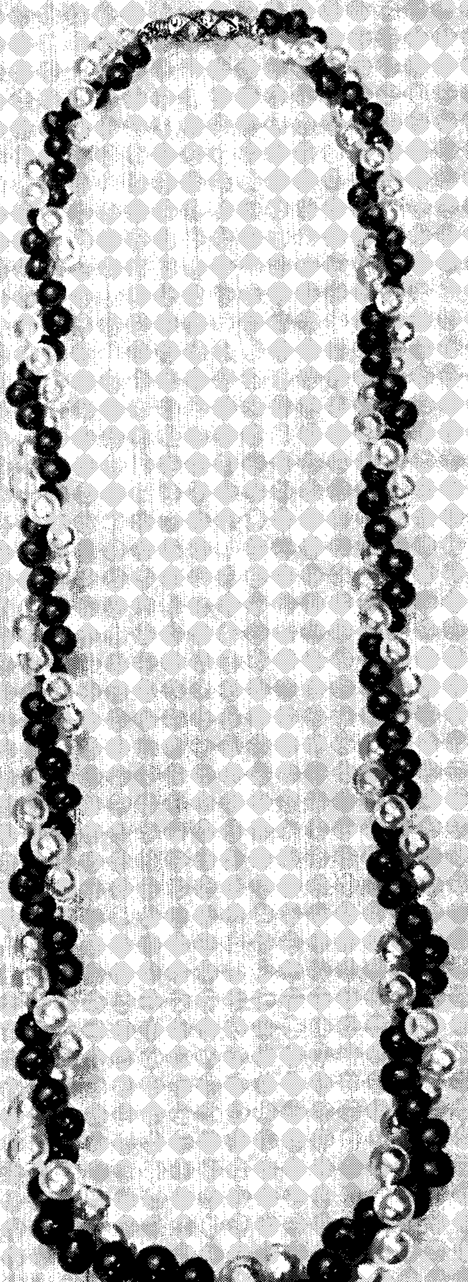
United Nations—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and various other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3. Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Interviews with United Nations figures and films of General Assembly meetings are shown on WCBS-TV on Saturday mornings from 9 to 9:15, and on Sunday mornings from 11 to 11:30. . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:45 daily.

Poetry and Drama Readings—Thursday, Nov. 13, at 8:30: E. E. Cummings reading from his own poetry. . . . ¶ Sunday, Nov. 16, at 2:30: A company of actors reading Jean-Paul Sartre's "No Exit." . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 20, at 8:30: Marianne Moore reading from her own works. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400.)

Chrysanthemum Show—The annual indoor showing of chrysanthemums in all sizes and colors. (New York Botanical Garden, Bronx Park. Daily, 10 to 4:30; through Dec. 8.)

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Tuesday, Nov. 18, at 1:30 and 8: First editions, modern French illustrated books, art reference works, the second-earliest known manuscript of Omar Khayyám's "The Rubáiyát," and other literary material; from the collection of Jay C. Leff. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 19, at 8: Paintings by Bonnard, Cézanne, Picasso, Vlaminck, and other French Impressionist and Post-Impressionist artists; collected by Arnold Kirkeby. Admission by card only; for information, call TR 9-8300. Exhibition starts Friday, Nov. 14.

Color Contrasts



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS—A jolly, if protracted, tour of the globe. Based on the fantasy by Jules Verne, the film roams from continent to continent, picking up lots of funny stuff in transit. There is a tremendous cast, topped by David Niven and the Mexican comedian Cantinflas. (Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-7222.)

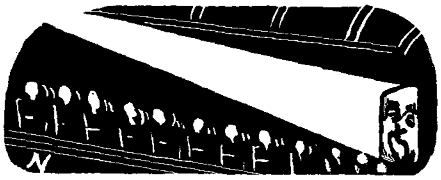
THE BRIDGE ON THE RIVER KWAI—There's plenty of variety in this entertaining description of life among a group of British soldiers captured by the Japanese during the Second World War. The film includes everything from satire to high adventure, and the cast, headed by Alec Guinness, William Holden, Jack Hawkins, and Sessue Hayakawa, performs valiantly under the direction of David Lean. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; starting Nov. 18, tentative.... ¶ Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; and Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting Nov. 19, tentative.)

THE DEFIANT ONES—A first-rate melodrama, produced and directed by Stanley Kramer, in which Sidney Poitier and Tony Curtis portray a pair of fugitives from a chain gang in flight from a posse. While describing their odyssey, Mr. Kramer, without sententiousness, underlines some of the causes of race prejudice and indicates a possible cure. (Victoria, B'way at 46th, JU 6-0540; through Nov. 17.)

GIGI—All kinds of talent is represented in this musical revamp of Colette's novel about a young lady, tutored by relatives in the wiles of the demimondaine, who eventually snares a fine rich fellow. Alan Jay Lerner contributed the book and lyrics, Frederick Loewe the music, and Cecil Beaton the costumes. Filmed in Paris, the picture is a good-looking affair, and has a solid cast that includes Leslie Caron, Maurice Chevalier, Hermione Gingold, Isabel Jeans, and Louis Jourdan. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

ME AND THE COLONEL—Danny Kaye is extremely ingratiating in this pleasant comedy based on S. N. Behrman's play. It has to do with the lively adventures of a Jewish refugee fleeing the Nazis after the invasion of France in 1940. In company with the refugee is a Polish colonel (Curt Jurgens) who is none too bright, and a French girl (Nicole Maurey) who has eyes for both her escorts. The direction, by Peter Glenville, is altogether satisfactory. (Lexington, Lexington at 51st, PL 3-0336; Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; and Olympia, B'way at 107th, UN 5-8128; starting Nov. 19.)

PATHER PANCHALI—An excellent film about life in a village in India, which is honest, moving, and utterly without pretension. The movie was made on location and was directed by Satyajit Ray. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339.)



THE RELUCTANT DEBUTANTE—A cheerful little item, in which Kay Kendall and Rex Harrison disport themselves as the parents of a nubile young lady who has taken a shine to a jazz musician instead of giving her affections to the rich guardsman Miss Kendall has picked out for her. Miss Kendall and Mr. Harrison are supported by John Saxon and Sandra Dee. (Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; through Nov. 15, tentative.... ¶ 68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; through Nov. 19.)

ROONEY—John Gregson is most appealing in this English film about a Dublin bachelor *running like the wind before a pack of* women anxious to lead him to the altar. Barry Fitzgerald, playing an ancient who is related to some of the pursuing females, is also his usual diverting self. Quite a merry affair all around. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through Nov. 15.)

THE ROOTS OF HEAVEN—Save the Elephant Week in French Equatorial Africa, with Trevor Howard leading the fight to keep the hunters away from the mammoths. Directed by John Huston, the film is handsome pictorially, and intermittently exciting. Along with Mr. Howard, we have Juliette Greco, Errol Flynn, Eddie Albert, and Orson Welles, all participating competently. (Palace, B'way at 47th, PL 7-2626. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

REVIVALS

ARSENIC AND OLD LACE (1944)—The Brooklyn poison classic. Cary Grant. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; Nov. 16-18, tentative.)

GIANT (1956)—Some of the denizens of Texas, both human and bovine, displayed in their native habitat. Rock Hudson, Elizabeth Taylor, and James Dean. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; starting Nov. 19.)

I'LL CRY TOMORROW (1956)—Susan Hayward in a run-through of the autobiography of Lillian Roth, which has to do with a talented musical-comedy actress and the perils of drink. (Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th, GR 3-2277; Nov. 13.)

THE INSPECTOR GENERAL (1949)—Danny Kaye, in a Napoleonic setting, creating endless confusion. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; Nov. 16-18, tentative.)

JUAREZ (1939)—Romance and revolution in the Mexico of Carlotta and Maximilian. With Bette Davis, Paul Muni, and Brian Aherne. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Nov. 18, tentative.)

JULIUS CAESAR (1953)—A collaboration between Joseph Mankiewicz and William Shakespeare, with James Mason, John Gielgud, and Edmond O'Brien. (Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; and Olympia, B'way at 107th, UN 5-8128; through Nov. 15.)

MR. HULOT'S HOLIDAY (1954)—A romp at a seaside resort, with Jacques Tati. The dialogue is in both French and English. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; starting Nov. 16, tentative.)

THE PRISONER (1955)—Alec Guinness, as an incarcerated cardinal, and Jack Hawkins, as his Communist inquisitor, in a Balkan country the Reds have taken over. An English film. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; starting Nov. 16, tentative.)

SABRINA (1954)—Audrey Hepburn and Humphrey Bogart in a comedy about a chauffeur's daughter who manages to make her way from garage to mansion. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Nov. 18-19.)

SAYONARA (1957)—The American-boy-meets-Japanese-girl theme. Marlon Brando and Miiko Taka. (Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th, GR 3-2277; R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-3440; and Nemo, B'way at 110th, MO 6-8210; starting Nov. 18.)

12 ANGRY MEN (1957)—A group of jurors have to decide the fate of an eighteen-year-old accused of patricide. Henry Fonda, Lee J. Cobb, and Jack Warden. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Nov. 16-17.)

THE WAVE (1937)—The Gulf of Mexico, its fisherfolk, its beauties, and its problems. A Mexican picture. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Nov. 13.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY—Two programs in a series called "The First Sixty Years, Part II"—Through Nov. 15, showings at 3 and 5:30: "A Corner in Wheat" (1909) and "The New York Hat" (1912), both directed by D. W. Griffith, and "A Fool There Was" (1914), with Theda Bara.... ¶ Starting Nov. 16, showings at 3: "Intolerance" (1916), directed by D. W. Griffith, with Mae Marsh. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.)

• • •

THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

ASTOR, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"The Big Country," Gregory Peck, Jean Simmons, Charlton Heston.

CAPITOL, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
Through Nov. 13 (last showing at about 3): "Torpedo Run," Glenn Ford, Ernest Borgnine.
From Nov. 13, at 8:30: "Houseboat," Cary Grant, Sophia Loren.

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"The Old Man and the Sea," Spencer Tracy. (Nightly at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Extra performances Saturdays and Sundays at 5. Reserved seats only.)

MAYFAIR, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
"The Blob," Steven McQueen; and "Date with Disaster," Tom Drake.

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"Home Before Dark," Jean Simmons, Dan O'Herlihy.

ODEON, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
"The Night Heaven Fell" (in English), Brigitte Bardot, Alida Valli.

PALACE, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
THE ROOTS OF HEAVEN.

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
Through Nov. 16: "In Love and War," Robert Wagner, Dana Wynter.
From Nov. 17: "Mardi Gras," Pat Boone, Christine Carère.

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"South Pacific," Rossano Brazzi, Mitzi Gaynor, John Kerr. (Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 10:30. Reserved seats only.)

ROXY, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
"The Last Hurrah," Spencer Tracy, Pat O'Brien.

STATE, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"Party Girl," Robert Taylor, Cyd Charisse.

VICTORIA, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
Through Nov. 17: **THE DEFIANT ONES.**
From Nov. 18: "I Want to Live," Susan Hayward, Simon Oakland.

WARNER, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"South Seas Adventure," the fifth Cinerama production. (Daily at 2:40 and 8:40. Reserved seats only.)

WORLD, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
"The Girl in the Bikini" (in French), Brigitte Bardot.

NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES

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16	17	18	19			

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Nov. 18 (tentative): "Law and Disorder," Michael Redgrave, Robert Morley; and "Lovers and Thieves" (in French), Jean Poiret, Michel Serrault.
From Nov. 19 (tentative): **THE BRIDGE ON THE RIVER KWAI**.

Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
Nov. 13: **I'LL CRY TOMORROW**, revival; and "Love Me or Leave Me," revival, Doris Day, James Cagney.
Nov. 14-17: "Onionhead," Andy Griffith, Felicia Farr; and "The Saga of Hemp Brown," Rory Calhoun, Beverly Garland.
From Nov. 18: **SAYONARA**, revival.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Nov. 15 (tentative): "Law and Disorder," Michael Redgrave, Robert Morley; and "Lovers and Thieves" (in French), Jean Poiret, Michel Serrault.
Nov. 16-18 (tentative): **ARSENIC AND OLD LACE**, revival; and **THE INSPECTOR GENERAL**, revival.
From Nov. 19 (tentative): **THE BRIDGE ON THE RIVER KWAI**.

Lexington, Lexington at 51st. (PL 3-0336)
Through Nov. 17: "La Parisienne" (in English), Charles Boyer, Brigitte Bardot; and "The Fearmakers," Dana Andrews, Dick Foran.
Nov. 18: "Man on the Prowl," Mala Powers; and "The Dalton Girls," Merry Anders.
From Nov. 19: **ME AND THE COLONEL**; and "The Parson and the Outlaw," Anthony Dexter, Sonny Tufts.

Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
"What Price Murder" (in French), Mylene Demongeot, Henri Vidal.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
GIGI.

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Nov. 13: "War of the Satellites," Dick Miller, Susan Cabot; and "Attack of the 50-Foot Woman," Allison Hayes.
Nov. 14-17: "Onionhead," Andy Griffith, Felicia Farr; and "The Saga of Hemp Brown," Rory Calhoun, Beverly Garland.
From Nov. 18: **SAYONARA**, revival.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
Through Nov. 16: "The Night Heaven Fell" (in French), Brigitte Bardot, Alida Valli.
From Nov. 17, at 9: "Orders to Kill," Eddie Albert, Paul Massie. (Opening night by invitation only.)

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Inspector Maigret" (in French), Jean Gabin.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
"My Uncle" (in French), Jacques Tati.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Through Nov. 15 (tentative): "Law and Disorder," Michael Redgrave, Robert Morley; and "Lovers and Thieves" (in French), Jean Poiret, Michel Serrault.
From Nov. 16 (tentative): **MR. HULOT'S HOLIDAY** (in French and English), revival; and **THE PRISONER**, revival.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through Nov. 19: **THE RELUCTANT DEBUTANTE**.

Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-7222)
AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS.

Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th. (BU 8-9468)
Through Nov. 15 (tentative): **THE RELUCTANT DEBUTANTE**.
Nov. 16-18 (tentative): "Adam and Eve" (a Mexican film with an English narration), Christiane Martel; and "Mam'zelle Pigalle" (in French), Brigitte Bardot.
From Nov. 19 (tentative): "Circus of Love" (in German), Curt Jurgens, Eva Bartok; and "Plea for Passion" (in Italian; formerly known as "The Bigamist"), Vittorio De Sica.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Nov. 17 (tentative): "Law and Disorder," Michael Redgrave, Robert Morley; and "Lovers and Thieves" (in French), Jean Poiret, Michel Serrault.
From Nov. 18 (tentative): **THE BRIDGE ON THE RIVER KWAI**.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Nov. 13: "War of the Satellites," Dick Miller, Susan Cabot; and "Attack of the 50-Foot Woman," Allison Hayes.
Nov. 14-17: "Onionhead," Andy Griffith, Felicia Farr; and "The Saga of Hemp Brown," Rory Calhoun, Beverly Garland.
From Nov. 18: **SAYONARA**, revival.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Nov. 16: "La Parisienne" (in English), Charles Boyer, Brigitte Bardot; and "The Fearmakers," Dana Andrews, Dick Foran.
Nov. 17-18: "Man on the Prowl," Mala Powers; and "The Dalton Girls," Merry Anders.
From Nov. 19: **ME AND THE COLONEL**; and "The Parson and the Outlaw," Anthony Dexter, Sonny Tufts.

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8038)
Through Nov. 15: "Démoniaque" (in French), François Périer, Micheline Presle; and "Blue Murder at St. Trinian's," Joyce Grenfell, Terry-Thomas.
Nov. 16-17: **12 ANGRY MEN**, revival; and "Seven Brides for Seven Brothers," revival, Jane Powell, Howard Keel.
Nov. 18-19: **SABRINA**, revival; and "The Catered Affair," revival, Bette Davis, Ernest Borgnine.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Nov. 18 (tentative): **JUAREZ**, revival; and "The Jazz Singer," revival, Al Jolson.
From Nov. 19 (tentative): "Circus of Love" (in German), Curt Jurgens, Eva Bartok; and "Plea for Passion" (in Italian; formerly known as "The Bigamist"), Vittorio De Sica.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
PATHER PANCHALI (in Bengali).

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Nov. 17: "La Parisienne" (in English), Charles Boyer, Brigitte Bardot; and "The Fearmakers," Dana Andrews, Dick Foran.
Nov. 18: "Man on the Prowl," Mala Powers; and "The Dalton Girls," Merry Anders.
From Nov. 19: **ME AND THE COLONEL**; and "The Parson and the Outlaw," Anthony Dexter, Sonny Tufts.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through Nov. 15: **ROONEY**; and "There's Always a Price Tag" (in French), Michèle Morgan, Daniel Gelin.
Nov. 16-18: "Elephant Walk," revival, Elizabeth Taylor, Dana Andrews; and "Autumn Leaves," revival, Joan Crawford, Cliff Robertson.
From Nov. 19: **GIANT**, revival.

R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-3440)
Nov. 13: "War of the Satellites," Dick Miller, Susan Cabot; and "Attack of the 50-Foot Woman," Allison Hayes.
Nov. 14-17: "Onionhead," Andy Griffith, Felicia Farr; and "The Saga of Hemp Brown," Rory Calhoun, Beverly Garland.
From Nov. 18: **SAYONARA**, revival.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"My Uncle" (in English), Jacques Tati.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
"Up the Creek," David Tomlinson, Wilfrid Hyde White.

Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"Tosca" (in Italian). (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Extra performances Sundays at 6. Reserved seats only.)

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
"Pot Bouille" (in French), Gérard Philipe, Danielle Darrieux.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
"The Horse's Mouth," Alec Guinness, Kay Walsh.

Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through Nov. 15: **JULIUS CAESAR**, revival; and "The Teahouse of the August Moon," revival, Marlon Brando, Glenn Ford.
Nov. 16-18: "Band of Angels," revival, Clark Gable, Yvonne De Carlo; and "This Could Be the Night," revival, Jean Simmons, Paul Douglas.
From Nov. 19: **ME AND THE COLONEL**; and "The Parson and the Outlaw," Anthony Dexter, Sonny Tufts.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Nov. 13: "The Vikings," Kirk Douglas, Tony Curtis; and "The Last Paradise," a documentary film on four South Sea islands.
Nov. 14-17: "Imitation General," Glenn Ford, Red Buttons; and "Rock-A-Bye Baby," Jerry Lewis, Marilyn Maxwell.
From Nov. 18: "The Camp on Blood Island," Carl Mohner; and "The Snorkel," Peter Van Eyck, Betta St. John.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Nov. 13: **THE WAVE** (in Spanish), revival; and "Child of Man" (in Danish), revival.
From Nov. 14: "Murderers Among Us" (in German), revival, Hildegarde Neff; and "Rendezvous with Juliet" (in French), revival, Daniel Gelin, Brigitte Auber.

Riverside, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
Through Nov. 15: "War of the Satellites," Dick Miller, Susan Cabot; and "Attack of the 50-Foot Woman," Allison Hayes.
From Nov. 16: "Onionhead," Andy Griffith, Felicia Farr; and "The Saga of Hemp Brown," Rory Calhoun, Beverly Garland.

Midtown, B'way at 100th. (RI 9-9516)
Through Nov. 17: "Law and Disorder," Michael Redgrave, Robert Morley; and "Lovers and Thieves" (in French), Jean Poiret, Michel Serrault.
From Nov. 18: "Circus of Love" (in German), Curt Jurgens, Eva Bartok; and "Plea for Passion" (in Italian; formerly known as "The Bigamist"), Vittorio De Sica.

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (UN 5-8128)
Through Nov. 15: **JULIUS CAESAR**, revival; and "The Teahouse of the August Moon," revival, Marlon Brando, Glenn Ford.
Nov. 16-18: "Band of Angels," revival, Clark Gable, Yvonne De Carlo; and "This Could Be the Night," revival, Jean Simmons, Paul Douglas.
From Nov. 19: **ME AND THE COLONEL**; and "The Parson and the Outlaw," Anthony Dexter, Sonny Tufts.

Nemo, B'way at 110th. (MO 6-8210)
Nov. 13: "War of the Satellites," Dick Miller, Susan Cabot; and "Attack of the 50-Foot Woman," Allison Hayes.
Nov. 14-17: "Onionhead," Andy Griffith, Felicia Farr; and "The Saga of Hemp Brown," Rory Calhoun, Beverly Garland.
From Nov. 18: **SAYONARA**, revival.

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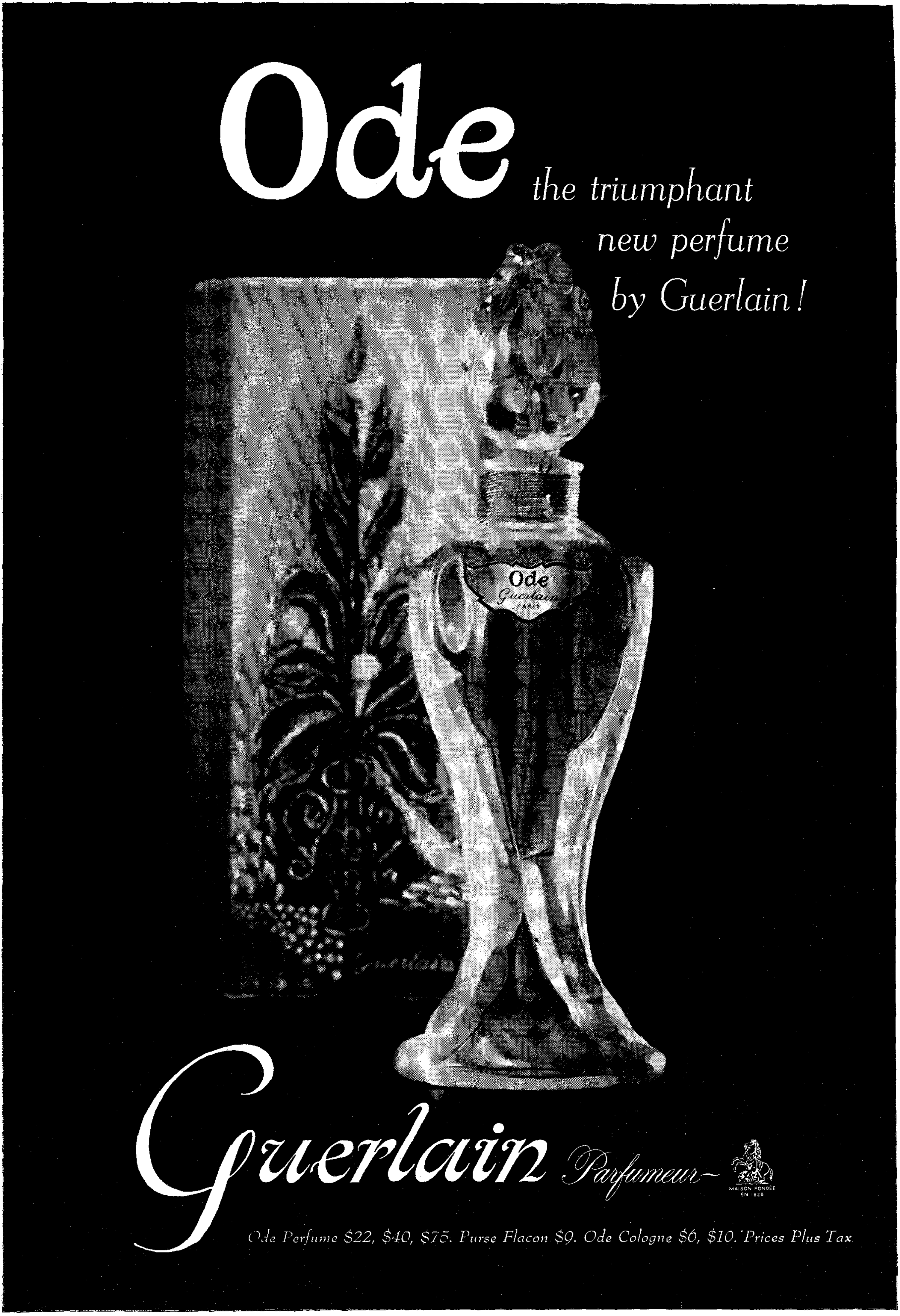
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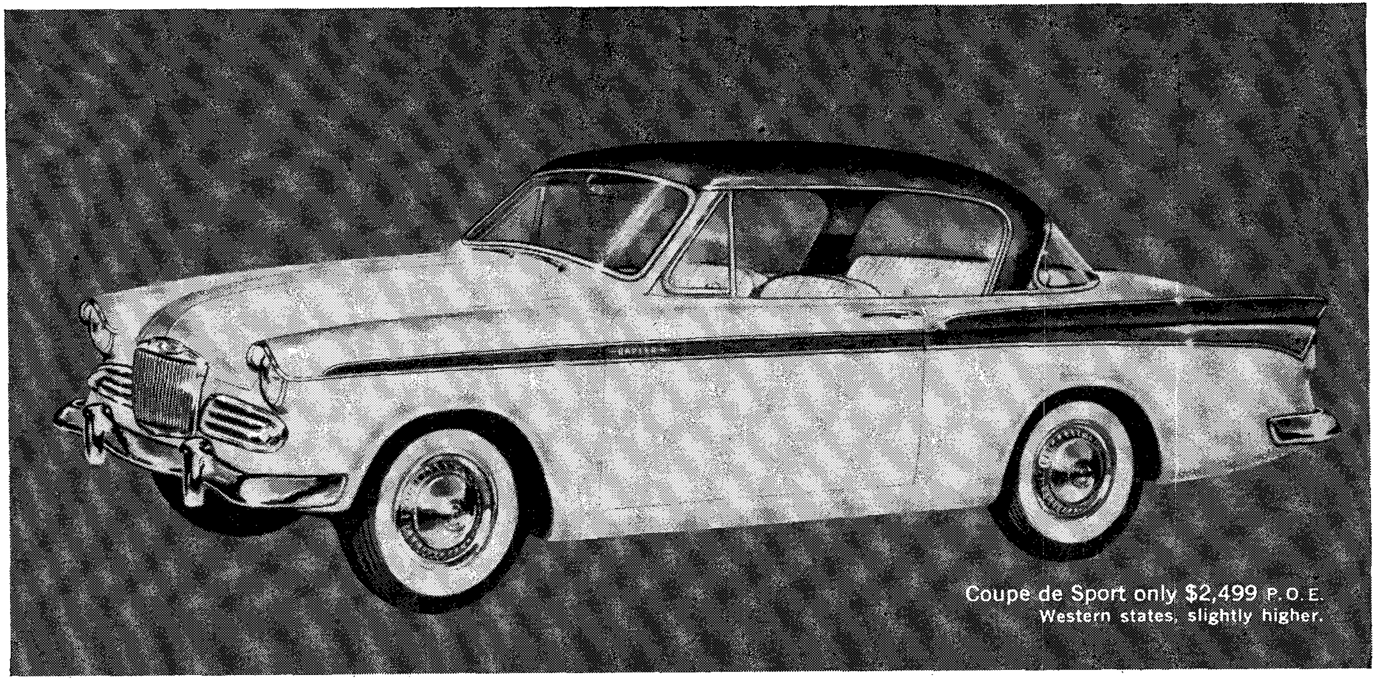

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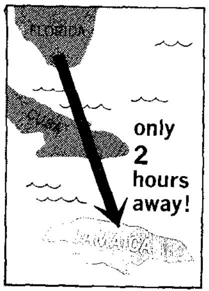

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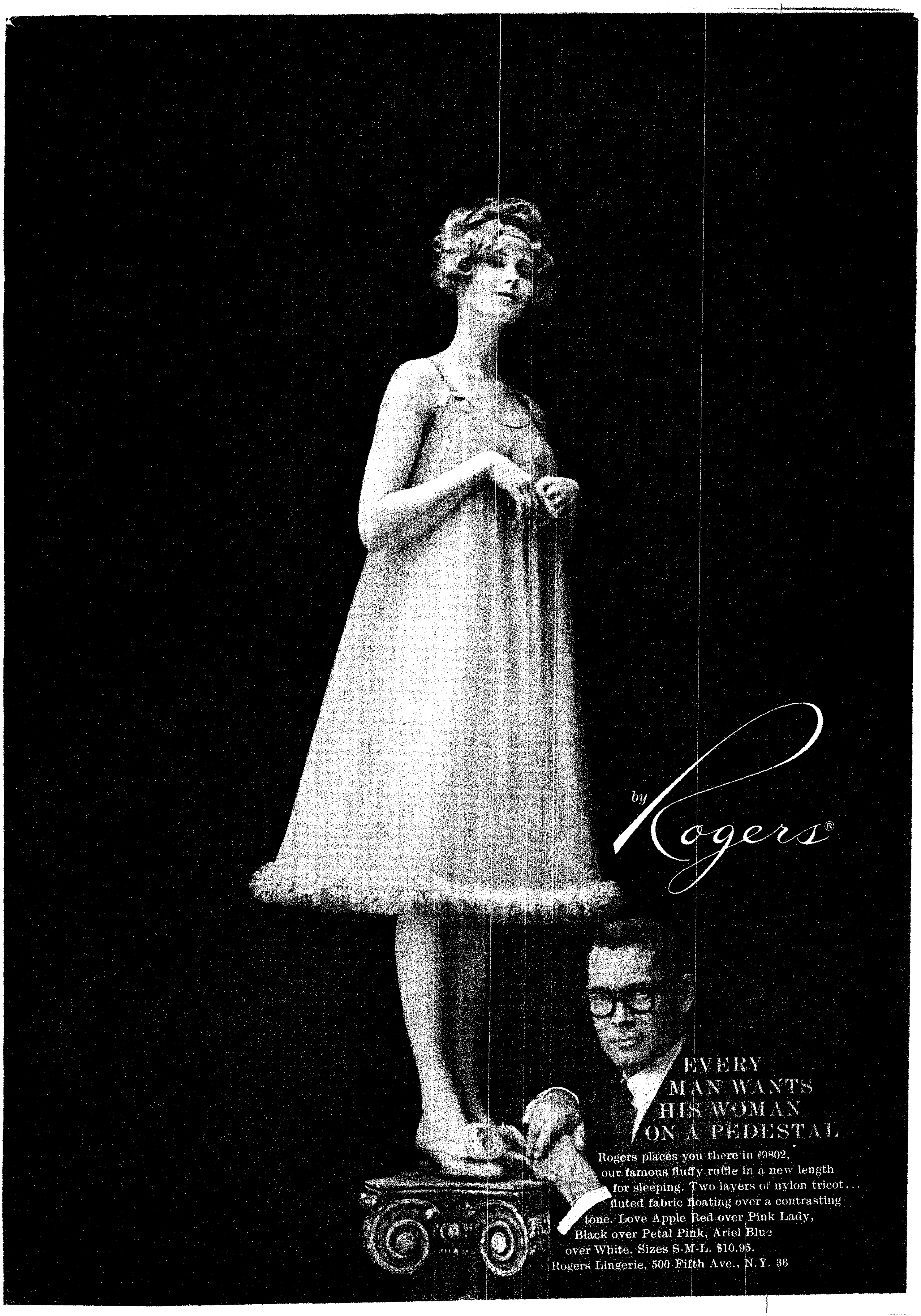

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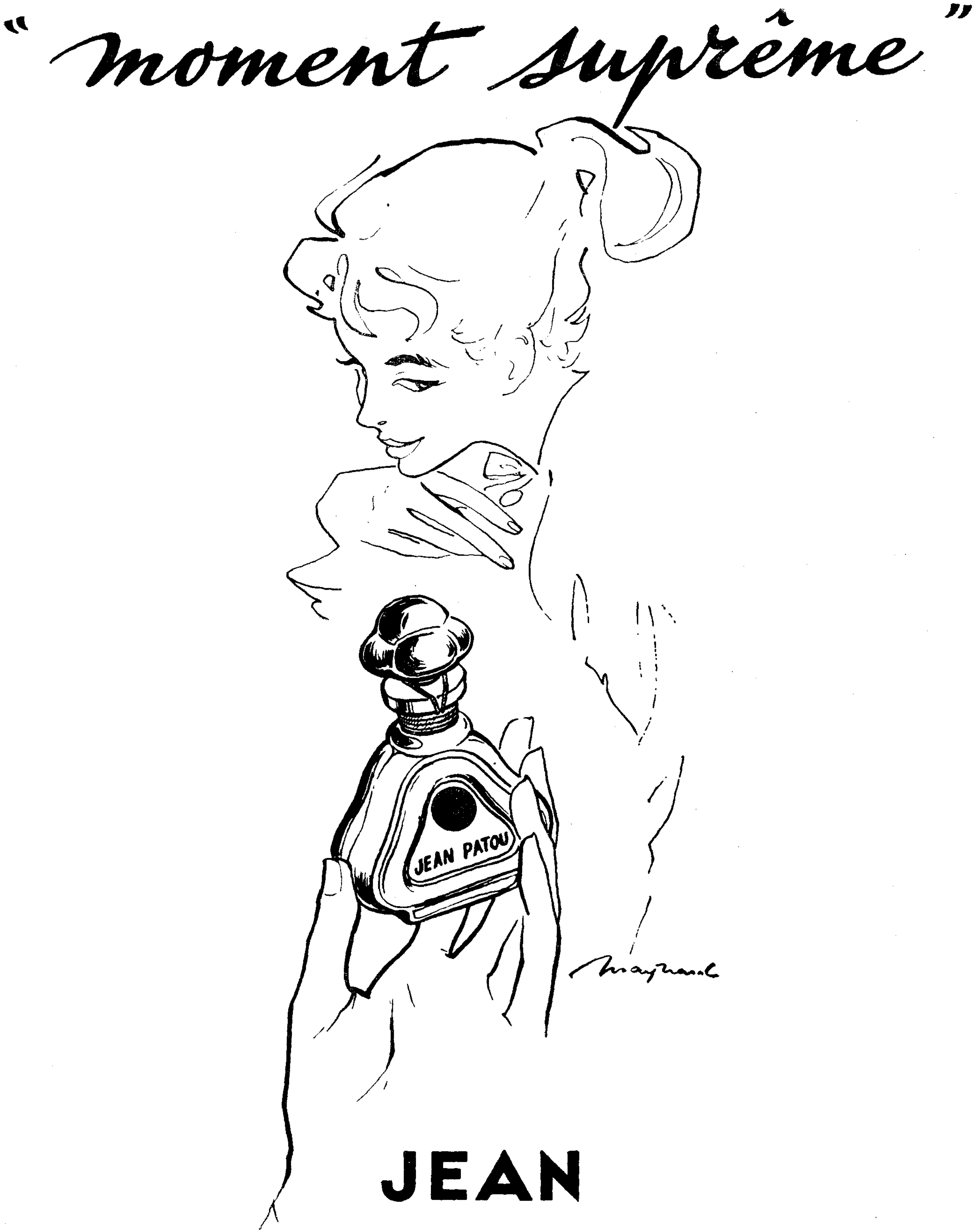
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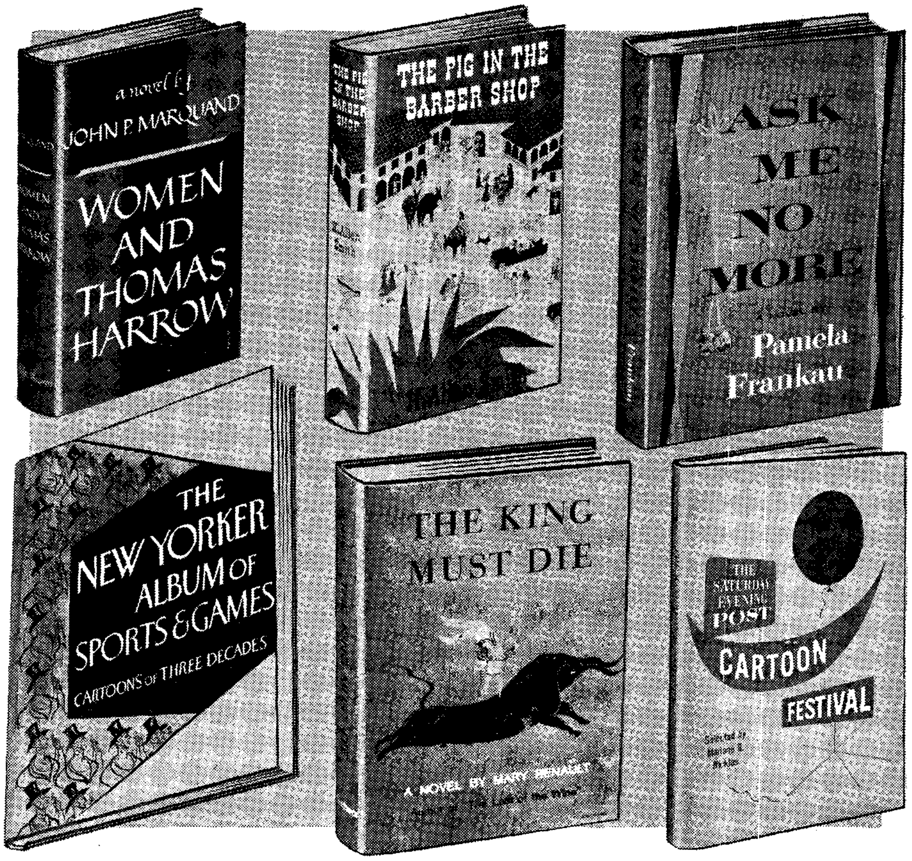
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A NOVEL BY MARY RENAULT
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
CARTOON FESTIVAL

MR. ROBBINS RIDES AGAIN
by EDWARD STREETER
AND A RIGHT GOOD CREW
EMILY KIMBROUGH
The MOST OF S. J. PERELMAN
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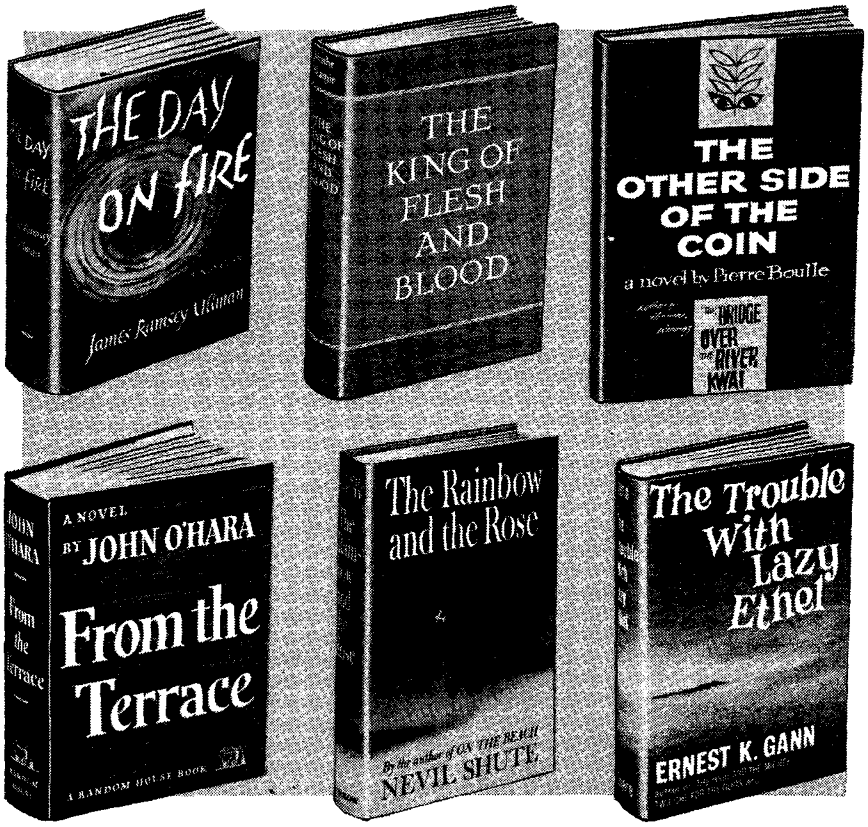
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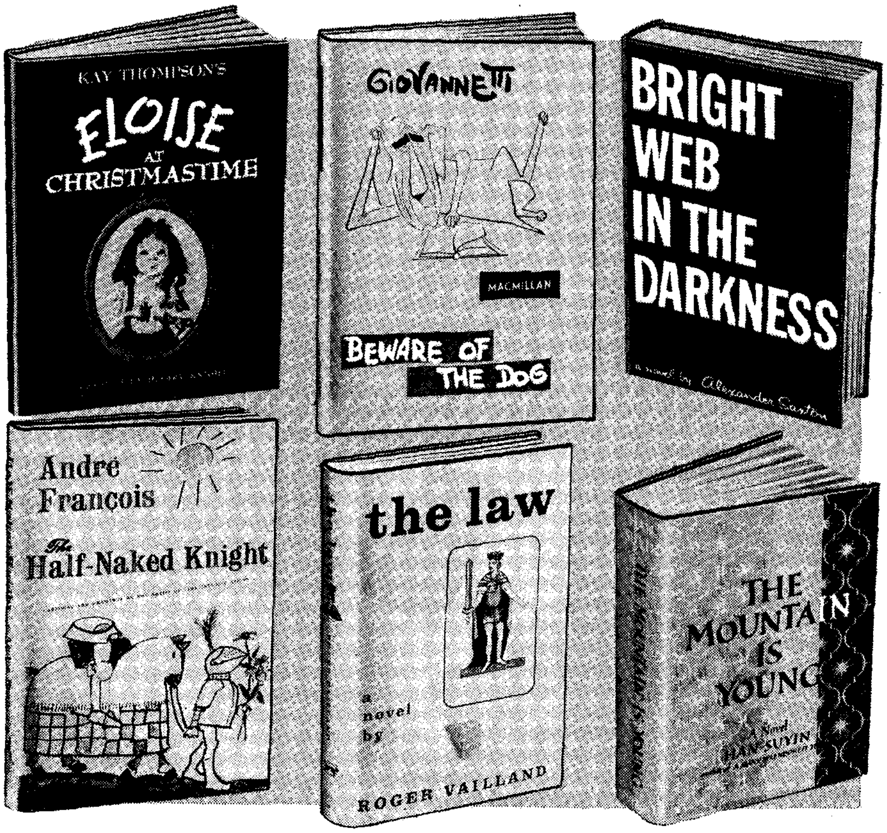
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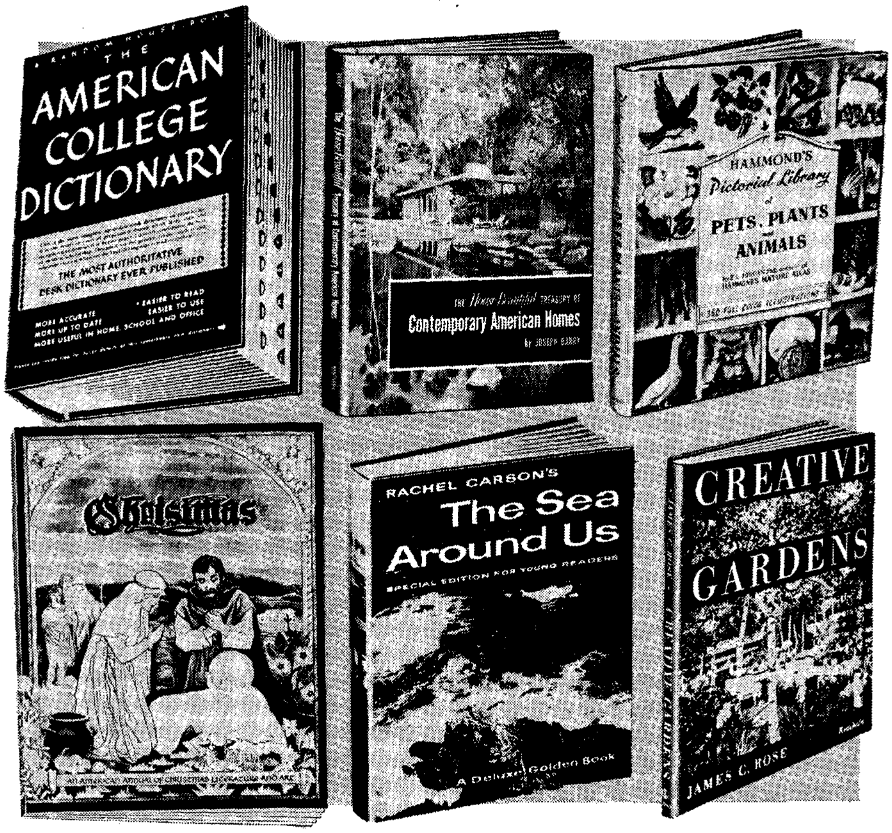
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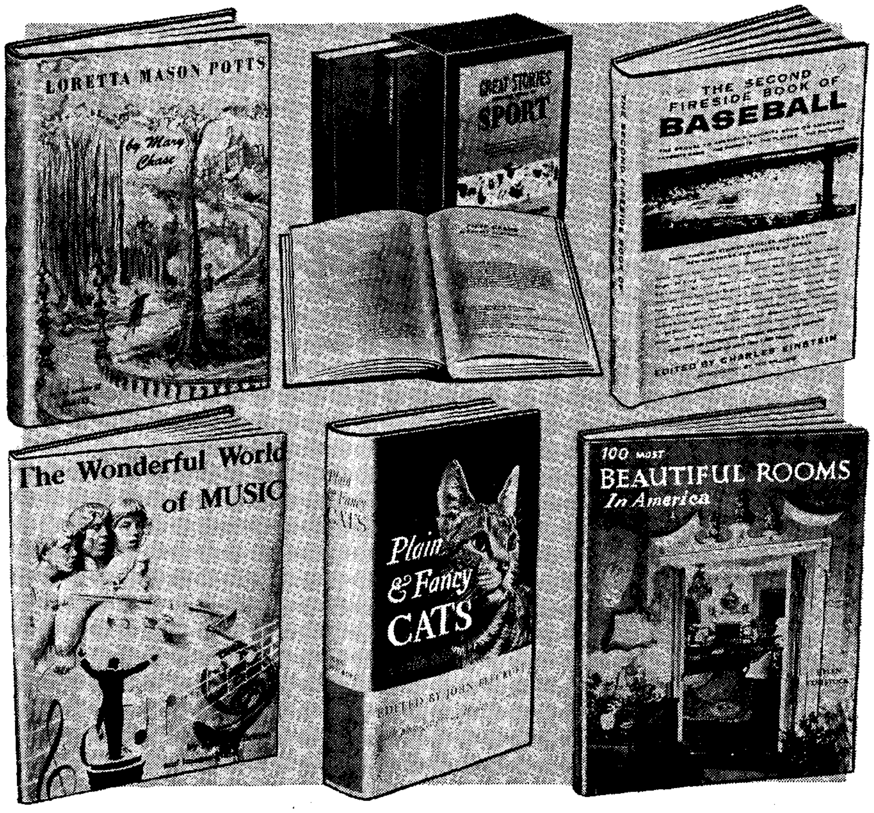
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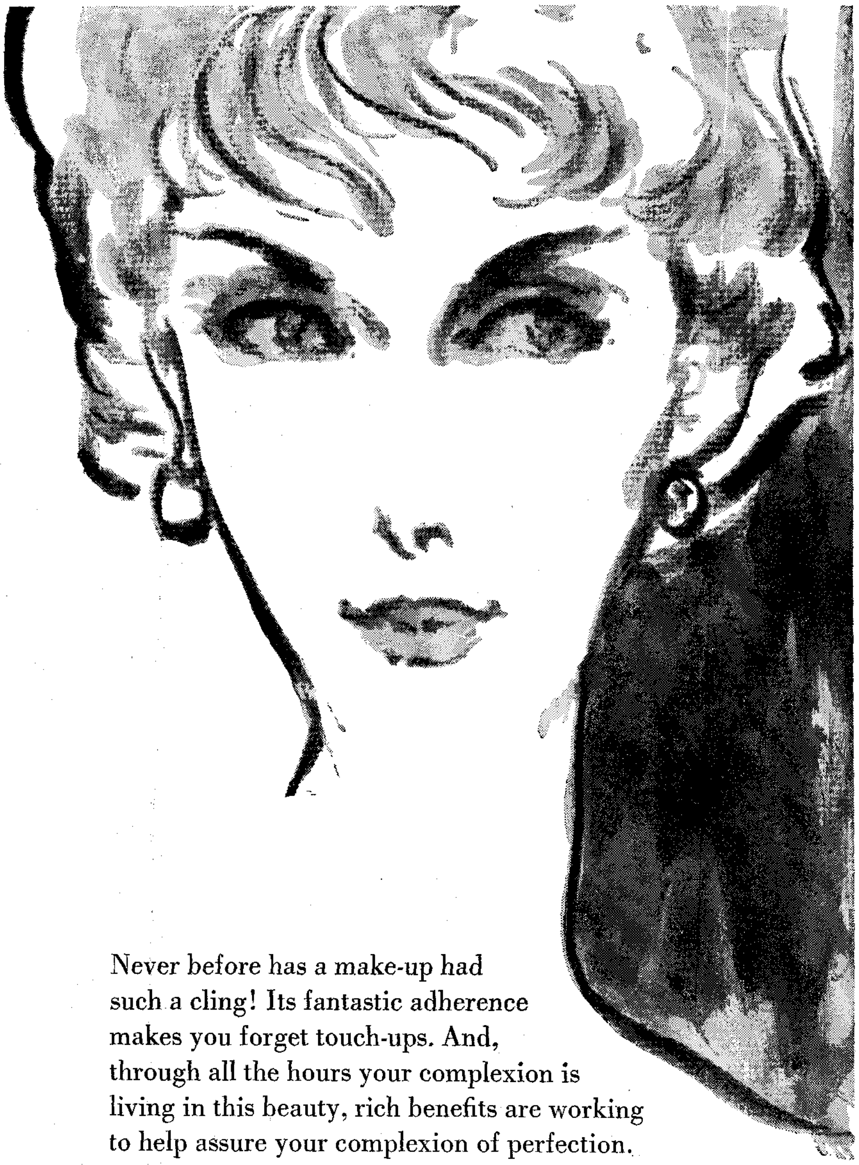

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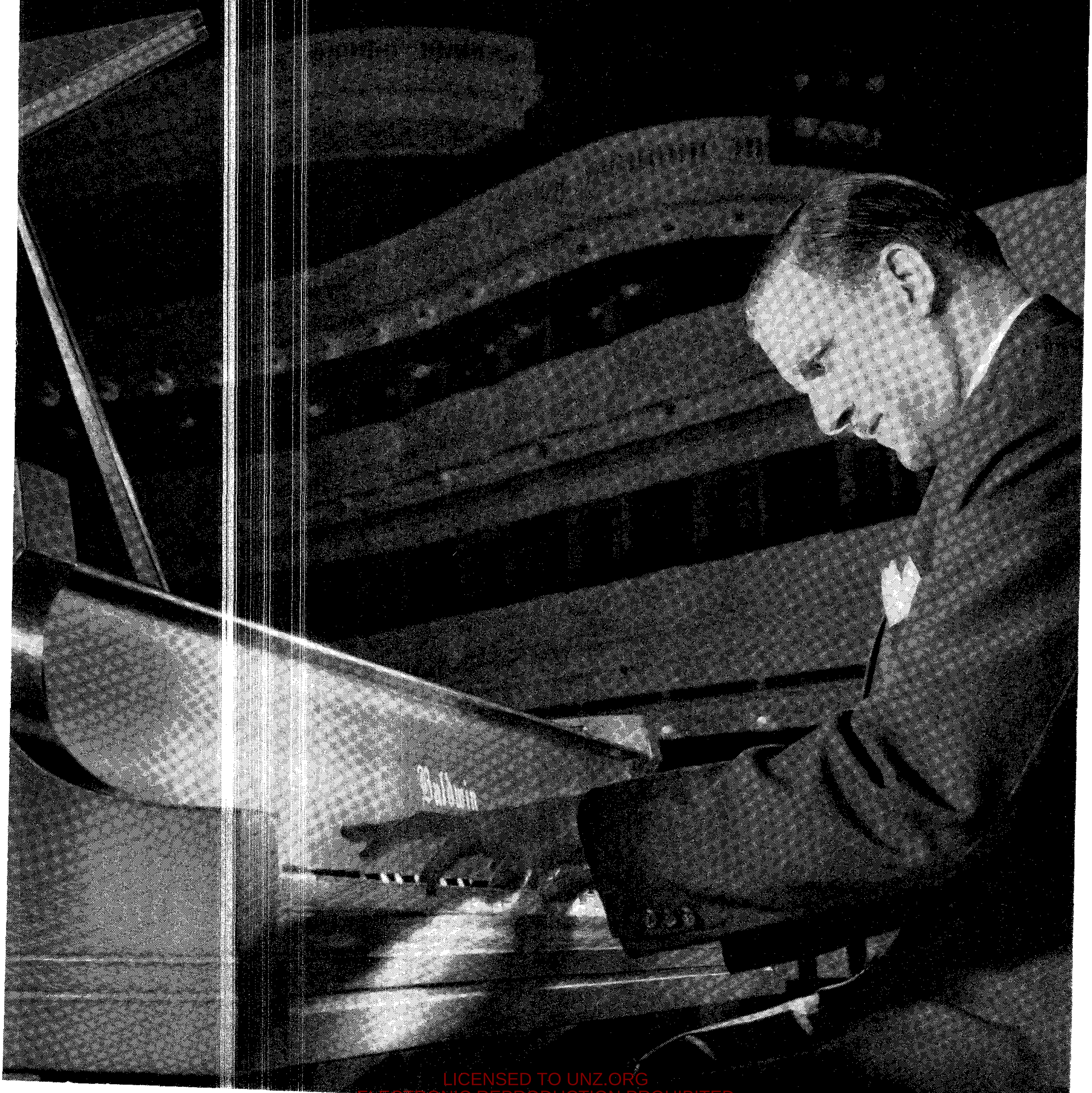

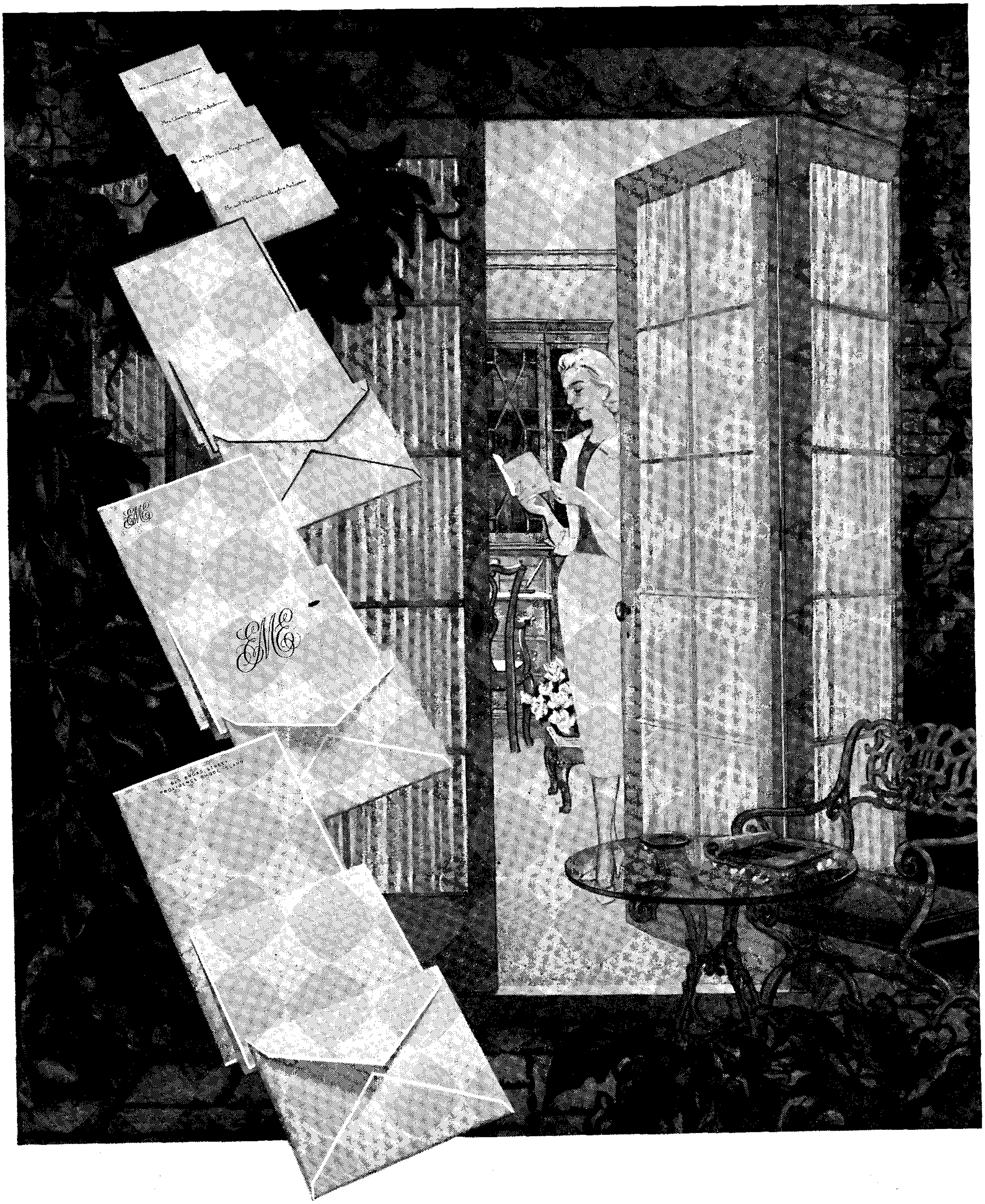

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The Marlboro Story

How One of America's Most Popular Filter Cigarettes Got That Way

BY LEO BURNETT

Judging by the mail and the number of times Marlboro comes up in magazine and newspaper stories, there seems to be so much interest in Marlboro cigarettes that I have been encouraged to write this piece.

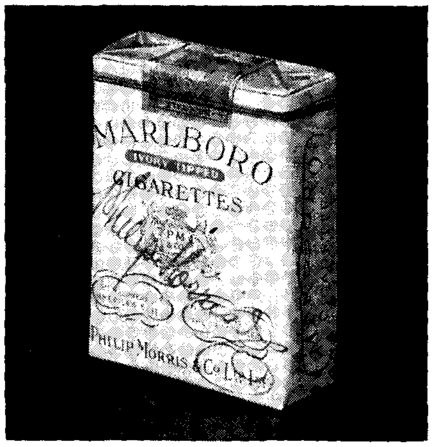
The story starts in 1954. There were indications that substantial numbers of smokers were starting to switch to filter cigarettes. The Philip Morris people had an unusually fine filter. They had a blend of tobaccos that in consumer tests had proved itself quite superior in flavor to other filter cigarettes of the day.

They also had a radically new type of cigarette package called the "Flip-Top Box." It looked like a regular cigarette package but it was firm so the cigarettes wouldn't crush, even when a construction worker put them in his pants pocket.

Naming the Baby

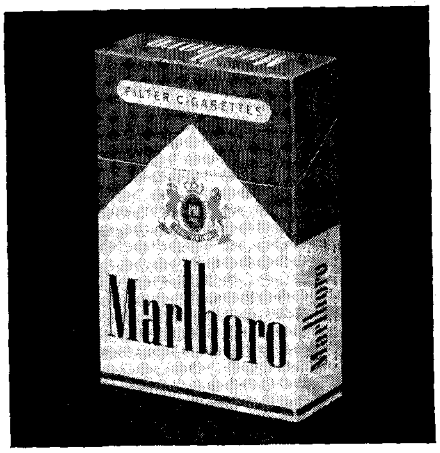
The first thing their new baby needed was a name, and cigarette names are hard to come by. Finally they decided to give it a name they already had, "Marlboro." But this was the name of a totally different kind of cigarette than the one they wanted to sell. What's more, Philip Morris had been putting it out since 1924. It was an extremely mild cigarette liberally laced with Turkish tobaccos. It came both with an ivory tip and a red "beauty tip." Many women smoked it and it was rather widely thought of as a lady's cigarette.

It came in this package:



So there they were. They had a perfectly good name, but they needed to make it the name of an entirely different kind of cigarette.

In tackling the problem, our advertising agency had the benefit of some very thorough research by Elmo Roper and that of the Philip Morris research people. The new filter cigarette came in a package that looked like this:



As a first step, a group of us went down to Richmond, Virginia, where the new Marlboros were being made. Excepting a bakery, we had never seen a place that looked so clean or smelled so good. We were equally impressed by the research laboratories. Here we found a large staff of doctors of this and that using an amazing lot of scientific equipment to analyze tobacco, filters, and smoke itself.

This visit convinced us that Marlboro was a very good cigarette made with a great deal of care and con-

Over...

(Advertisement)

science. But it *didn't* solve the problem for us.

The first temptation was to go overboard with advertising that featured the "Flip-Top Box," the first real change in cigarette packaging in 38 years. It not only kept the cigarettes in good shape right down to the twentieth one, but, when empty, it was dandy for carrying fishhooks, stray buttons, and all sorts of things. But people don't smoke boxes, and everybody decided that it was what was *inside* the box that counted most. So we turned to Elmo Roper's research.

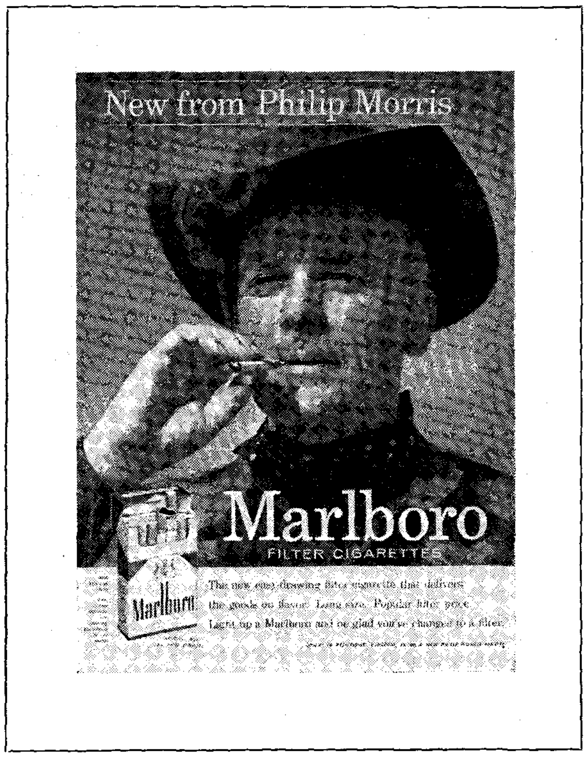
What the Research Told Us

When we combined the research findings with common sense and experience, two points of special significance *seemed to emerge:*

1. People regarded the old ivory-tipped Marlboro as sissy. (That's the way it had been advertised—"America's luxury cigarette"—in a very plush atmosphere.)

2. Many regular smokers at that time tended to regard all filter cigarettes as slightly effeminate.

The new Marlboro wasn't this kind of a cigarette at all. It had a flavor you could get hold of and roll around in your mouth. There was nothing sissy about it.


New from Philip Morris
Marlboro
FILTER CIGARETTES
The new easy-drawing filter cigarette that delivers the goods on flavor. Long size. Popular filter price.
Light up a Marlboro and be glad you've changed to a filter.

First Marlboro Man Ad

It didn't take any motivational research or psychological seance to decide that the best way to sell the new Marlboro was to present it for what it really was, a filter cigarette with a full, honest flavor that could satisfy a man who was a regular smoker. In other words, a man's filter.

The Marlboro Cowboy

We asked ourselves what was the most generally accepted symbol of masculinity in America, and this led quite naturally to a cowboy.

The next natural question was: "If a cowboy were talking about the flavor, what would he say?"

This led to the phrase, "*Delivers the goods on flavor.*"

The new Marlboro was made from a special and exclusive blend, so we called it a "recipe," which is exactly what it is.

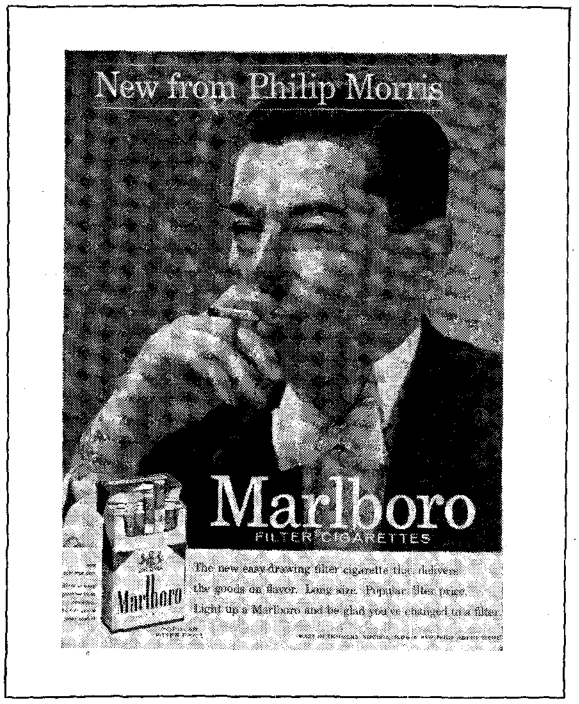
It seemed desirable also to let people know the name of the new Marlboro's respected maker. This led to the line, "*New from Philip Morris*" and this appeared in all introductory advertising.

The advertising first broke in New York, Chicago, and Los Angeles. The public responded spontaneously and in a big way.

Machines Flown from England

The new Flip-Top Box required special and very intricate machinery, made only by a company in England, which at that time enjoyed the engineering collaboration of Vickers, Ltd., of jet airplane fame. To keep pace with the sudden and overwhelming demand, extra machines were flown over from England as fast as they could be manufactured.

So far so good, but obviously we couldn't keep on showing cowboys forever, although they


New from Philip Morris
Marlboro
FILTER CIGARETTES
The new easy-drawing filter cigarette that delivers the goods on flavor. Long size. Popular filter price.
Light up a Marlboro and be glad you've changed to a filter.

First Tattoo Ad

could be repeated from time to time.

This led to another idea . . . close-up photographs of "regular guys." We shunned slick professional models, so familiar in cigarette advertising, as well as testimonials. Among our own friends and acquaintances, however, we found men who typified what has been referred to as "masculine confidence."

One of the big problems of an advertiser is to set himself apart from his competitors. This led to the tattoo, which was inscribed on the hands and wrists of the "Marlboro men" with indelible ink in a ballpoint pen at the time they were photographed. It seemed to be engaging to the men and women with whom these ads were tested in personal interviews. It seemed also to reinforce the masculine personality of the advertising and the brand.

People told us, "*This man looks successful and sophisticated but rugged, and as though he might have had interesting experiences.*"

The general response among both men and women was, "*He is the kind of person you would notice across a crowded room, and I would be interested in meeting him.*"

Months later our feeling about the story-telling quality of the tattoo was confirmed when we ran across a remark attributed to Jack London. He is reported as saying, in effect, "*Follow any man with a tattoo and you will find a romantic and adventurous past.*"

Anyway, the public quickly took to the sophisticated, successful-looking but rugged Marlboro Man. More and more people tried the cigarette, found a flavor they had been looking for and became regular smokers of the brand. Marlboro quickly took its place as one of America's leading filter cigarettes.

Although the advertising showed nothing but men, women took to the cigarette, too. Later this led a writer, aptly, though rather ambiguously, to call Marlboro "*the cigarette designed for men that women like.*"

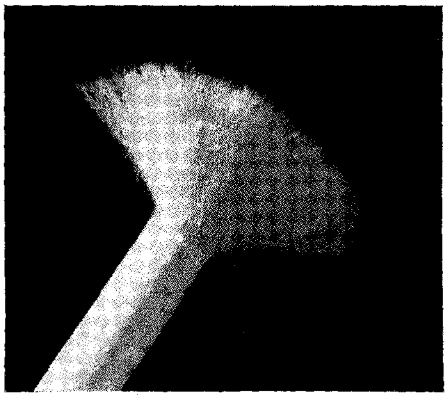
Several months after the introduction, a television writer came up with a song which goes, "*You get a lot to like with a Marlboro—filter—flavor—flip-top box.*" This telegraphed the story and it quickly caught the public's fancy.

The "Tar Derby"

In the summer of 1957 the cigarette business was shaken by what is now referred to as the "Tar Derby."

This warfare as to who has the most effective or "best" filter in terms of tar and nicotine delivery as measured in milligrams, of course, is still continuing.

Various testing methods are employed and, whatever method is finally agreed upon by the Federal Trade Commission, now working on the problem in collaboration with leading tobacco companies, much depends on the habits of the individual smoker . . . how much he smokes, how fast he smokes, etc. It is generally conceded, however, that Philip Morris is a leader in this field of research which it pioneered some 25 years ago. By any known standards of measurement, Marlboro has one of America's most effective filters, and increasing millions of well-informed people are accepting it as such.



Warning to readers: this is the material in an unfinished filter before it is cured. So don't try to fluff out the filter of a Marlboro in your pocket. You can't.

Marlboro's now famous filter is demonstrated, not with charts, but with what we call the "Filter Flower." This shows the copious amount of cellulose acetate, widely accepted as one of the most effective filtering materials known, in the filter of just one Marlboro cigarette, fluffed out in the shape of a flower. (Milligram data showing the position of Marlboro in relation to other cigarettes, of course, have been widely publicized.)

Naturally this filter has been gradually improved to provide increasingly effective filtration but it is still a filter which, as has been said in the ads, "*doesn't get between you and the flavor.*"

In the meantime the "recipe" itself has been improved in terms of lower tar and nicotine delivery, as well as flavor.

Presiding over this end of the business in Richmond is a southern gentleman by the name of Wirt Hatcher, a tobacco man of some 44 years' experience.

Now Better "Makin's"

Mr. Hatcher, in collaboration with Dr. Robert N. Dupuis, head of research, and his staff, have now come up with a most unusual combination of true tobacco flavor and filter effectiveness. As Mr. Hatcher puts it, "It has the same famous Marlboro flavor, but more of it, strained through one of the best darned filters you can get. If I weren't afraid of scaring off the women, I would say that it gives you all the relaxation of smoking a pipe."

He sums it all up with the phrase, *better "makin's."*

To distinguish this newest Filter Recipe, in combination with the improved filter, the little crest on the package is now gold instead of gray.

As you probably know, the new combination now comes both in the famous Flip-Top Box and in the new king-size Soft Pack, because some people prefer the "soft pack" (or "cup" pack, as it is known in the trade).

Throughout this experience we have been impressed with certain things about smokers, smoking and the attitude of the Philip Morris people.

Although it is difficult today to find a home without ashtrays, many people choose not to smoke.

Those who *do* smoke do so for various conscious or unconscious reasons. You hear them say they smoke for relaxation, relief from tensions, for sociability and companionship, as a reward (after sinking a ten-foot putt, for example), because a cigarette just plain tastes good after a cup of coffee, or for dozens of other reasons.

Marlboro is made for them.

The Language of a Brand

Outside the clothes and jewelry you wear, a cigarette package is your most frequently exposed possession. Every time you expose it, it says something about you.

Marlboro says, we believe, that while you want a highly effective filter and a mild combination of the world's finest tobaccos, you don't smoke just because of habit but you know and appreciate good tobacco flavor.

Philip Morris does not urge anybody to smoke but takes the position that if you *do* smoke, particularly if you smoke for flavor rather than strictly from habit, and want one of the best filters to boot, Marlboro is made especially for you.

It is not necessary that you have a romantic past or be able to lick your weight in wildcats. If you appreciate good smoking, that's enough.

FILTER CIGARETTES
Marlboro
Marlboro

Published by Philip Morris Inc.

NOTE: Leo Burnett, who was requested to make this report, is Chairman of Leo Burnett Company, Inc., Chicago, an advertising agency.

(Advertisement)

two of France's great perfumes

NOSTALGIA

FLEUR SAUVAGE

EAUX CONCENTRÉES AND COLOGNES

MADE AND BOTTLED IN FRANCE BY

Parfums Monteil

PARIS NEW YORK

THE
NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THE second day after elections is the one when, with all the figures in, from Ojai, California, to Amagansett, Long Island, it is possible to sit back and read the results with detachment. Once the emotions of Election Night are exhausted, a seventy-six-page copy of the *Times* and a park bench form an irresistibly attractive combination. Reading, we rejoice in the departure of a senator from a Great Basin state who once asked us if we knew the difference between a Moslem and a Mussulman, and deplore the elimination of a decent congressman from Arkansas by an eleventh-hour write-in campaign, got up with such hooded speed that he had no chance to fight back. But we are restrained to the mood in which we once read Gibbon. We root for the good emperors and regret that the bad ones had such a good time, but there is nothing we can do about it. (The senator who told us the difference between the M's—a Moslem will eat meat, he said, and a Mussulman won't—might, with sufficient seniority, have become chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee.) We were lucky enough to have the sun in addition to the bench and the newspaper this time, and, as a bonus, freedom from most of the usual noise of traffic. We sat in Washington Square, which has been a sanctuary for Fifth Avenue buses and people since October 30th, when the City Traffic Department closed the through road to commercial and pleasure vehicles for "a trial period." The circumambient electorate, which is large, had sworn to vote against any candidate for any office who opposed the closing. The candidates therefore all favored the closing. The road will probably be reopened shortly. In the meantime, though, it has been nice. The buses, which move scarcely faster than glaciers, come to the park to rest from their crawl downtown. They would be no danger to even the fattest circumambient Pekinese if bus and Peke were headed in the same direction.

One of the oddest journalistic incidents of this very odd election was the *Post's* last-minute switch to Nelson Rockefeller. When the last edition of the *Post*, which reaches only a small proportion of that newspaper's readers, appeared on the eve of election with its whole front page devoted to a Message from its publisher, Mrs. Dorothy Schiff, both the *Times* and the *Herald Tribune* published the Message with accompanying stories on *their* front pages. The *Times* had a half column on the first page and two columns inside, the *Tribune* a three-column head on the first page and two columns, with a facsimile of the *Post* front page and a comely portrait study of Mrs. Schiff, on page 10. What the Message said was that Mrs. Schiff, who had endorsed the candidacy of Governor Averell Harriman on October 30th, was exercising her prerogative and now didn't want people to vote for him. Being seized with a nonpartisan eagerness to measure the news value of this event in a nonpartisan spirit, we dug up the *Times* and *Tribune* of October 31st, the day after the *Post* announced its support of Harriman, in an editorial headed "Where the Post Stands." (It didn't stay put.) Reaching all the *Post's* readers, the endorsement might well have appeared *somewhere* in the *Times* or *Tribune*. But it didn't. To formulate the proposition for schools of journalism: Who does the endorsing has no news value at all, but whom who endorses— Boy!

A FELLOW we know, who is having a book out in London soon, has just received a note from his literary agent there that says, "More for your amusement than because it calls for the slightest action, I thought you would like to know that, according to your publisher's legal experts, you have apparently defamed a hotel in Dorset by commenting that although their cold meat left nothing to be desired, the same could not be said about their brown soup. The publisher has now altered the original sentence, which read, 'The cold meat was quite good, and only the flavour of the brown soup recalled the war,' to 'The cold meat was quite good, and the flavour of the fine brown soup recalled the war.' " A "fine" brown soup—a dish formally listed on British menus as "brown Windsor soup"—is as hard to imagine as a "fine" dislocated elbow, our man says, and he thinks that the solicitor's readiness to detect libel in so noncommittal a reference to soup betrays a national sense of culinary guilt. He points out that if he had written of an inn in France, "The flavor of the *pot-au-feu* recalled the war," any Frenchman would have taken it for granted that he meant the *incomparable* flavor. Like a bride with her first biscuits, he surmises, a country that can't cook demands constant reassurance.

Old Iceberg

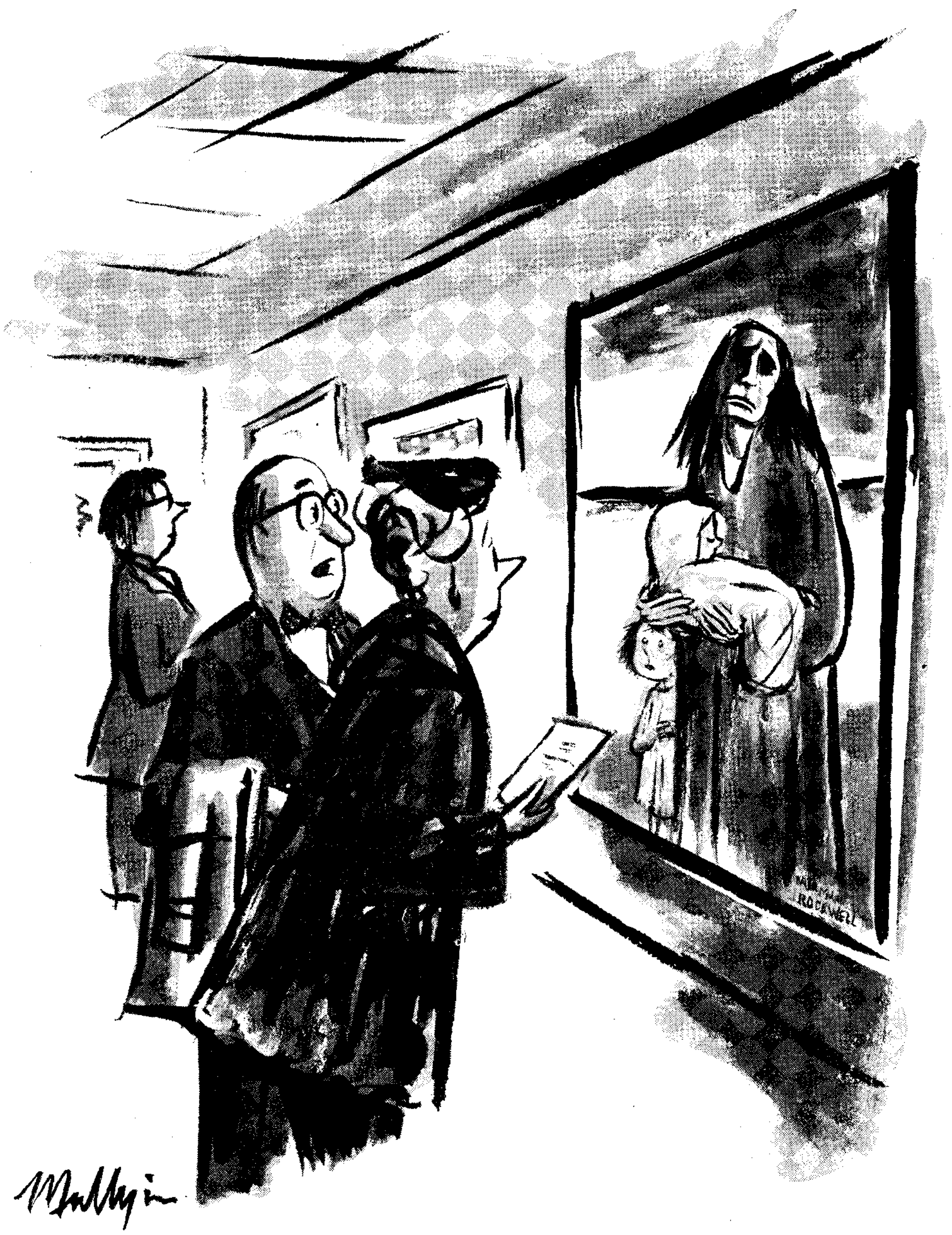
WE haven't yet got used to the notion of having forty-nine states, but if there is anybody who can convince us that the forty-ninth state really exists, it's a eupeptic go-getter from Brooklyn named Theodore A. Zappa, who practically commutes between here and Alaska, and is carrying on what amounts to a red-hot love affair with that cold corner of our country. Mr. Zappa is the founder and president of the Alaska Oil & Mineral Co., which claims to be the biggest independent oil-exploring outfit in Alaska; its Wall Street offices are furnished with wolfskins, mounted whale eardrums, and other items of extroverted interior decoration, and Mr. Zappa is cast in the same genial mold, being a roly-poly man of forty-odd, with a formidably friendly handshake and a voice hearty enough to make any whale's eardrums rattle. When we visited him the other day, he started right in on his favorite subject. "You know what's making the old iceberg over?" he asked us. "Not statehood—that's more what you might call an effect than a cause. Oil. The Richfield Company discovered oil on the Kenai Peninsula in '57, and the old iceberg hasn't been the same since. Look what oil did for Texas! It'll do still better for Alaska. The Klondike gold rush was peanuts next to the Kenai oil strike. It's a billion-barrel field that Richfield's got hold of, and I'm glad to say I got leases on a lot of the land nearby. But there's plenty more land up there—plenty!—and it's all just aching to be drilled."

Mr. Zappa's vivid image of a land capable of feeling pain in its innards seemed to imply that in relieving that pain he and his fellow oil explorers were playing the part of selfless humanitarians, but even this unusual form of humanitarianism had, it turned out, certain drawbacks. "Maybe the old iceberg is changing a bit too fast," Mr. Zappa said wistfully. "I remember when you could cash a check anywhere—when your name was always good, from Anchorage to Umiat. Now, with all the sharpshooters and carpetbaggers heading in and out, nobody trusts anybody any more. In a boom, even honest guys you got to watch out they don't gyp you."

We begged to know what had led Mr. Zappa from Brooklyn to Alaska in the simple pre-boom days.

"My dad, he came over from Italy and got into the gas-station business," Mr. Zappa said, starting, like the Bible, at the beginning. "By 1925, he had sixty-four gas stations around New York City—the biggest chain in the world in those days. There were nine kids in the family, and from a natural interest in gas me and my brother John got interested in oil. When my sister Caroline went to Alaska, in '51, on a vacation, and stayed there to work for the government, she told us about Alaskan oil, so then we got interested in that. I got five brothers and sisters working for me right now, including Caroline. I'm telling you, if an honest family sticks together, there isn't anything like it for business."

Mr. Zappa not only fell for Alaskan oil; he fell for Alaska. Soon he was commuting back and forth with considerable relish. "It's a five-thousand-mile trip, Brooklyn to Anchorage—sixteen hours in the air. I make the trip eight or ten times a year. Winter in Anchorage is pretty much like winter here, only ten degrees colder and a lot darker. Besides hunting and fishing, Alaska, if you like scenery, has got the best scenery for tourists I ever saw. Of course, when I go to Alaska, it's to work, not look at Mount McKinley. That's why I never take my wife along. She'd want to see the sights, and I got no time for that. Any day now, I'm going back up to Alaska, and maybe, for a change, I'll scout around awhile for gold. Sounds sort of old-fashioned, doesn't it? I mean, just the word 'gold' is old-fashioned. Still, as long as it's there, aching to be dug . . ."



"Well, there must be more than one Norman Rockwell in the world."

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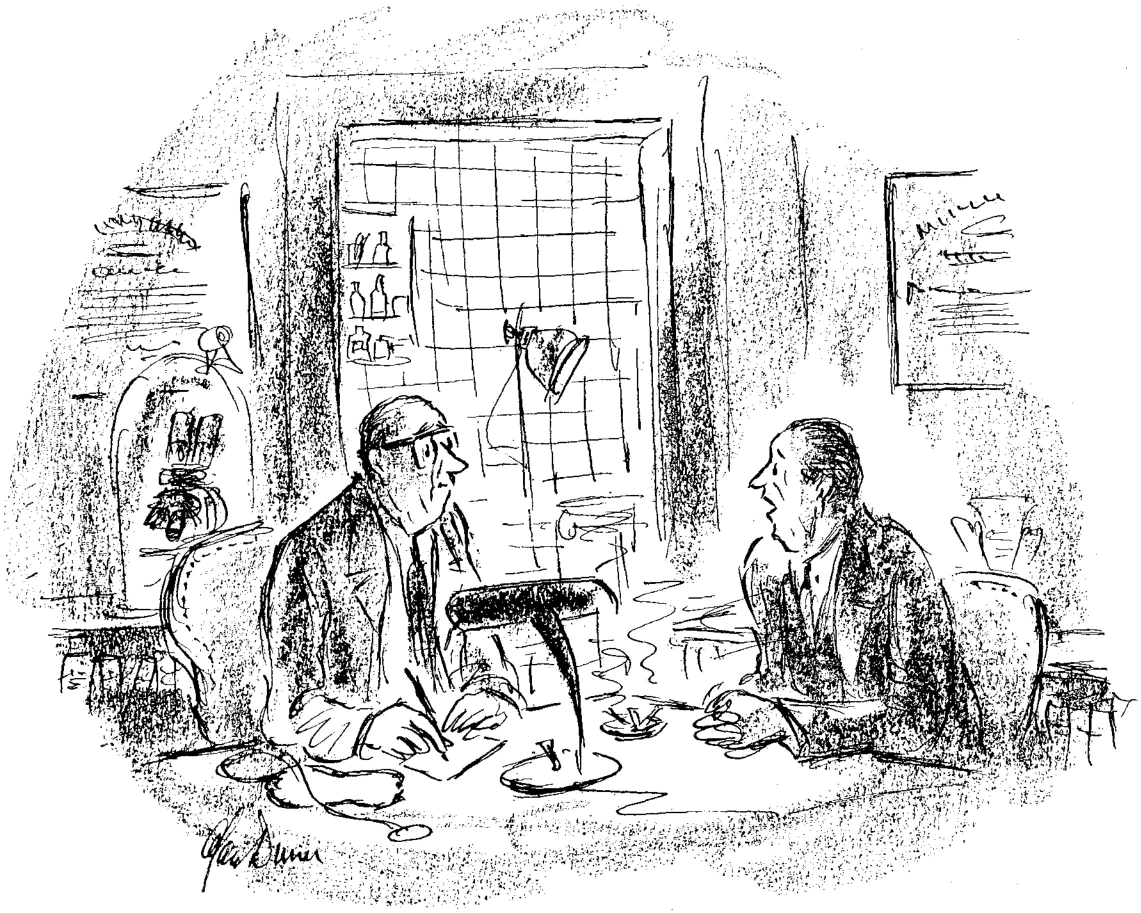
OVERHEARD outside Carnegie Hall, one middle-aged lady to another: "I'm very seriously considering making Smetana my favorite composer.”



“These voices I’ve been hearing, Doctor. Now they’re stereophonic!”

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Taste

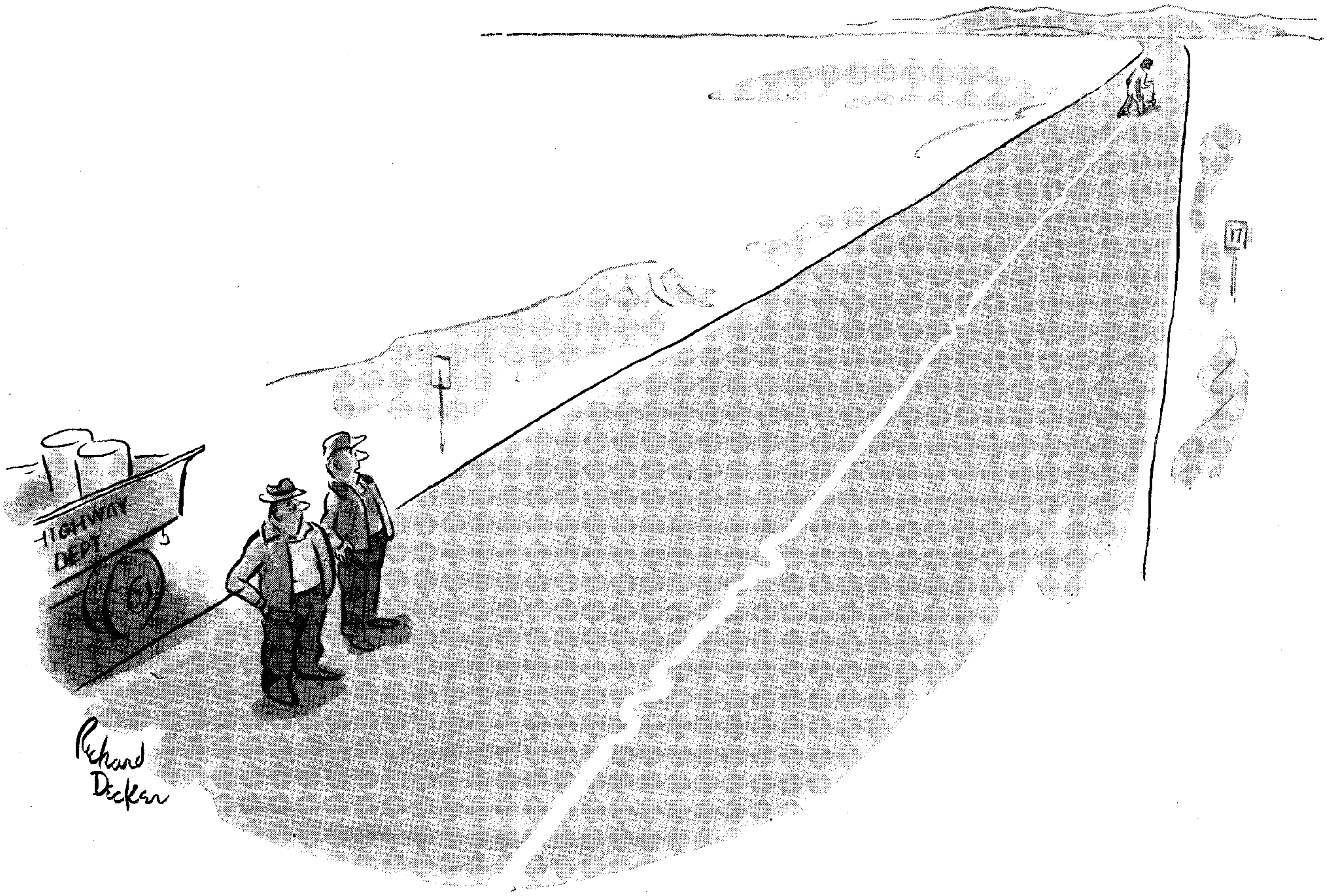
FOR well over a decade now, the owners of Grand Central have been turning that once noble building into a tawdry indoor Times Square, ablaze with advertisements. Every foot of wall and floor that could be made to pay off pays off; only the vaulted ceiling of the main concourse fails to yield a profit, and we’ve no doubt that some advertising JD will eventually find a way to make those twinkling constellations spell out your favorite smoke, like a constellation should. The bastardizing of the terminal began, as we recall it, with mechanized ads; then came canned commercials, broadcast over a loudspeaker system (we had a little to do with putting a stop to *that*); and now a brand-new gimmick has been introduced and given a two-week trial run—something called living billboards.

We went over to Grand Central last week to observe the first of these billboards in operation and to check up on some of the other indignities to which the poor old beauty is being subjected. From the look of things, the reasoning of the owners must go about like this: “What we’d really like to do is pull the concourse down, because all the empty air it holds ought to be producing revenue. Still, the building is much admired by students of architecture, lovers of New York, and other cranks, who will raise holy hell if we lay a hand on it. Holy hell is bad public relations. Therefore, the smart thing to do is to combine making money with vulgarizing the terminal to the point where those who admired it most will be the ones most eager to have it done away with.” If anything like that logic lies back of what is currently going on at Grand Central, we congratulate the owners on their success. No shooting galleries yet, no gypsy fortune-tellers, but nearly everything else is to be found there, including cars (on a revolving turntable), cameras, hi-fi, woodworking tools, office furniture, and a young man who urges passersby to purchase waterfront lots in Port Charlotte, Florida, for ten dollars down and ten dollars a month over eighty-eight and a half months.

The living billboard consists of a large, framed sign that serves as a sort of stage; it rests on the flat roof above the bank of New York Central ticket windows, at the south side of the concourse, and is linked by means of a concealed passageway to a dressing room on the balcony. Three young women hired by the dress-manufacturing concern of Andrew Arkin, Inc., model dresses three times daily—at 9 A.M., noon, and 5 P.M. We went over to the terminal in time to catch the noon show, which proved to be some minutes late; a hundred or so people had gathered in front of the ticket windows and were waiting patiently for the girls to come on. The crowd was predominantly male, and we heard one of the few women present complain to her companion that the men were there not to buy dresses but to ogle. “Turning Grand Central into a free burlesque show!” she said. “Isn’t it disgusting?” Her companion, a male, made no reply.

We asked one of the ticket agents on duty under the living billboard whether he’d seen the show. “Not yet,” he said. “I can hear them flopping around up there, though, getting ready.” We put an ear to his window and, sure enough, heard the tip-tapping of high heels from somewhere above. “That mob out there makes it look as if we’re selling a lot of tickets,” the agent said. “Maybe it’ll be good for business, at that.”

Having watched the girls model four dresses apiece, in the fast time of twenty-five minutes forty seconds, and in a manner not at all like that of a burlesque show, we joined Charles McArthur, Jr., of the McArthur Advertising Corporation, at the rear of the crowd, and put a couple of pertinent questions to him. The McArthur Corporation, which has charge of most of the advertising in the terminal, is particularly pleased with itself for having devised the living billboard. “Living billboards have a great future, provided they’re not done to death,” said Mr. McArthur, with the air of a man who has made a mot and knows it. “Over four hundred



"Hiccups?"

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thousand people walk through Grand Central every day. A lot of them are dress buyers, and will stop and take a look at Arkin dresses. Arkin is paying us two thousand a week for the billboard; that includes the cost of the girls. All signs have to be in good taste. Our keynote is dignity. Kodak alone pays a hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars a year, for the east balcony. The cheapest space we sell in the main concourse goes for sixteen thousand seven hundred dollars a year, including the cost of the signs. All a matter of size and location." McArthur's eyes drifted up toward Orion, and we made our excuses and fled.

Makeshift

AN aloof intellectual of our acquaintance, who scorns the nether medium of television, found himself professionally obliged to watch a spectacular not long ago, and, refusing to buy, rent, or borrow a TV set, solved his problem by sheer luck, with a little ingenuity thrown in. He discovered that if he fiddled long enough with the dials of his short-wave radio, he could pick up television sound channels quite clearly. A conveniently situated radio-TV repair shop, whose proprietor keeps a large console going in the store window at night, supplied the necessary video. A pair of powerful binoculars filled out our friend's needs, and, sitting by his window, peering across the street through his glasses, his radio turned up full blast, he melted happily into the infinite ranks of mesmerized viewers.

Peacocks and Pianos

MR. GEORGES ODDOUX, the twenty-seven-year-old head chef of the restaurant Château Richelieu, at 48 East Fifty-second Street, is a man with an extracurricular passion for sculpturing national figures and national monuments in confectioners' sugar. We ran into Oddoux and some of his recent work last week in the Salon of Culinary Art at the National Hotel Exposition, a trade affair held annually at the Coliseum. The Salon, a colorful room, was full of allegorical figures, totem poles, animals, maps, landscapes, hotels, and other buildings carved out of various food products by fifty-six chefs and fifty-seven pastry chefs of this city and vicinity. Mr. Oddoux's sugar version of the Capitol in Washington, ten feet wide, four feet high, and four feet deep, easily dominated the scene in point of size; it was flanked by an Oddoux sugar Statue of Liberty (six feet high), an Oddoux sugar Lincoln Memorial (six feet high), an Oddoux tallow elephant, an Oddoux wax American eagle, and an Oddoux peacock made of chicken, gelatine, and food coloring. Mr. Oddoux, who was standing in front of the Capitol, flanked by his wife and Mr. Peter Robotti, proprietor of the Château Richelieu, advised us that all six of these marvels had won Exposition prizes. "I got going on sugar sculpture several years ago, when I was chef at the Club de Réforme, in Montreal," he said. "My Queen Elizabeth's Coronation coach, flown here from Canada in 1953, won the Prize of Honor at that year's Exposition. I won other prizes in Montreal and Toronto, and in 1957 I went to the Imperial Restaurant, in New York, where I stayed six months before coming to the Richelieu. My figure of Lincoln is carved out of a five-hundred-pound block of sugar, glued together with gelatine, and took me a hundred and seventy-five hours to make. I've also done the Leaning Tower of Pisa, the Eiffel Tower, the Rialto Bridge, the Sacré-Cœur, the Arc de Triomphe, and Notre Dame. All sugar, with, in some cases, chocolate trimmings. I was born in Grenoble, where my father was stationmaster, and served my apprenticeship there, as well as in Lyon and Paris. Later, I was a chef in Bermuda, and after that I went to Canada. I do my sculpture from photographs. I work on it afternoons or late at night, in a studio that Mr. Robotti has given me above Louis & Armand's Restaurant, a few doors from the Richelieu. We may present the Capitol to Vice-President Nixon."

"Oddoux is a genius," Mr. Robotti told us. "He's the youngest chef in charge of a major New York restaurant. We're one of the few restaurants represented at this show. Most of the culinary exhibits are by hotel or club chefs."

We turned to an Air Force exhibit called "Buffet Table on the Moon," where the presiding officer, Major Samuel J. Martone, who is Food Service Supervisor at Mitchel Air Force Base, informed us that outer space poses a special buffet problem, since there is no gravity there as we know it, and we informed him that this week we were going into that very subject extensively elsewhere in the pages of this magazine. He then drew our attention to a four-foot sugar replica of a rocket—the Thor Able ballistic missile—surmounted by a cheese moon, against a black velvet drop, as well as to a variety of Alaskan exhibits, including sugar glaciers and Baked Alaskas. "That's what they eat in Alaska when they can't get regular food," a young woman said to an older one in passing.

Leaving, with regret, a pastry baby-grand piano stuffed with candies and *petits fours*, we wandered through the rest of the Exposition, taking in an electric fat-filtering machine, a number of wastebaskets with hotel crests and names on them, food-waste disposers, power meat saws, heavy-duty choppers, heavy-duty hot plates, coffee-brewing Vaculators with a capacity of thirteen gallons, and Electro-Cut vegetable cutters. "This is our new Q cutter," said a demonstrator tagged with a badge reading "Mr. H. J. Qualheim." "It's my invention. I go by the name of Q. It produces crinkle-cut and ripple-cut vegetables." He proceeded to crinkle-cut and ripple-cut enough carrots, potatoes, onions, cucumbers, and lettuce to feed a vegetarian army. We picked up a couple of slivers and munched our way to Columbus Circle.

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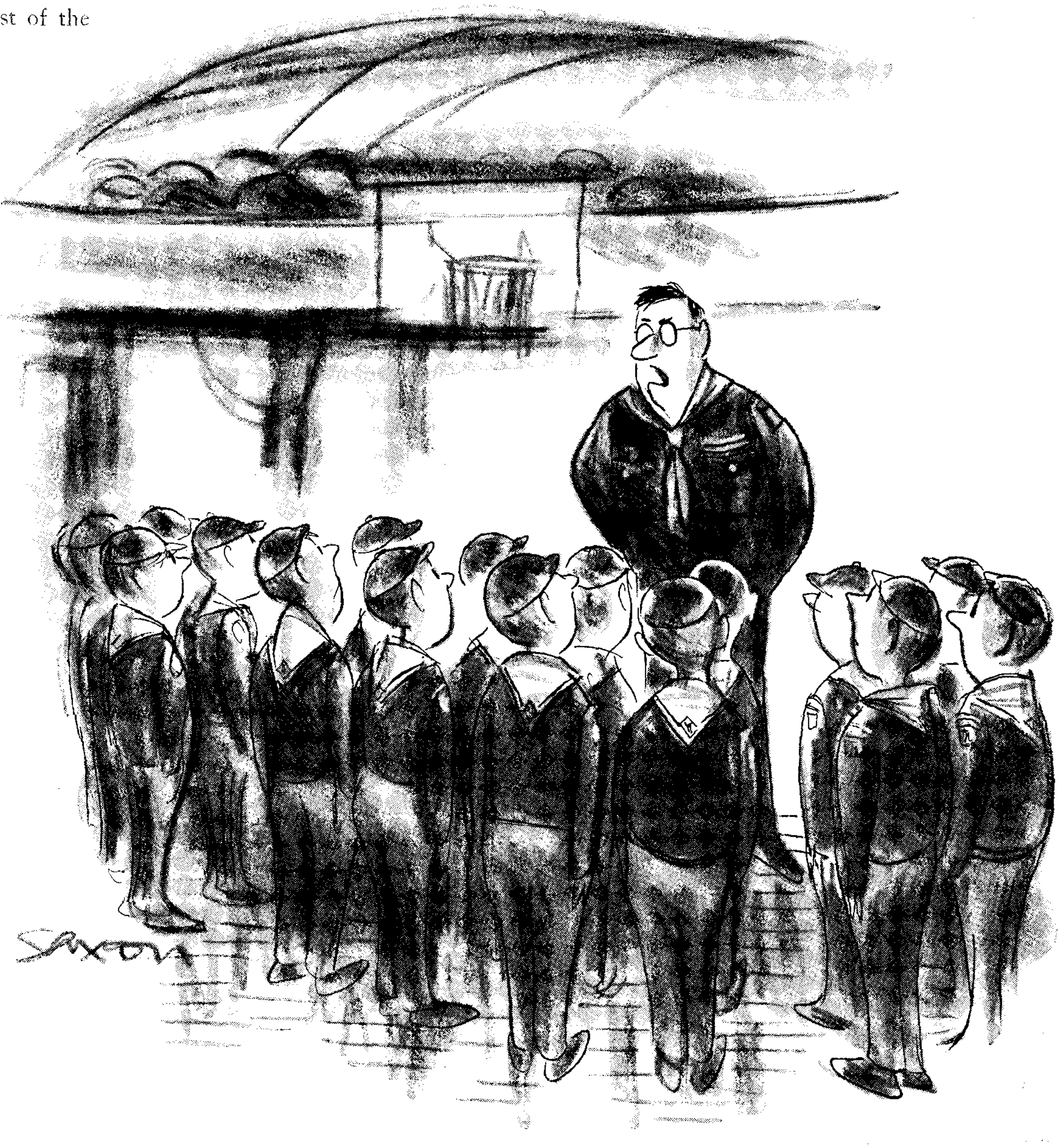
INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: Each lavatory on the Orient-Express, which runs between Paris and Vienna, bears a sign, in English, that reads, "Undrinkable water. To get water turn the handle indifferently to the left or to the right."

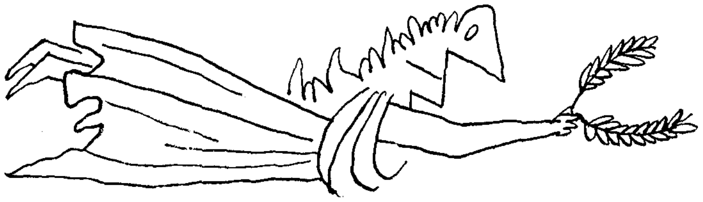
Moment of History

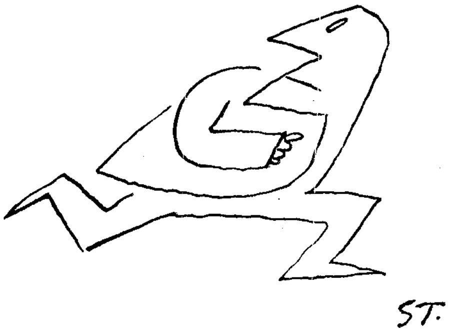
OUR man Stanley came by the office the other day wearing an old "Tippecanoe and Tyler Too!" button, and left the following dispatch:

"Went down to Democratic state headquarters, at Hotel Biltmore, on pulsating, drama-filled Election Night, shortly after 9 P.M. Pushed way through lobby, filled, inexplicably, with American Indians in full regalia, to Music Room, on first floor, filled, explicably, with loyal party workers. Prescient air of defeat. Unpretentious blackboard at end of room, beneath glittering chandeliers, showed Rockefeller slightly ahead. 'The figures on the blackboard are far behind the facts,' said



"I'm putting it right on the line, fellows. Either you get your dads out for Dads' Night or you can find yourselves a new Scoutmaster."





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elderly loyal party worker next to me. New figures on board suddenly showed Harriman slightly ahead. Cheers from crowd. 'This is known as morale building,' said elderly loyal party worker sadly. Groans from crowd as more new figures showed Rockefeller more than slightly ahead. 'The boys on the second floor who have the key figures are real gloomy,' said elderly loyal party worker. 'They're not even eating the sandwiches up there—ham, roast beef, and Swiss, with pickle slices. Run upstairs and get yourself a sandwich, sonny.'

"Ran over to Republican headquarters, at Hotel Roosevelt, and elbowed way through giant crush into Grand Ballroom, filled with loyal party workers. 10 P.M. Prescient air of smashing victory. Huge, multicolored tally board on platform, under glittering chandeliers, showed count by counties—Rockefeller ahead in Chenango, Chemung, Cattaraugus, Queens. Accordion player whooping it up. Yellow-jacketed saxophone player whooping it up. Lady on banquet chair whooping it up. Lady fell off chair, was helped back onto chair by polite policeman. 'Take it easy, lady,' said policeman. 'Why?' said lady. Went to balcony overlooking Grand Ballroom. Whole ballroom on feet cheering arrival of new figures—Rockefeller rounding turn, heading down homestretch. Red-jacketed saxophone player whooping it up—'Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here!' Assemblage joined in song. 10:45. Excited man on platform waved arms wildly, gave victory signal, took down Harriman grand total. Obvious signal that Harriman had conceded. No formal announcement made. Crowd singing 'For He's a Jolly Good Fellow.' Pandemonium.

"Flying wedge of Puerto Ricans burst down center aisle of ballroom. 'Rock 'n' roll!' they shouted. Crowd rocked and rolled. 'We want Rocky!' shouted crowd. Police brass emerged from side door, tried to clear path through solid mass to platform. 'Rocky's coming! Rocky's coming!' shouted crowd. Rocky entered, with Mrs. Rocky, Rocky children, phalanx of police, hangers-on, and nine girls in blue sweaters and blue hats, carrying long blue batons with blue-and-white tassels. Pandemonium. 'For he's a jolly good fellow,' sang crowd. Governor-elect quietly dressed in brown, with wine-red tie. Looked pale, stunned, genuinely modest. Gave surprised, happy smile, held arms out in gesture of thanks. Kept shaking head, as though everything too good to be true. Mrs. Rockefeller kissed Mr. Rockefeller. Cheers. Mr. Rockefeller kissed Mrs. Rockefeller. Cheers. Rockefeller daughters hugged Mr. Rockefeller. Cheers. Rockefeller family lined up in front of cameramen, microphones. Fine family. Rockefeller held up hands for silence. 'Friends,' he said. Yips and screams. He tried again. 'A wonderful moment . . . Great sense of humility . . . Greatest opportunity to be of service . . . We'll give it everything we have . . . Many thanks.' Uncontrolled yips and screams. 'For he's a jolly good fellow,' sang crowd. Rockefeller elbowed way back along platform, out side door, shaking hundreds of hands. Man on platform held up sign: 'Sorry, Ave. Better luck next time.'

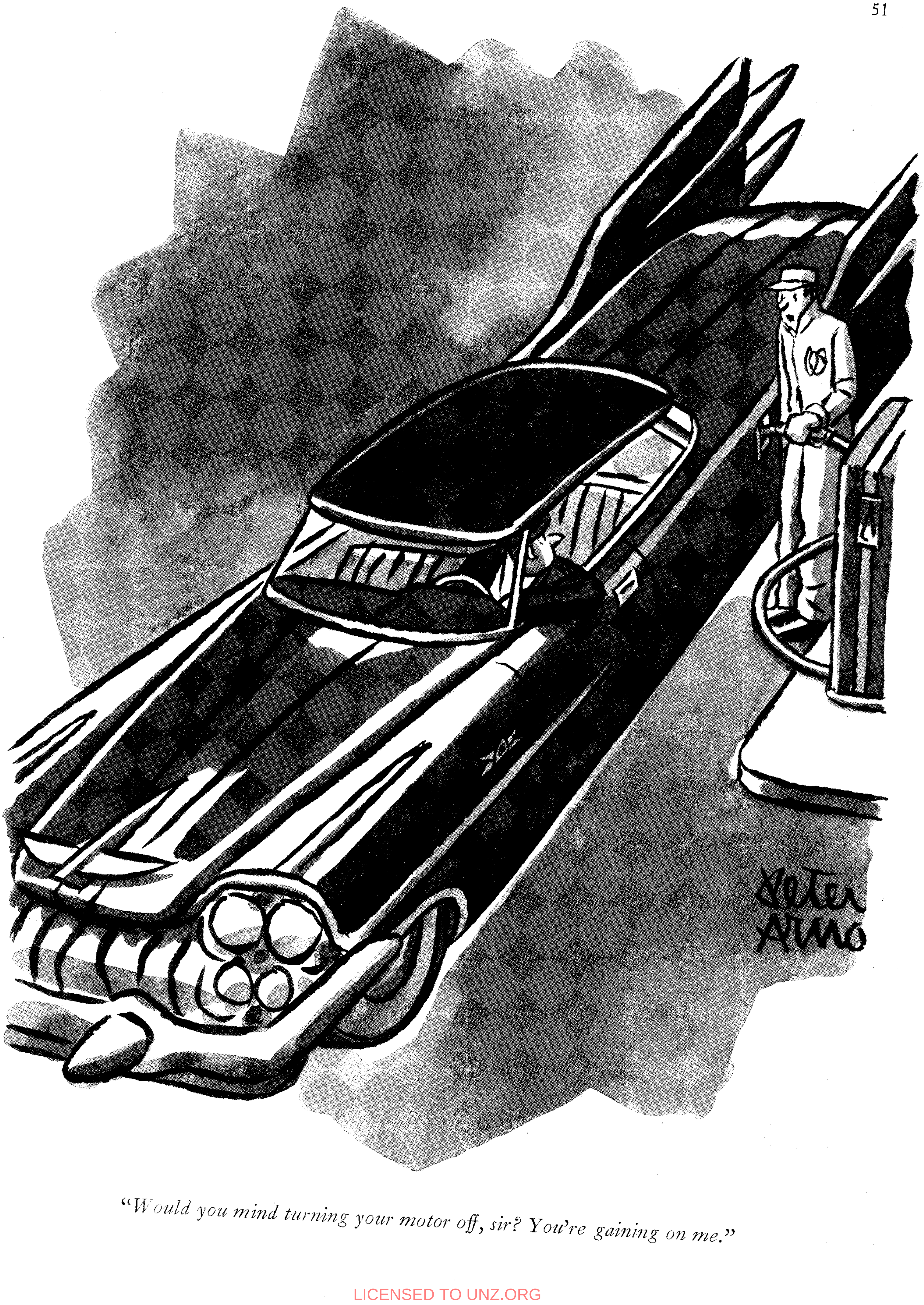
"Back to Biltmore. Gloom. Clusters in Music Room beneath glittering chandeliers, second guessing. Entered small, steaming room crowded with television cameras, newshounds. Platform at one end with Oriental rug, green curtain. From behind green curtain stepped Frank Hogan, Mrs. Hogan. Fine couple. Hogan good sport, conceded gracefully. 'The jury decided,' he said. 'Never quarrel with the jury.' Mr. and Mrs. Hogan forced gentle smiles, disappeared behind curtain. Pause. From behind curtain appeared Carmine DeSapio. Hair shiny black on top, gray on sides, neatly curled front and center. Looked freshly shaved and powdered. Wearing familiar dark glasses. Bright lights shining in eyes. 'I can't see you too well, but I want to say hello anyway,' he said. No sign of emotion. 'How do you explain the upset in New York, Carmine?' someone shouted. DeSapio shifted, thought a moment. 'Peepul,' he said.

"Back to Roosevelt. 12:50 A.M. Senator-elect Keating in almost empty ballroom, making television speech, expressing gratitude. 'Dick Nixon's on the phone, Senator!' an aide cried. Keating raced to end of ballroom. Telephone appeared from nowhere, on long wire. Keating took call. 'Well, Dick, it was wonderful of you to call and I appreciate it,' he said. 'It was certainly tight there for a while. Well, Dick, it was wonderful of you to call and I appreciate it.' Keating hung up.

"Raced upstairs to Theodore Club, on second floor. Swank private suite. Inner sanctum. Picture of Theodore Roosevelt on wall. (Roosevelt Hotel is *Theodore* Roosevelt Hotel, not *Franklin* Roosevelt Hotel.) Mrs. Rockefeller smiling. Senator Javits smiling. Champagne flowing. Governor-elect lounging in chair in corner, near desk, animated, talking on phone. Governor-elect smiling, at ease, color back in cheeks. Governor-elect walked over, shook hands with me. Direct, engaging man. Congratulated Governor-elect. 'Thanks, really thanks,' he said. Asked him how he felt. 'To tell you the truth, I feel relaxed for the first time.' He put an arm around me. 'Thanks,' he said."

In Case

ROOTING through a medicine cabinet the other day, a matron we know came upon a rather large bottle on which was a label, handwritten, saying "Nose Drops." Sniffing the bottle, she discovered that the stuff smelled like fusel oil, and asked her adolescent son about it. "It's an emergency supply of hair tonic," he informed her. "I keep the regular supply in a cigarette lighter."

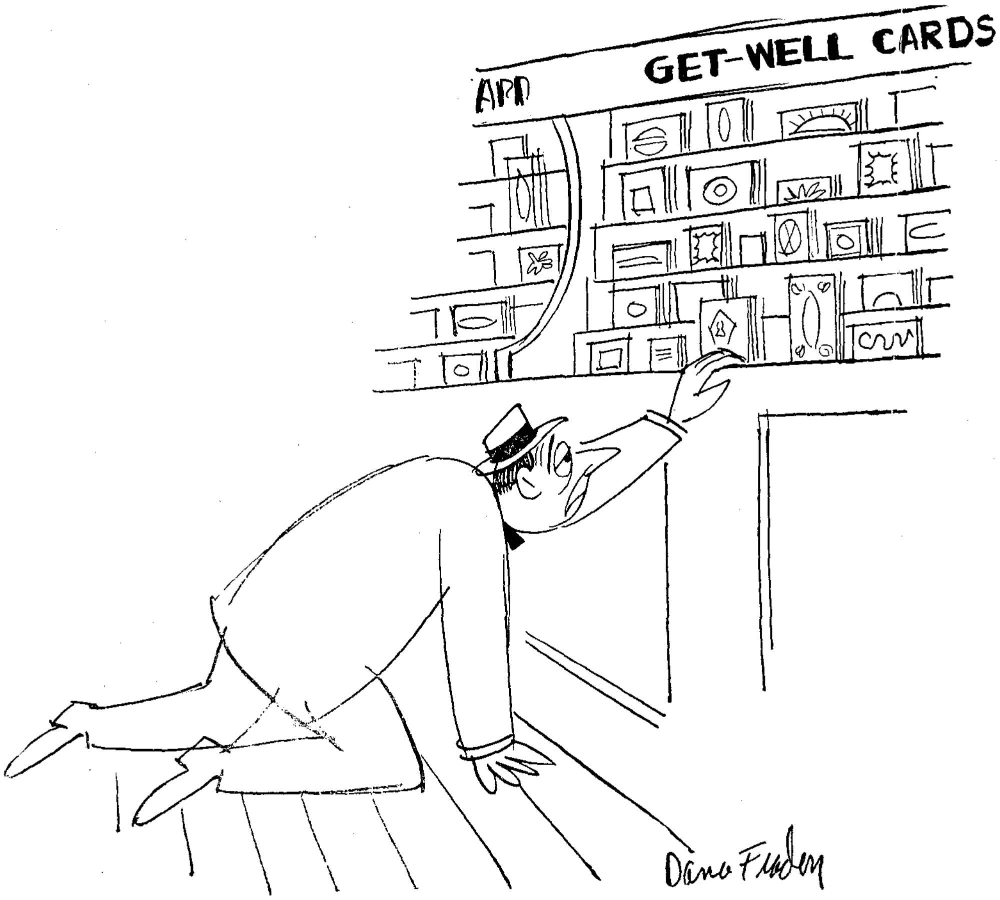


"Would you mind turning your motor off, sir? You're gaining on me."

IS YOU IS OR IS YOU AIN'T, GOOBER MAN?

I RECKON that anybody around here familiar with "This Side of Paradise" will recall the man in the brown sack suit, a phantom who recurs during the course of the novel to harass Amory Blaine, its central character. Everyone of normal sensitivity, I daresay, has been afflicted with similar hants on occasion. In 1934, for example, I went through a phase in Hollywood where I saw (or thought I saw) Clyde Fitch, a playwright celebrated circa 1900, at every buffet supper I attended. The vision was always the same: Fitch, in vintage evening dress with grosgrain lapels and boutonnière, and looking very much as though he had stepped out of a serial by Amélie Rives, had just raised a turkey leg to his lips and was studying me across it with a sly, half-accusatory grin that froze my marrow. Since I knew the man not at all apart from having read "Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines" in boyhood, and had never plagiarized any turkey from him, I had no basis for guilt. What upset me about the revenant was his transparency—I could see right through his shirt front to a damask spread laden with cold cuts, and, beyond that, to Bella Spewack helping herself to wild rice. Eventually, the obsession became so pronounced that I left Hollywood, retaining an agent to handle it for me. He writes that he still sees Fitch from time to time.

A few nights ago, in Times Square, I almost thought that something of the sort was again overtaking me. I was en route to a documentary at a nearby newsreel—an exposé of conditions at a nudist colony in Passaic—when a curious figure barred my progress. The upper half of his body was a gigantic peanut, with ostensibly human features, that sported a silk hat and a monocle. His spidery extremities, encased in funereal black, terminated in white gloves and spats, and he flourished a cane in a jaunty, raffish fashion that stiffened my scalp in horror. Whether he was preparing to engage me in badinage or direct my attention to the Planters Peanut showroom that lay alongside, I never learned, for in a flash I twisted past him, thrust my pennies through the wicket, and fled into the peepshow. The significant, the macabre element of the visitation was not meeting the thing face to face (if you could call it that) but, rather, the fact that it was our second encounter within a week. A scant five days before, traversing the Garden State Parkway with a poodle, I had reined in at a neo-Georgian roadside stand for a bag of cashews to absorb the humidity in our living room. When I regained the car, I found the identical apparition leaning inside, silk hat, monocle, and all, and trying to woo the dog with baby talk. Tartuffe, it went without saying, adopted the only dignified course; head stiffly averted, he sat staring off at the Watchung Mountains and refusing to encompass the existence of anything so improbable. The moment we careered back onto the highway, of course, his jangled nerves struck back and he burrowed under a seat, where I gladly would have joined him had I been able to unclench my fingers from the wheel.



By subsequent inquiry in certain quarters (not necessarily medical), I derived this reassurance, at least: The manifestation I saw is general, is sponsored by you know whom, and is said to have hypoed sales, except, as I can attest, among standard poodles. My two fleeting contacts with Mr. Planters Peanut, however, have left a slight residue of curiosity. If you could get under his shell, so to speak, what sort of a cuss would he prove to be? A thwarted actor? A bookie supplementing his precarious income? An English remittance man? How does he spend his time outside working hours? Is he a hail fellow well met, active in fraternal organizations, or a seclusive bachelor brooding over Mme. Blavatsky in his Y.M.C.A. cubbyhole? The best way to adumbrate these questions, obviously, is to seek him out in his habitat, which I somehow envision as a suburb akin to Plandome, Long Island. Let's don our invisible cloak, therefore, and insinuate ourselves, with a maximum of stealth, into the residence of Rolf and Capricia Trubshaw.

SCENE: *The Trubshaw kitchen, shortly before dusk. As the curtain rises, Capricia, a lacklustre blonde with a patent air of disillusion, has just finished tidying up. She strips off her apron, extracts a pencil from a clip board, and begins scribbling a note, unaware that her husband has entered behind her clad in his working clothes—i.e., peanut carapace, black tights, and silk hat and spats. He tiptoes forward, seizes her in an embrace.*

CAPRICIA (*wheeling in alarm*): Why, how dare— Oh, it's *you.*

ROLF: Who'd you think it was?

CAPRICIA: Listen, I've told you already—I don't like people sneaking up behind me. One of these days, you're liable to get a saucepan over your sconce.

ROLF: I don't do it to anybody else.

CAPRICIA: I should hope not. They'd drop dead of fright.

ROLF (*in an aggrieved voice, slightly muffled by papier-mâché*): You act like nobody ever saw this costume before. What if I told you that hundreds of greeters like me are dispensing good will across the country?

CAPRICIA: Well, dispense it at the store. You don't have to goof around here in that outfit.

ROLF: What are you—ashamed of my calling, or something?

CAPRICIA: Er—of course not, dear.

ROLF (*with dignity, adjusting his monocle*): You may not know it, but we're doing pretty valuable work in these troubled times—amusing the passersby, helping them forget their cares—

CAPRICIA: Sure, but you never wore your Good Humor uniform after hours. Or your surgical smock when you were demonstrating pens at Gimbel's.

ROLF: The psychology is altogether different. In these togs, I feel relaxed, like an actor in makeup. I have a sense of importance.

CAPRICIA: Well, at least take off that undertaker's hat while you're in the house. (*He complies grudgingly.*) I was just leaving you a note. Myrtle Turtletaub and I have a date to play bingo. Your dinner's on the table there.

ROLF (*lifting the napkin that shrouds it*): Peanut-butter sandwiches again?

CAPRICIA: You're always telling me how much you adore them.

ROLF: I know, but I work around the stuff all day. A fellow comes home at night, he likes a change.

CAPRICIA: I can't keep up with you men. O.K., there's a licorice salad in the icebox, and those French fries from last Tuesday. By the way, somebody called you this afternoon—an old man. Claimed he was your uncle from Australia.

ROLF: I haven't any uncle in Australia.

CAPRICIA: Search me—that's what he said. . . . Anything new at the store?

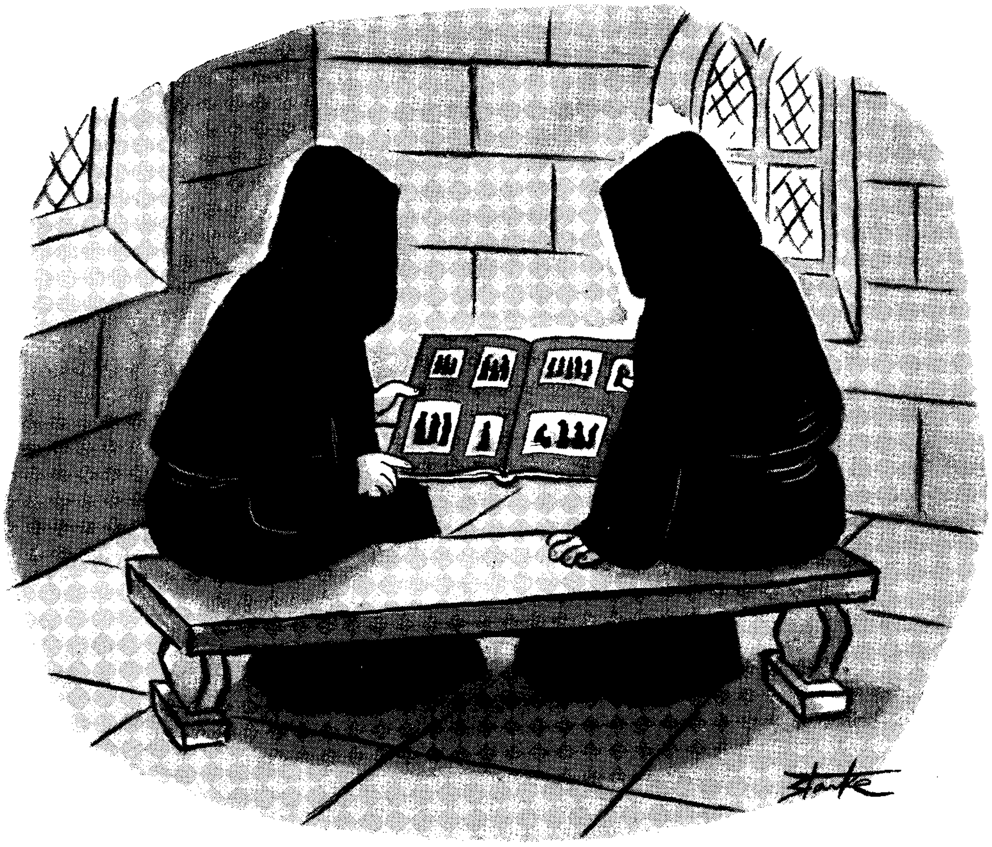
ROLF: No, not much. We're having a fall clearance on pralines—two for a quarter.

CAPRICIA: How much are they usually?

ROLF: Three for a quarter.

CAPRICIA: I don't see where the saving comes in.

ROLF: That's what I told Mr. Fortinbras, but he's stubborn. Oh, yes, a strange kind of thing did happen today. A guy drove in with a stuffed poodle in his car.



"And this is Brother Eustace with Brother Timothy and me again."

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CAPRICIA: You mean a real dog, like in a taxidermist's?

ROLF: No, a toy made out of plush. I tried to talk to it, but it wouldn't turn its head. What was peculiar, though—as the car was pulling away, I could've sworn it jumped down and hid under the seat.

CAPRICIA: You spend too much time in that blister of yours—your brain doesn't get enough oxygen. Well, I have to go.

ROLF: See you later. (*As she exits, he crosses to table, props up a paper, and begins feeding a sandwich through an aperture in the peanut, as one mails a letter—a bit of stagecraft that may tax the ingenuity of the costume designer. A pause, followed by a knock at the door. Rolf, absorbed, pays no heed. A wizened ancient in pepper-and-salt tweeds hobbles in, bent over a blackthorn. He peers about mistily.*)

OLD MAN (*falsetto*): Is this the home of Mr. Rolf Trubshaw?

ROLF (*springs up startled*): Eh? What's that?

OLD MAN (*focussing on him*): My mistake—sorry. Must be the place next door.

ROLF: No, this is the house. What did you want to see him about?

OLD MAN: I'd rather talk to him personally.

ROLF: That's all right, you can tell me.

OLD MAN: Are you a friend of his?

ROLF: Yes, I'm—er—his brother-in-law. We're very close.

OLD MAN (*suspiciously*): I don't know whether I ought to trust you. Your face looks—well, dissipated, like a playboy.

ROLF: I beg your pardon?

OLD MAN: Now, don't take offense, young man. We Australians are a plain-spoken lot. None of your fancy airs and graces.

ROLF: Oh, you're his uncle! The one who phoned a while back.

OLD MAN: The same, sir—Quintus Trubshaw, of Woolloomoolloo, New South Wales. You can ask anybody down under about old Wattles Trubshaw. I'm a pretty substantial personage in those parts.

ROLF (*electrified*): Is that so? Here, have a chair. . . . You look tired. . . .

OLD MAN: Well, I'm not as spry as I used to be. (*Taps his middle*) And besides, these confounded money belts weigh a man down. You wouldn't think gold dust could be that heavy.

ROLF (*all sympathy*): I know, I

know. Why not rest it awhile on the table here? I'll be glad to help you unbuckle—

Old Man (*warding him off*): Never mind, I'm quite comfortable now. When do you expect my nephew?

Rolf: He's—ah—he's just getting up.

Old Man: How's that? Is he one of those roisterers who sleep all day?

Rolf: No, no—he works nights. He's a steady, conscientious fellow—a real family man. Never touches a drop.

Old Man: Humph—a goody-goody, I'll be bound. I don't take to those sanctimonious, mealymouthed characters. Always scheming underneath.

Rolf: Ha-ha, not him. He's as straight as a die, Rolf is. Just wait till you meet him. . . . You were saying that you—ahem—did well in Australia?

Old Man: Aye, not too badly. I've about two million acres in sheep, half a dozen mines and mills, and a couple of banks. But I'm getting on in years, confidentially, and as I've neither chick nor child, I've decided to bequeath it all to Rolf.

Rolf (*crowing*): Well, that sure will come as a surprise to him, but he's got one for you, too. Watch! (*He fumbles open a network of zippers and pulls off his casque, revealing a rabbity visage and, below it, a torso garbed in an undershirt.*) Howdy, Uncle Quint!

Old Man (*backing away*): Eh? What's all this?

Rolf: Welcome home, sir—I'm your nephew, Rolf!

Old Man: You *are*? Then who was the other chap that was here a second ago?

Rolf: Oh, that wasn't anyone. I mean, that was me in my business clothes. You see, Uncle, I— Well, it's rather specialized work I do. I go around in disguise for these people I'm affiliated with.

Old Man: Hmm. Kind of a Secret Service job?

Rolf (*eagerly*): Yes, only much more delicate. Sort of public relations on the consumer level, if you understand me.

Old Man: What do you do—gumshoe about and peer into keyholes?

Rolf: Oh, not at all, sir. I impersonate a peanut to gain our patrons' confidence. I mingle among them informally, ingratiate myself with their pets, and cunningly tickle their risibilities in such wise as to unlock their purse strings.

Old Man: I see. Well, young man, if that's the case, you don't get a stiver out of me. Not a blessed farthing.

Rolf (*his face falling*): Wh-why not?

Old Man (*violently*): Because I won't have any kin of mine behaving like a bloody popinjay, insinuating himself into the graces of decent folk and deceiving their animals. You're unworthy of the name of Trubshaw, sir. For shame!

Rolf: But Uncle Quint—

Old Man: Don't try to soft-soap me. I've dealt with rascals of your stripe before. Let me pass.

Rolf: Just one moment. Is that your last word?

Old Man: All but one. Goodbye.

Rolf: Then you listen to me. (*With spirit*) I'm only a cog in a mighty machine, Mr. Trubshaw, but I'm proud of my calling. Someone has to lift those bales of cotton; someone's got to merchandise those nuts. Dub me visionary, dreamer, idealist, if you will—my company's stockholders are depending on me to put this quarter's earnings over the top, and, by the eternal, I won't let them down!

Old Man (*unexpectedly*): Bravo, my boy—spoken like a true Planters man! (*As Rolf reacts to his sudden Yankee accent, Trubshaw straightens up, peels off his white wig and eyebrows, and reveals Marty Fescue, the far-northeastern-district sales manager of the organization.*)

Rolf: Mr. Fescue!

Fescue: The same. For the last fortnight, Trubshaw, we top-echelon execs have been conducting an undercover survey of the loyalty of our pitchmen. Needless to say, you've passed the acid test with flying colors. (*Extends hand*) Congrats, old man, and don't be keeled over if you are eventually tagged to head up the raisin-cluster-and-chocolate-coated-Brazil section. (*He exits. As Rolf stares after him incredulously, Capricia enters—ideally, through a*

NATURE

A cycle sings
Within the wings;
The wings inscribe the wild.
The small birds sing from flower and stalk
While, from his stump, the sparrow hawk
Strikes at the sparrow's child.

Within a wave,
The sea's wet grave
Receives the shrinking lands;
The wet nurse gathers to her breast
A hillock or an Everest
Dissolving in her glands.

In setting forth,
Man's pole was north;
Polaris marked the air.
But time, while man evolves from ape,
Will beat the Dipper out of shape
And point his pole elsewhere.

From hawks to seas
To galaxies
All Nature is pursual;
But men, whose brothers love each other
(As Cain loved Abel), find their mother
Unfathomably cruel.

And Nature spares
No glance, no tears
For those who loved her best.
They thought themselves her secret child
But found themselves beguiled, beguiled
By her indifferent breast.

—Walter Stone

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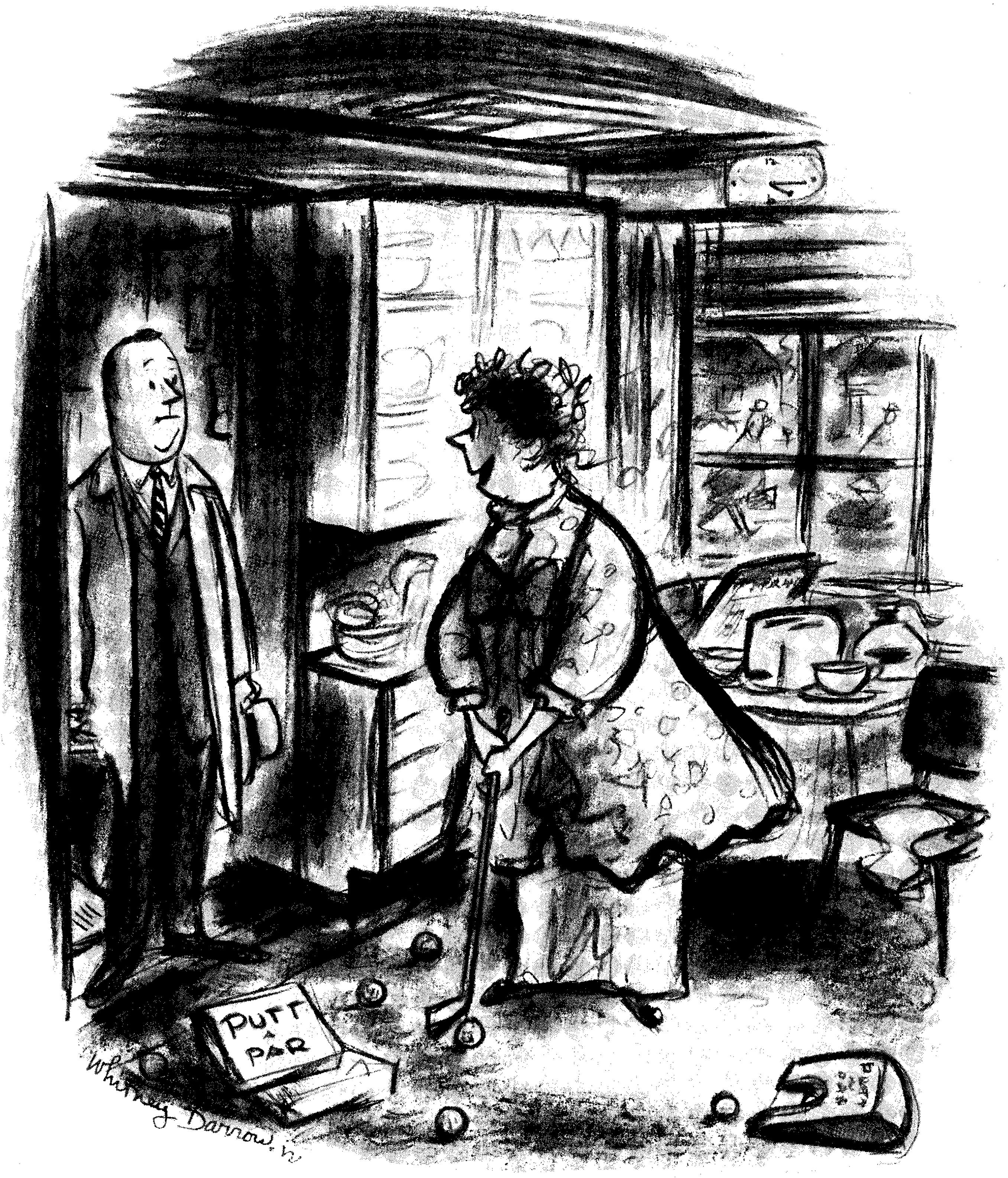

"*Darling, golf* is *fun.*"

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closet door, in order not to collide with the departing Fescue.)

CAPRICIA: Well, I've played a lot of bingo in my time, but that was tops. (*Exhibiting a sheaf of bank notes*) Get a load of these winnings—well in excess of thirty-seven thousand clams!

ROLF: Yes, this is indeed a red-letter day for the both of us. (*He fills her in rapidly on the cascading developments of the past few minutes.*)

CAPRICIA (*nestling in his arms*): Oh, Rolf, hold me close. When have two mere groundlings e'er tasted such happiness?

ROLF: Not in mortal ken. Thanks to our free-enterprise system and phenomenal advances in marketing, we now stand on the threshold of an era when the American palate, stimulated by delicacies formerly reserved only for a Maecenas, will one day hold aloft a gustatory torch for the entire world. (*As he adjusts his monocle and their lips unite in a kiss*—)

CURTAIN

—S. J. PERELMAN

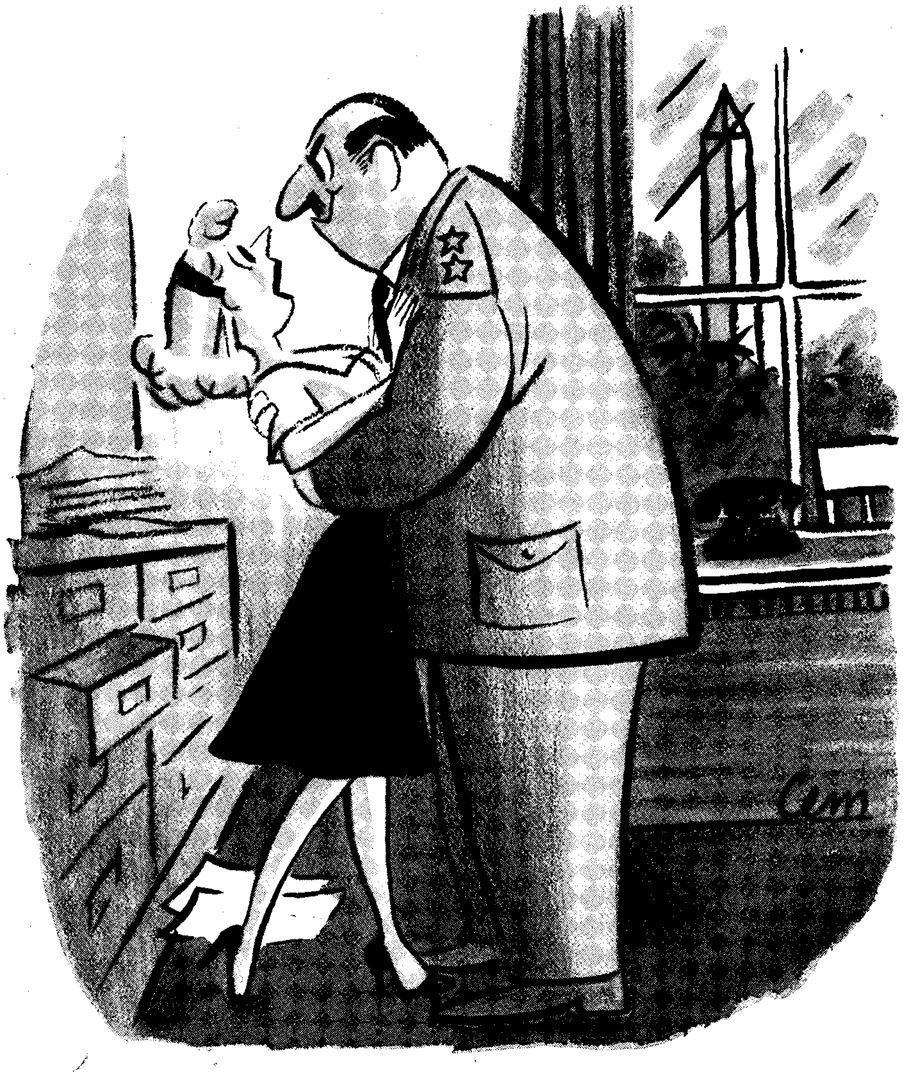
TERROR AND GRIEF

THEY travelled all the time, those two. They were so dear to us, so afraid of not having us with them all the time—and then they left us, with the two maids and the governess, in the big apartment in Lugano, and they had *no idea how much of the world they* took with them. We lived in terror and in grief: they would never come back. This was true even when they went to the theatre or out to tea without us. So much more so when they were gone for months, and sent us postcards of the Eiffel Tower, saying, "Be good. So many kisses to our dear little birds, will be back on the ninth." And more postcards from Venice, with the Piazza and the pigeons, and "Be good, we miss you so, will be back on the twelfth." And in the meantime the whole place was empty.

We looked for them but did not look for them; we were afraid to find them where we looked for them—behind a door, at the piano, at the desk, in their beds, in the dining room, and even in the street, passing by and forgetting to enter, as if they did not know us any more. We looked for them, in places where it would have been so horrible to find them—under a bed, in a dark corner where not even a dog would be hiding, behind the kitchen stove, in a dark chest in which one could not breathe. (We were, in fact, forbidden to play inside it, and also the resemblance to a casket was most frightening.)

When the gods of the house are away, Death takes their place. To a child, "away" *means* "death;" he gives up hope as easily as he will give up his best toy when a new one is handed to him. Whatever he remembers is already a sad thing, for this reason: He relives it in its absence. He will say, with great sorrow in his voice, "Remember when I saw that dog? Oh, where is that dog now?" And it was only yesterday.

How bravely we entered that bedroom, to make sure they were in Paris and not dead, and rejoiced in the emptiness that was the only cause of our despair! But then the bedroom door had to be closed again. The door was always closed when our parents were home, so, to remind us that they were not home, it should have been left open—like the stables when the horses are out. But no. The maids said it must stay closed. And the brass door handle hanging there a bit loosely, to the left, against the panelled oak—that it should have forgotten such an old lesson, and the soft order of the hand that lowered it and pulled it from the inside!



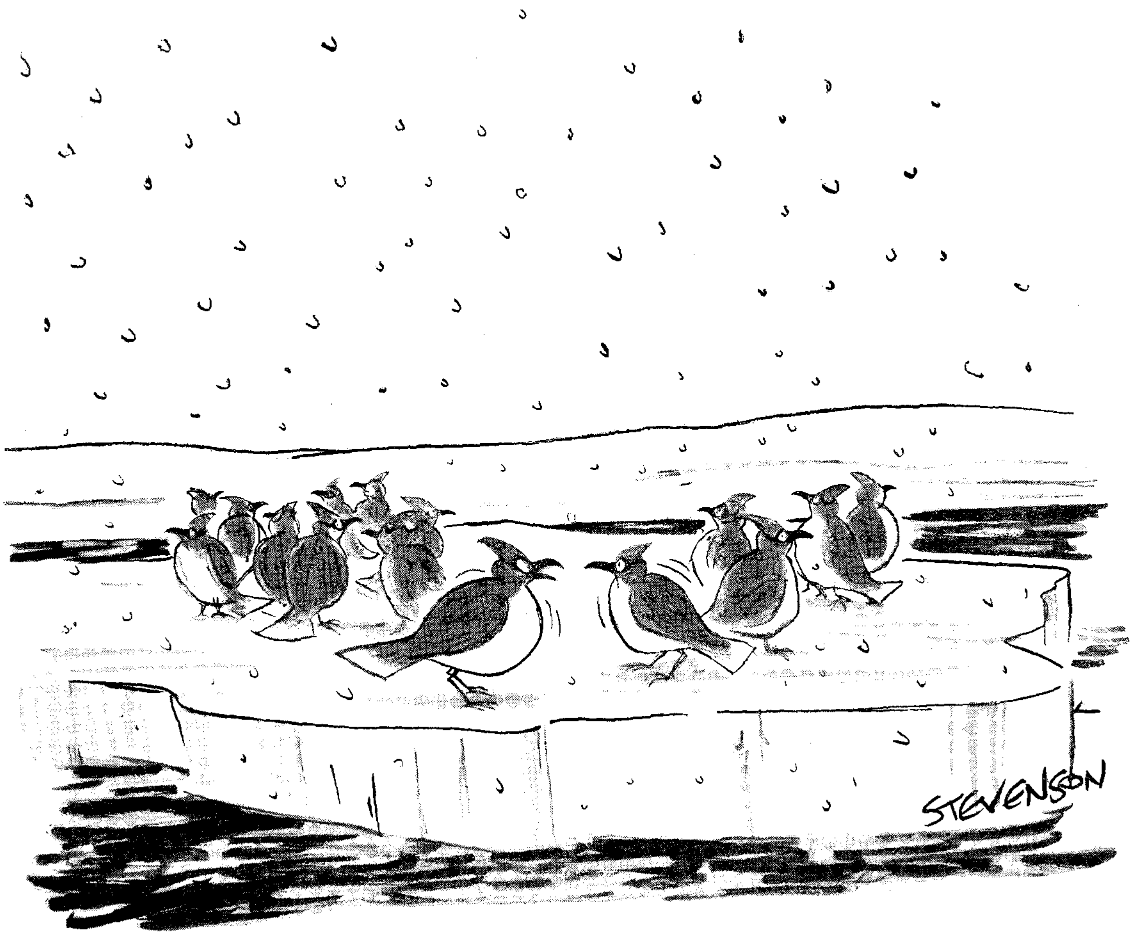
"But General! My security clearance hasn't come through yet!"

We tried never to look at the door handle when we sat in the living room, and yet it was always present to our minds. Every sound from anywhere in the apartment, from down below in the street, was first measured against the possibility that it was the handle of the bedroom door. Dogs understand these things; nursemaids and servant girls do not. What was there to prevent our eyes from accepting the testimony of our ears and believing that they saw *what they did not see?* And how could we know—how could we be sure that it would not move the tiniest fraction of an inch until they came home, our dear ones, in all their glory and splendor? How could children find peace with that door handle so still and those noises so distracting?

And then the dining room, with those two chairs empty. How can you eat when your head has been cut off? The spoon goes right to your stomach, hits it, and spills the soup on your clean suit. And you are glad, because the governess shouts at you, and that is a sufficient reason to cry.

"He is not crying because you scolded him," says the visiting friend, Mme. Kondratoff, a goddess, equal to our mother in power, beauty, and fragrance, although she favors jasmine while our mother favors a perfume called Chypre Old England. "He is sad that his parents are away," she says, and the governess, Fräulein Fischer, answers, with German logic, "If he thought of his parents at all, he would not do things that will spoil their vacation. For I will have to write and tell them. I was entrusted with the house and the children by their father—by the Doctor himself. If you wish to take over, Mme. Kondratoff, this will relieve me of a great burden. But if you are not willing to do that, then I must ask you not to side with them against me. He is crying *on purpose!*"

And even she, Mme. Kondratoff, who can scare anyone among her equals when she expresses a casual opinion, yields in front of the governess, for the



"I must say this was the worst-led migration I've ever been on in my life."

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sake of authority and order. "Fräulein is right. When your parents are here, you never spill soup on your clean suit. Why do it now? Fräulein is very good to you."

Fräulein was not good to us, and we knew it. And there were four of us to hold and mold and enlarge upon that knowledge: Sonia, almost twelve, and five years my elder, and the great friend of Mme. Kondratoff's daughter Tatyana; Filippo, three years my elder, and officially in love with Tatyana; myself, also in love with Tatyana, although not quite (this was a matter of prestige); and Jules Adrien, the little one, who knew nothing of love (as if we did) but said, lisping, that he, too, was in love with Tatyana. And when the rest of us denied this, he called out to the maids, "Is it true that I am in love with Tatyana?" and they said, "Yes, it is," and threatened us with punishment if we continued to tease him. So we asked him, "Jules Adrien, is it true that you are in love with Tatyana?" And he said, very seriously, "I believe so."

Tatyana, too, had a governess, an English one, who did not like our German governess, did not like us, and did not like Tatyana when she was in our company, because our admiration and our hysterical laughter at whatever she did made her completely wild. Tatyana was not like us; she never felt unhappy. Her parents left her just as frequently as our parents left us, and she hardly seemed to notice that they were gone. She amused herself with dogs and cats, with her garden, or by nailing logs and wooden boards together, using a big hammer we were never allowed even to see her use, because hammers are dangerous. When Tatyana was with us, empty rooms lost their sacredness. Nothing existed any more but dancing and singing and violence: Cushions flew through the air; beds were jumped on; chairs became soldiers, trains, automobiles; and the most solemn portraits of dead grandparents and their own dead parents and grandparents became targets for bread pellets, for mashed potatoes. But the moment she left the house, laughter and play went with her, and the silence and the fears she had displaced came back. Not even our half brother Vladimir, twelve years my elder and the great hero of all of us, could help. Besides, much of the time he was in school. We children wandered from room to room, watched like prisoners from invisible holes and followed by the sound of our own footsteps.

THERE was another companion we all had in those days, who helped us a great deal—the sun. His effect was not so violent as that of the presence of Tatyana. The sadness and the longing for our parents remained but were tamed by his presence. The sun entered the living room shortly after breakfast, and at a certain moment touched the bronze frills on the handle of the door that led to our parents' bedroom. Then that handle, of which I have already spoken, lost its sinister aspect and became a source of joy, because there was a halo of light around it and a new point of brightness on the ceiling. From that handle the sun moved to the side of an inlaid buhl cabinet, and then touched the pastoral scene painted on porcelain under the face of the blue-and-bronze Sèvres clock. Also various trinkets, which reacted with blinking and signalling in rainbows on the ceiling. When this happened, the ghostly marble busts of our Russian grandparents looked less pale than usual.

In its journey around the room, the sun shone on an oil painting of Sorrento, with ruins, olive groves, pine trees, Mount Vesuvius, and the blue sea. Then on the same Russian grandparents, our mother's parents, under glass, not far from their statues—Grandmother Sophie in pastel, Grandfather Vladimir in photography, a picture of his marble bust, very close to a picture of Jupiter. Then our Italian grandparents, and our Russian great-grandparents, then Mother's elder sister Adya—proud, intelligent, beautiful (locked up against her will in an insane asylum in Potsdam by her brother). Then a sinister photograph of a huge mausoleum in the cemetery in Berlin where our Russian grandparents were buried. Other paintings, too intricate to make much sense: "The Rape of Europa," Titian's "Sacred and Profane Love." Then many smaller paintings, all with thick gilded frames and placed side by side on a background of red damask. Eventually the sun arrived at "the museum" and the piano. The museum was an eighteenth-century French cabinet, in which precious objects were displayed in casual symmetry. On the top shelf, dark medieval icons stood next to enamelled Russian ashtrays, and Greek statuettes and Greek fragments next to green Pharaohs and gold bracelets from a tomb in Egypt. The lower shelves were filled with Meissen cups and saucers, Sèvres plates, and, on the bottom shelf of all, Greek and Arabic manuscripts in brown tatters and fading characters. And Chinese jades. All very depressing. But when sunshine hit the museum, revealing how much dust had settled on it, even that airless world became friendly.

Just as we always looked for our parents in the postcards they sent us, so we looked for them in the picture books on the living-room table. "Today they are in Paris. Let's try to find them." The big green book with "Vues de Paris" in gold on the cover was placed on the carpet and opened. Sonia turned the leaves with care, Filippo and I prone on the floor beside her, with our elbows always too close to the book ("Get farther back or I won't turn the next page") and our hands cupped under our chins. Up and over and down went the slippery page, and a new image was before us—the Rue de Rivoli taken with a camera in full daylight, the shadows quite visible and clouds in the sky.

"Here they are, entering this car."

"No, they are *here*. See? There's Father."

"Oh, no, you are mistaken. I think they are back here, clear outside of the page. They will reach it tomorrow."

"No, they are right here in this car, and we can't see them."

This was only a game and we knew it, and yet the longing for our parents was such that to look at those crowds in the streets of Paris was like being close to *them*. If anyone had told me that a new person had come into a certain page, I would have believed it—or at least I would have looked, with an absurd hope in the back of my mind. And I did, in fact, look every morning, knowing that this was madness. Had those been drawings and not photography, I would never have thought of doing such a thing, but photography was real; that was exactly what those people *had* looked like in the Rue de Rivoli. Only one more thing was needed—that the picture go right on developing itself after it had been taken and after it had been printed in this book. And someday, by means of other inventions, such as the waves in the ether, perhaps this would be possible. Vladimir said—and also Father had said—that scientists stumbled on discoveries. Thus the frog of Galvani, Newton's apple, the lamp of Galileo in the cathedral of Pisa, and the latest discoveries of that Mme. Curie who worked with her scientist husband, as our mother was always hoping to work with hers and never did. Where normal people saw nothing, because it would have been madness to look for anything there, the scientist, possessed by impossible ambitions, had found the gift of God waiting for him, right under his eyes, as a reward for his curiosity. And would it not be wonderful if I, a child, made such a great discovery, moved by no other urge than to see my dear parents? So, all alone, on the carpet in our living room, with the book open to the picture of the corner of the Rue de Rivoli and the Place de la Concorde, I waited for Father and Mother to appear.

BAR & GRILL
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ENTR
Albert Hubbell

WHILE Sonia practiced the piano in the morning, Filippo and I sat on the carpet being "good" (that is, making no noise). Jules Adrien stayed in the kitchen with the cook and the maids—their constant entertainment. We could hear his tiny voice only when Sonia paused, but their laughter we heard, and also their wet kisses, which tore like gunshots through the corridors and were at times followed by his crying. At times, the maids sang at the top of their voices, in their thick Bolognese dialect. "*Amore . . . amore!*" they yelled. "*Baciami ancora . . .*" Or "*Son fili d'oro i tuoi capelli biondi e al boccuccia d'oro . . .*" This was forbidden when our parents were home, and a deep sense of profanation ran through

TOOTHACHE MAN

The earth has been unkind to him.
He lies in middle strata.
The time capsules about him brim
With advertising matter.

His addled fossils tell a tale
That lacks barbaric splendor;
His vertebrae are small and pale,
His femora are slender.

It is his teeth—strange, cratered things—
That name him. Some are hollow,
Like bowls, and hold gold offerings.
The god may be Apollo.

Silver and gold. We think he thought
His god, who was immortal,
Dwelt in his skull; hence, the devout
Adorned the temple's portal.

Heraldic fists and spears and bells
In all metallic colors
Invade the bone; their volume swells
Backward through the molars.

This culture's meagre sediments
Have come to light just lately.
We handle them with reverence.
He must have suffered greatly.

—JOHN UPDIKE

• •

us; we turned to our ancestors, Jupiter well included, to assure them that we were no part of this invasion of their sacred silence.

But we had moments of great happiness in the living room, even with all the sadness of our derelict condition. There were so many of those huge picture books on the living-room table. Filippo usually looked at two volumes on Egypt, or at some thick album of family portraits. I looked at a catalogue of the Vatican Gallery, a book on Le Roi Soleil, and a book on numismatics while Sonia did her first morning exercises; then, as soon as she began her "Gradus ad Parnassum" or her "Well-Tempered Clavichord," I put these books back on the table and took a book of mythology, leafing through it slowly but impatiently, because the thin paper covering each illustration seemed to want to stick to the plate. For me this was not a book of photographs of statues of antiquity but the house of the gods. They left it every morning to go out to their former domains, with Christ's permission; came back to it in the evening; and never left it during the night. No one had told me this; it was all my invention.

I caressed the quiet stone faces. I even kissed them lightly when I was sure no one was looking. I spoke to them, and I wished they would look at me; for they seemed so absorbed in something beyond the page and out of my reach, and I did not like it. The paper was so hard that it made a noise as I turned the pages, like fresh wood in a fireplace. And yet it was almost transparent. And the smell of that book was the smell of a very noble place, unknown to me but recognizable. And I felt that the gods were away, exactly like my parents; yet I also felt they were there and knew I was touching them with clean hands, and that even the expression on my face was one of deep respect and love. Of course, I was not unobserved; my grandparents could see me. But this was not done for them; this was done for the gods in the book. I also felt that the gods in the book were listening to the clock on the mantelpiece and to the piano. And when Sonia played Beethoven and not Czerny or Bach, I closed the book and did something else. Romantic music was neither for the morning nor for the Greeks. It was for afternoons and clouds, or else for evenings, when the gods were all back and closed in their house.

"But, dear, a man's castle is supposed to be his home."

VLADIMIR came home from school every day when lunch was about to be served. We were as hungry for his presence as we were for food. The maid, alerted in the front hall (white gloves, white lace cap, and white apron), and the cook in the kitchen (dirty apron, red face, big wooden spoon in hand), and a third, useless maid were all just waiting for him. They had been busy with that soup (or that spaghetti sauce, that meat loaf) all morning; they had discussed whether or not to have it, bought the ingredients, washed them, cut them up, cooked them, boiled them, spiced them—always singing or gossiping or laughing—and it was now their right to serve the soup or the meat loaf "at its best," as if the masters were home. But the masters were not home, and they could not

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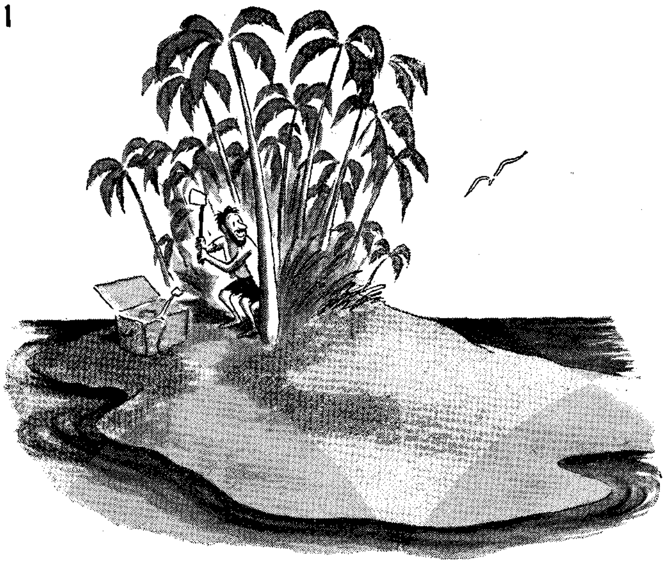

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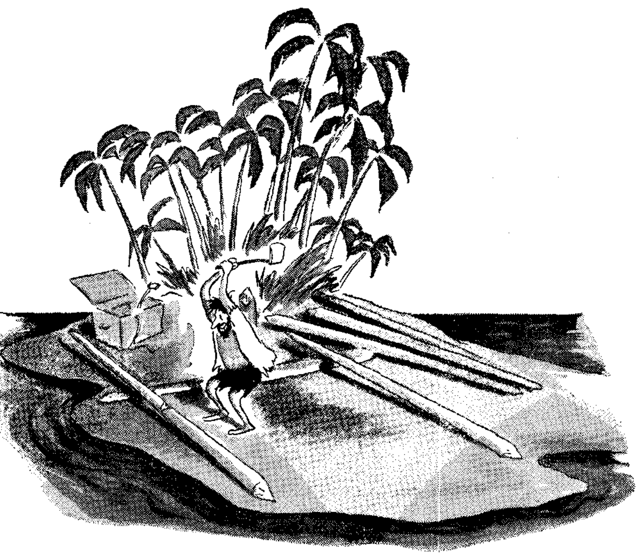

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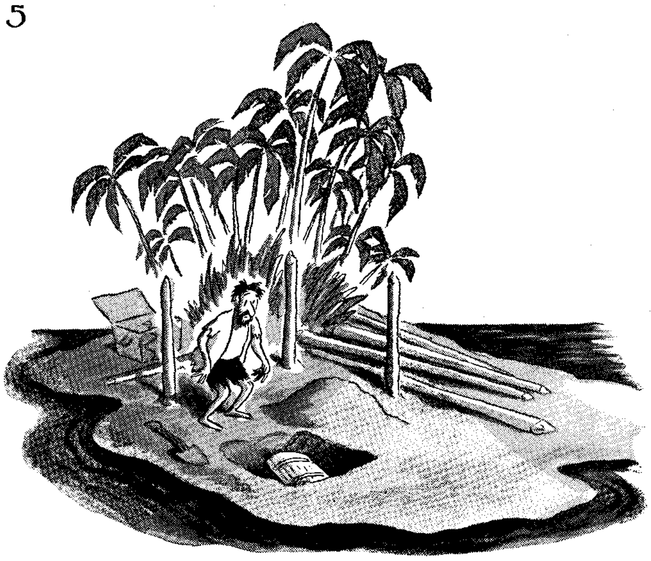

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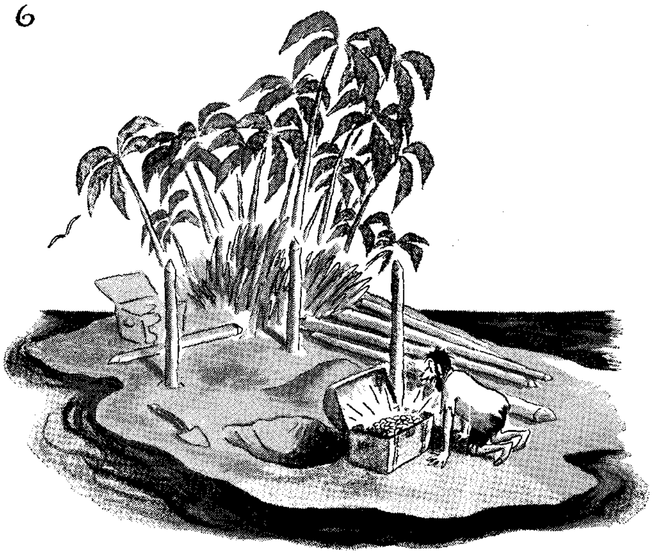

do it for us children, whom they had the right to spank and therefore could not look up to; or for Fräulein Fischer and Fräulein Thiess (who had lunch with us every day, and in the afternoon tutored Sonia and Filippo), because they were Germans; so they did it for the soup. And they said so. They, too (how children know these things!), had great sadness in their hearts, and when they shouted at Vladimir for being two minutes late, it was because they were so lonely for their masters, whose approval was missing, whose chairs were empty.

When the two German women, who were without the dignity of the servant or the rights of the master—when these ruling servants praised the soup, the serving servant sneered, and commented on that praise in a way that was so insolent that the two ruling servants frowned and we children had to be careful not to burst into laughter. But when we children praised the soup, then the Kitchen was happy, and *in the soup* we met.

Fräulein Thiess insulted the maids by asking for the saltcellar, which she shook over her plate, aiming at the food from up high, as if she wished to punish it. Even the way she cut her meat or plunged her spoon into her soup was a way of refusing that food, of despising those who had prepared it with so much song. In the evening, when Fräulein Thiess was not there, Fräulein Fischer behaved like a civilized person, but at lunch she always followed Fräulein Thiess's example. And how much they ate for lunch, those two German women! We children were always afraid there wouldn't be anything left on the platter for us. Huge chunks of whatever it was, and then more, and then more, and looking carefully for the best parts while the arm of the maid shook with rage under the serving dish. "One of these days, I shall throw everything right into her face," the maid would tell the cook ominously, later, and we were so anxious to see her do it, but she never kept her promise. Fräulein Fischer and Fräulein Thiess conversed only with each other, as if they were in Germany and we were foreigners whom they were feeding out of charity. "You!" Fräulein Thiess said to Vladimir. "Get some wine. But not just one bottle—two or three. I don't like to have to repeat this every day." And Vladimir had to go and get Father's best wine. She knew how many bottles we still had, and wanted those—not just wine from the barrel. We always felt like spitting on her chair after she left the dining room, but we could not. That chair was sacred—Mother's armchair, with the two lion heads and the fringe and the gray leather cushion. After a while, the maid took it away and put it in a corner, replacing it with a straight chair. But it was awful, just the same, to see that armchair being punished in a corner.

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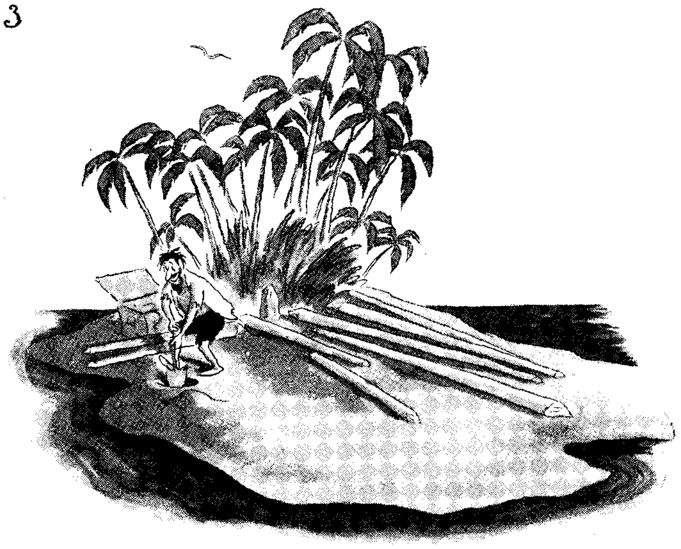

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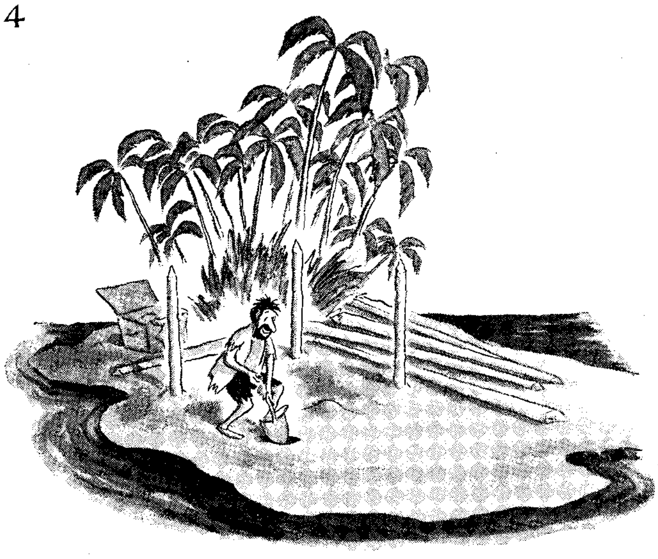

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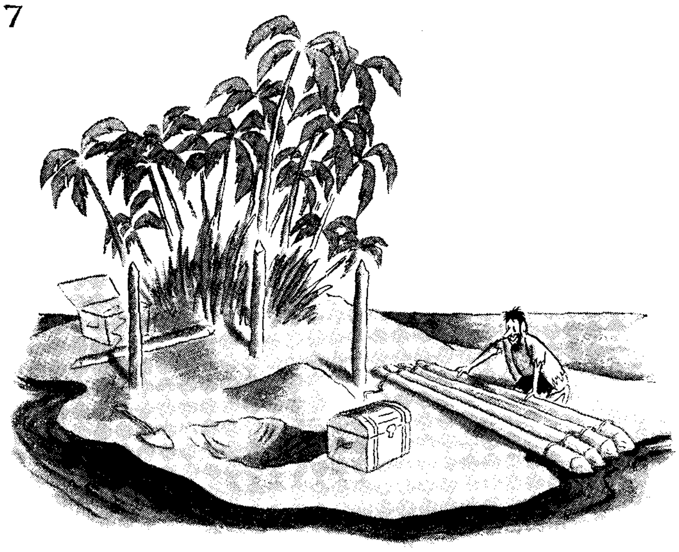

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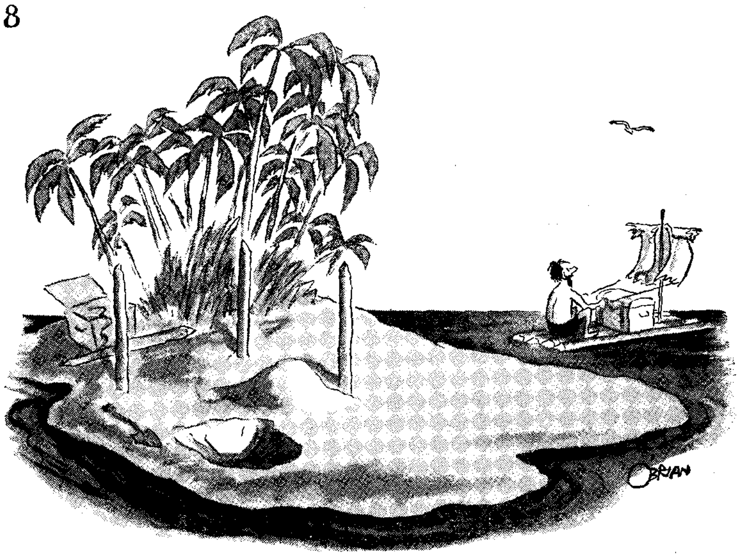


After lunch, Vladimir retired to his room to do his Greek, Sonia and Filippo had their two hours of lessons with Fräulein Thiess, and the governess put Jules Adrien and me to bed in her room.

Filippo suffered from convulsions, and very often, if he had been punished in the daytime, he would have a convulsion that night. So he slept with the governess and Jules Adrien, like a child, although he was three years older than I, and I shared Sonia's room. But since the lessons took place there, I had to take my afternoon nap on Filippo's bed.

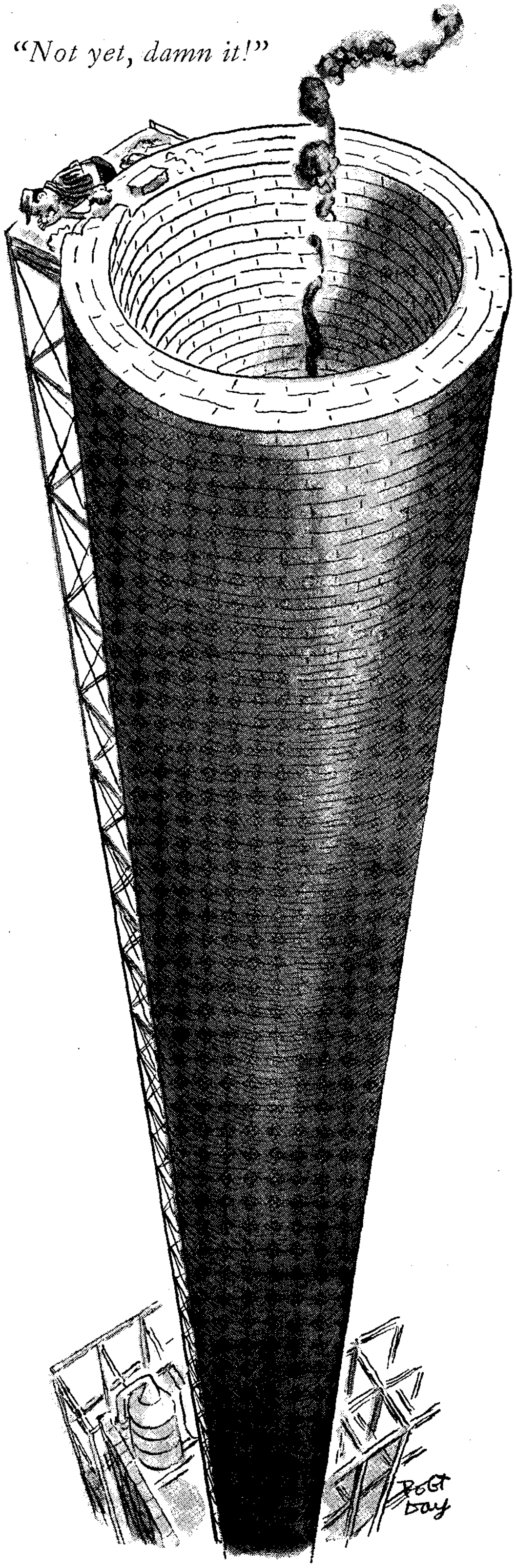
Jules Adrien and the governess snored. I stayed awake and looked at their abandoned shapes under the covers, at the green lines of light filming the shutters on the ceiling, and listened to the world. If there was sunshine, I could see it, of course; the film was clearer, and shadows came and went across the whole ceiling, like the hands of a clock gone crazy. But I could also hear that there was sunshine; birds became more cheerful, and flew in higher and higher circles. If there was wind, even the voices of the children playing in the park came to me. I tried to recognize the voices, but an electric saw whining its way through wooden boards prevented this. Iron gates banged. Women down in the street spoke to each other *in my room*. If clouds arrived, not only did the film fade and lose all color and the hands of the clock become confused but birds came closer, and chirped briefly and nervously.

Noises inside the apartment were not affected by the weather. In the afternoon, table silver was thrown uncheerfully into the drawers in the dining room; the love songs of the maids became less passionate. It was no longer "Choke me, strangle me with kisses" but, rather, "Your cruelty makes me die," and other such conclusions. Fräulein Thiess asked loud questions that reached me through thick walls, but the answers could never be heard. If they were not satisfactory, the questions were repeated, in tones of mounting anger. If the answers were passable, she shouted "At long last!" and then there was a brief silence. After a while of all this, Vladimir's violin made its entry upon the scene, and the real afternoon began. The violin sobbed, uttered long lamentations, in squeaking tones, in scratching tones, in whistling tones, and always the same notes, the same mistakes, as when a nervous hand feeling a long silken robe is stopped every time by the same button. Sunshine and clouds were absorbed by that violin. It responded to sunshine with a somnolent tone that was not at all unpleasant, but when a cloud wiped all the color from the world, then the tone became offensive.

At four o'clock the governess smiled at Jules Adrien, picked him up from his crib, and greeted him like a newcomer to a world all made for him. Speaking out of the side of her mouth, in the direction of my bed and without asking my opinion, she informed me that I was rested. Aware of the coming afternoon walk with her, I felt suddenly sleepy, and even ill. With my parents away, contact with other children in the park was frowned upon because of possible contagion; Fräulein Fischer did not want to be responsible. Also, there was a good chance that Sonia and Filippo might be punished for not knowing their lessons by being made to stay home, in which case the walk was bound to be even more boring and I would rather stay home, too, listening to them discuss ways and means of murdering Fräulein Thiess.

But no. The park it must be, with or without the elder two. And the streets were full of parents who, from a distance, looked like ours. This happened also when Father and Mother were not away, but then the possibility was real: we sometimes did meet them coming home from a luncheon or going somewhere for tea. And if not, we knew we would probably find them at home, and could say, "We saw two people in the street who looked exactly like you. We ran to them and called you, but then they were not you." This mistake was now most dangerous and had to be carefully avoided; we must never forget we were unhappy, in order not to have the few seconds of mistaken happiness that would cause us in the end to suffer much more. It was all very unnatural, and like refusing to see them. Yet it had to be done. What made it harder was that the streets bore no signs of their absence. Everything was as beautiful as ever—the huge mountains surging up from the Lake of Lugano, the ancient oak trees bent over the water, the white passenger steamers full of excursionists, the canvas-covered fishing boats, the restaurants with cheerful people sitting around bright-colored tablecloths and eating pastry, the carriages waiting in line.

The return from a walk with our parents was always a pleasure. It just could not be otherwise. We would remember and go search out our toys, even those we had found boring a little while before. And then hot chocolate, and the pleasure of taking off those heavy shoes and that stiff collar and jacket and the pants we were not allowed to soil, and of putting on our dear slippers, our dear soilable pants, our gray apron with the blue ribbon all around it and the white bear embroidered on the pocket. And then dinner and bedtime, with fairy tales—always the same, for months and months—and the forbidden laugh from bed to bed in the dark before falling asleep.



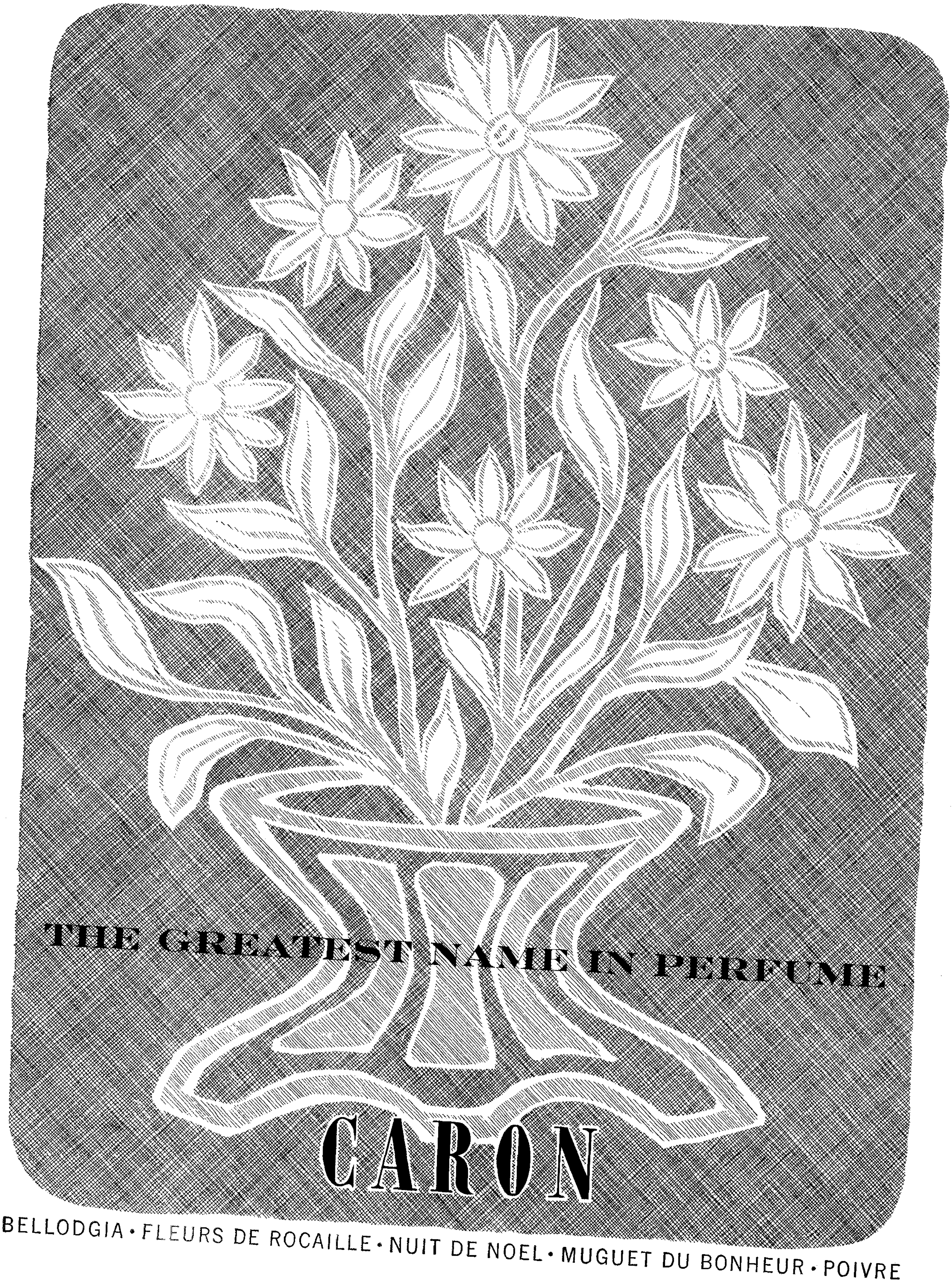
"Not yet, damn it!"

But if we were returning from a walk when our parents were away, we felt a cold current of emptiness washing against us. Our chatter stopped at some distance from home, and we had a tight, choking sensation when we entered the garden. This probably explains why I so often hit my younger brother over the head just as we got home from a walk. Either he spoke about something that he knew was a secret, or he asked questions he shouldn't have asked, or he named the one thing that must forever stay unnamed. So I had to hit him.

Sonia and Filippo had a way of defending themselves against misery. They formed a twindom, walked arm in arm, and said to me, "You cannot speak to us, we are twins." After that, I was forced to walk with the governess, alongside that white-and-blue baby carriage in which Jules Adrien sat like an old lady, watching the world with tired eyes; or if he walked, then it was very slowly, and the governess spoke always to him, never to me, except to speak *of* him: He was too small to run, he was too small to understand. But I was too small to run all by myself; I was too small to understand why *he* was too small to understand. It was all very childish. I was even too small to understand why the other two were big enough to behave like small children and pretend they were twins when they were not.

In the meantime, Sonia and Filippo disappeared behind a tree, then reappeared, and laughed, and disappeared behind another tree, telling each other more and more secrets from which I was excluded. And in this way they got home without feeling the current of emptiness. As we took off our coats in the front hall, the governess said to Jules Adrien, "Go to your room. There is a big surprise for you. Your Teddy bear has been waiting for you all this time!"

I was too big for such lies, and yet too small to be left—and I was left—like an orphan in the front hall. Had she said that my toys were waiting for me, too, I would have gone to keep them company. But this way I just followed my


THE GREATEST NAME IN PERFUME
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brother and took the Teddy bear away from him, and threw it on top of a dusty cupboard, from which it could be got down only with the help of a ladder. To justify myself, I said, "He does not like his parents! First he cries like a fool; then he forgets them. All he likes is his Teddy bear."

And in spite of my reasons I was punished: "No chocolate for you!" And again they all tried to make me understand that he was still too small to understand. "*He* loves his parents, but you don't!" the governess said. "And I will write to them tonight. This will make them very sad."

Jules Adrien was at once reminded of his parents, and began to look for them. "Poor darling!" the maids would cry. "He was trying to reach the handle of that bedroom door! He wanted to see if his Mama and Papa had gone to bed!"

I didn't blame Sonia and Filippo for not trying to defend me. Children who live in terror very quickly adapt themselves to the standards of terror. Whoever is not wrong in the eyes of the authorities has no reason to help those who are wrong. He enjoys the privilege of being right, for once, and wishes to stay right, so he does nothing, even if it is clear to him that great injustice has been done. He never knows what makes him right or wrong in the eyes of the authorities, so he just thinks he does not know why his persecuted brother is wrong. And out of curiosity, rather than hate, he wants to see his brother really in the wrong. Also, it is a relief, since that alone can put an end to his feeling that he is a witness to an injustice. The inversion of all moral standards, which causes so much trouble later in life, is present from the very beginning. "He is wrong because he has been punished," not "He is punished because he has done wrong." And the victim accepts it, too. In my brother's and sister's eyes I was wrong, and in my own eyes, too. That was what made me angry. I could find peace only if I was punished, and made to suffer more than I deserved, and then, having paid my debt and plenty more, I could make the others suffer with the sight of my suffering.

THERE was something religious in all this—the acceptance of fate and a repayment to the gods of ten times the price, to shame them for their cruelty. But such a system—which an adult can perceive rationally without feeling a thing, while a child feels it blindly—can work only if there are gods the child

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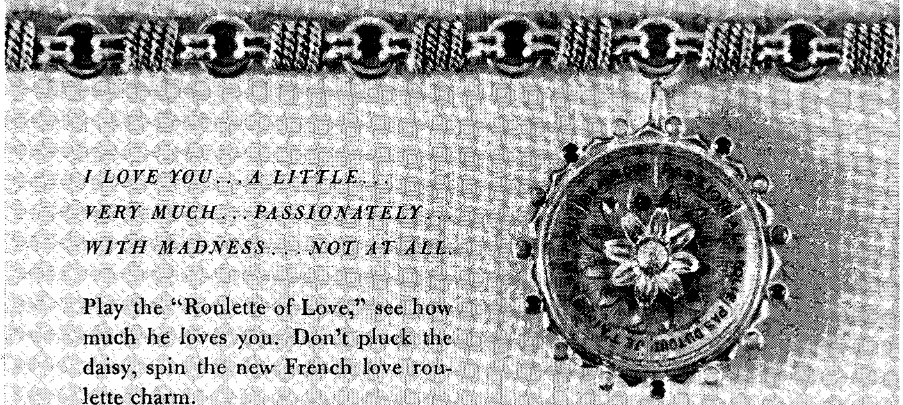

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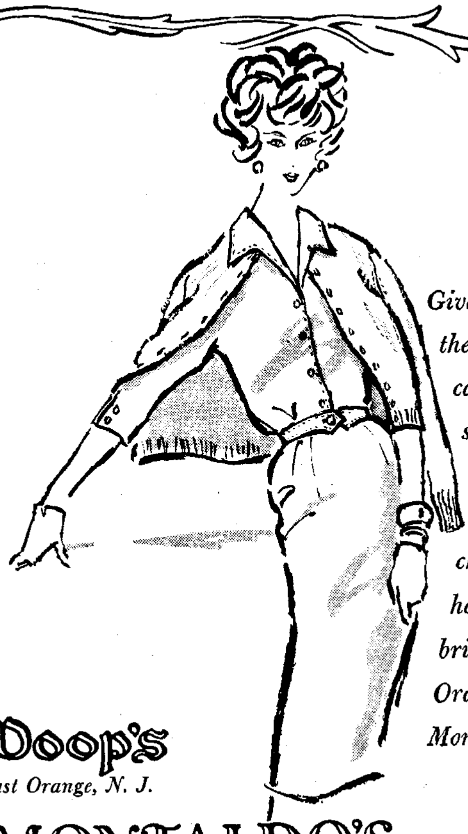

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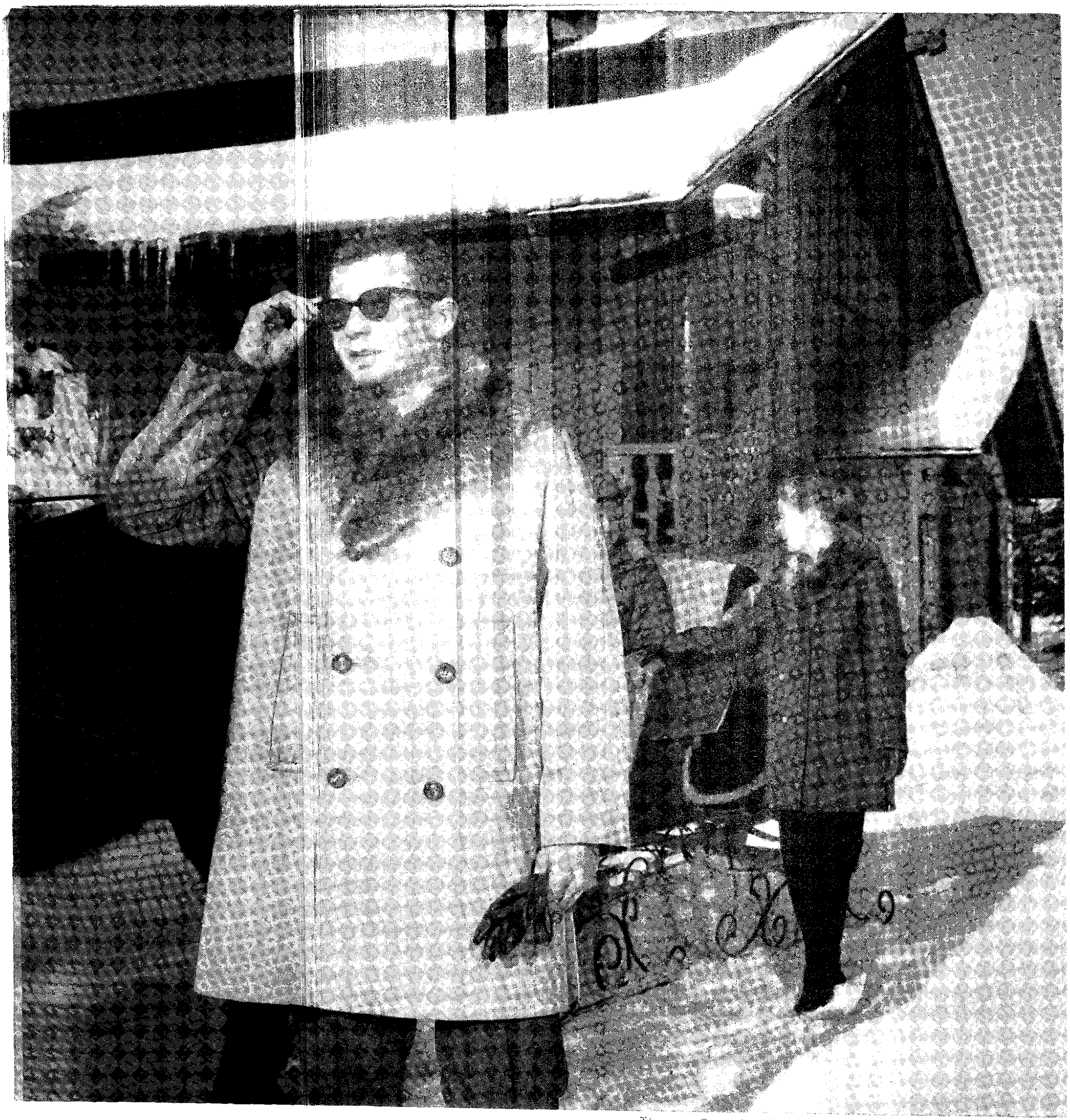

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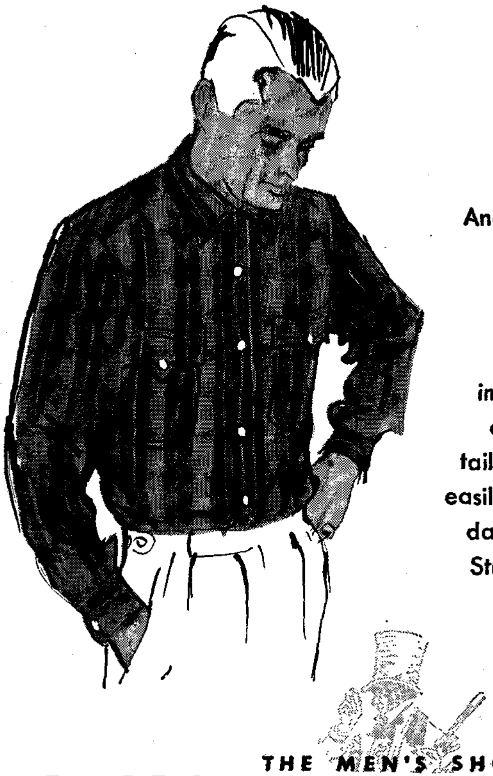

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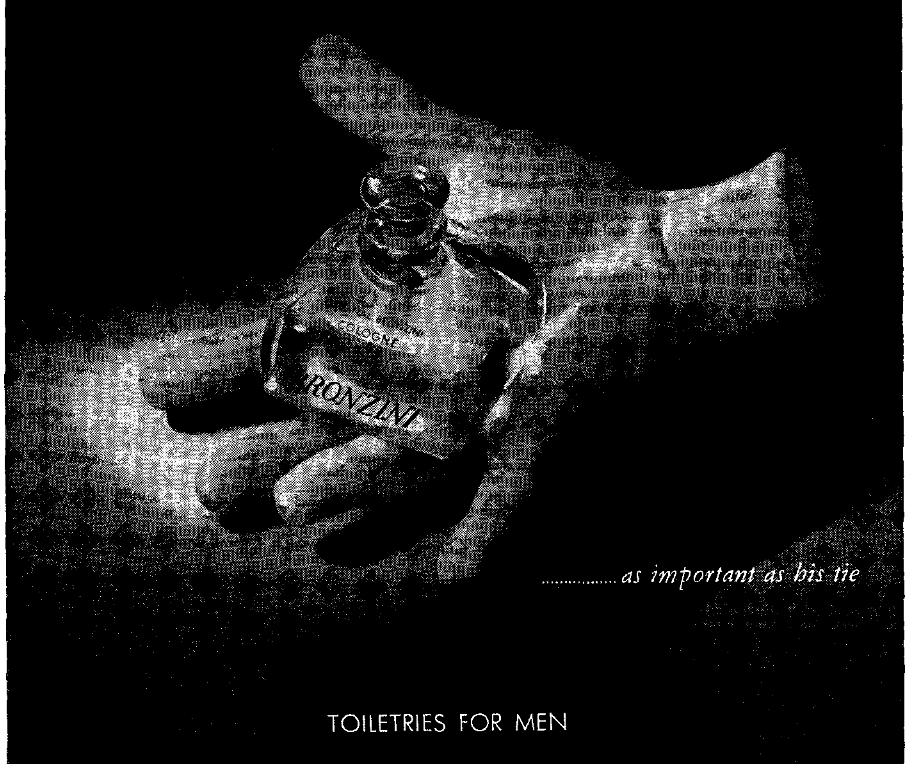


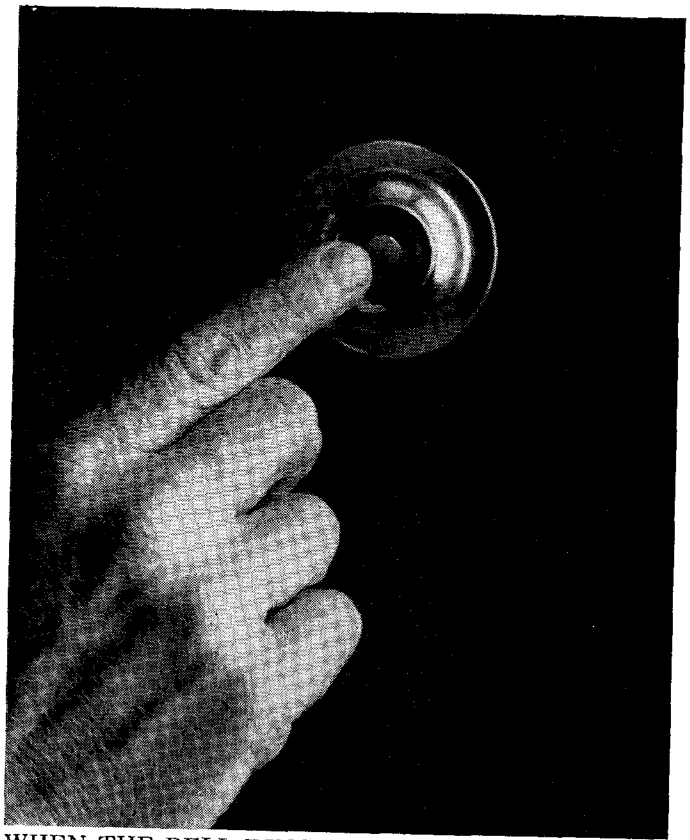
..................as important as his tie

TOILETRIES FOR MEN

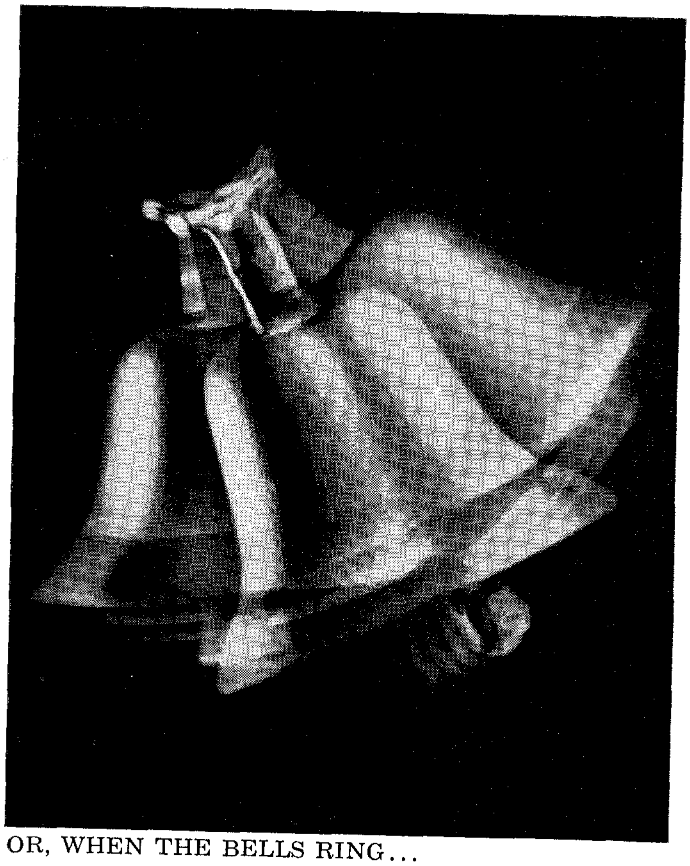
can go to. When the altars are empty, who will accept his tears and who console him? Not, certainly, the maids with their red hands and their short nails and their breath charged with garlic. And not the governess with her mentholated breath and the revolting smell of perspiration all around her. Who, then? Not other victims like himself. They have no right to comfort him; they are not gods. Perhaps a half-god, if he would: Vladimir. He sometimes let me come into his room and cry, but at other times he just did not want to be bothered with the lengthy explanations of the maids and the governess's "Don't let him tell you he was punished without reason. Do you know what he did?" and the next day Fräulein Thiess scolding him for interfering with the task of the governess. So when I opened the door, he would sometimes not lift his head from his books, or he would say, "Go away, you bad boy!"

I left, gulping down my tears, and really became bad. I did all sorts of things I was not likely to be punished for if no one saw me, and they were the worst things in the world: I insulted—not my father and mother (that I reserved for the great occasions) but my maternal grandparents, but much more my grandmother than my grandfather, because he was beyond reach of even my mother's tears (he had died when she was eleven) while my grandmother was extremely close, to us and to God. She blinked from a small star. (I still see it halfway between the center of the sky and the horizon—nearer the top, though.) And when one of us misbehaved, we were told, "Your grandmother is sad now. Her star is crying." And, of course, she saw everything. Like God. So I made faces at her marble bust, first; then at various pictures of her, but not at the picture of her tomb in Berlin, for I was superstitious. I believed that if I did anything there, it would be like touching an electric wire; God, not she, would make me die at once. And I repeated, "I don't *care!* I don't *care!* I don't *care!*" Then I went to a small table and picked up a framed ivory miniature of my Aunt Adya, the madwoman in Potsdam, and shook it until I had turned her upside down. The miniature never stayed glued to its velvet background, and it was like one of those Japanese puzzles children play with.

And finally, as I grew tired of all this, I went to my book, the house of the Greek gods, and leafed through it. And the gods, walking high in the light, on soft ground, and looking sidewise, not



WHEN THE BELL RINGS…



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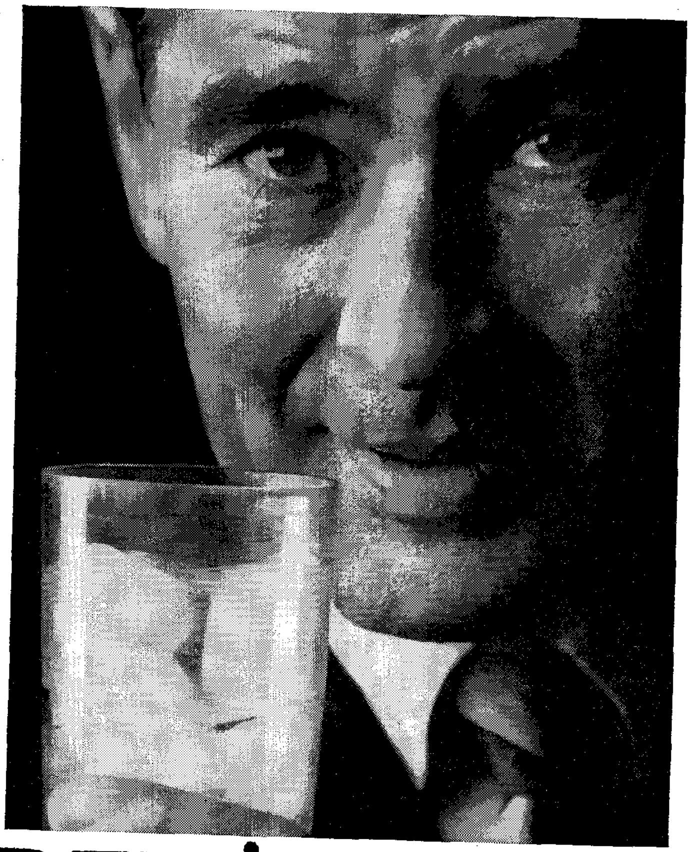

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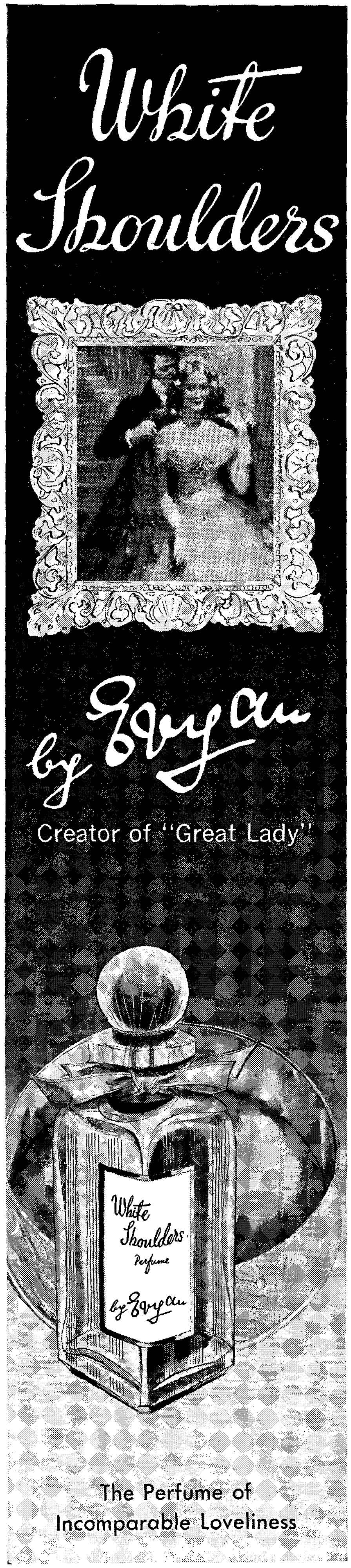
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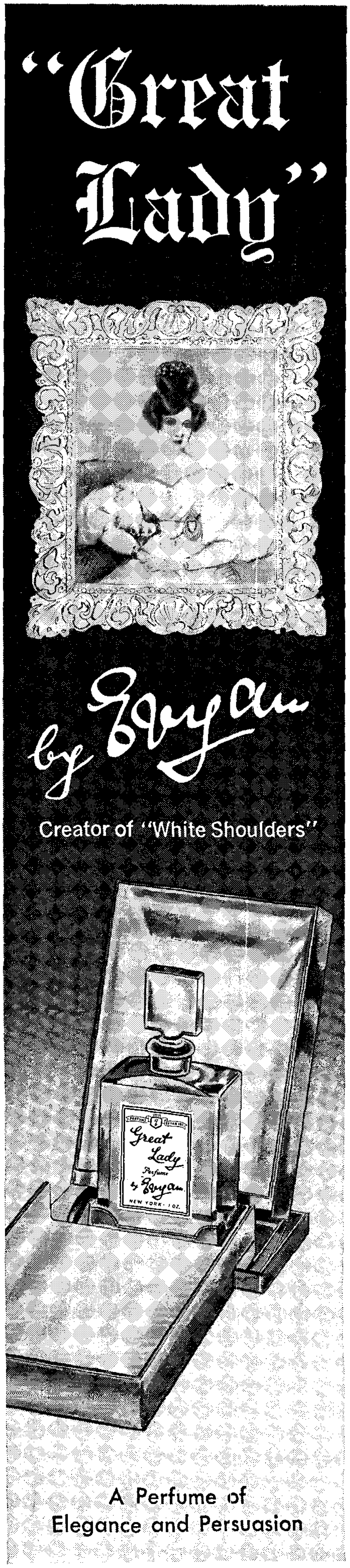
at me, or else looking way above my head—the gods stood there in their great beauty, waiting for nothing, unwilling to judge me or to hear me, and it was they who gave me permission to live again.

This happened to me almost every day, or at least twice a week, with small variations, and yet I could never go to my Greek gods first. I first had to curse my own family gods and to upset Aunt Adya; only then did I remember where help came from, while the room grew so still that even the clock on the mantelpiece was heard again, mincing away its tiny grains of time that covered up the ruins of a bad day.

If the governess or the maids or Vladimir, surprised by that great silence, peeped in to see what I was doing, I did not turn my head, and it was not hypocrisy that made me act that way. I was finally at peace, the tears I had kept back were dry, the expression of hate was still present on my face but held, weakly, from the inside, and slowly becoming an expression of interest in outside things, no longer focussed on those images of murder and destruction that my hate had produced. I was again an onlooker, and my grandmother could see that I was good.

The daylight faded on those pages until details were hardly recognizable, but I went on feeling the presence of the gods, while from the kitchen came a smell of good food that also was a form of forgiveness. Then, as the smell grew stronger and the dark thicker, lights went on in the corridor and the best moment of the day began. Vladimir interrupted his homework, Sonia and Filippo interrupted theirs, Jules Adrien joined them from the kitchen; only I was missing. They came and called me, and at first I said no, putting back into my voice some of the hate I no longer had, for reasons of dignity. But from that moment on, I waited more and more anxiously for them to come again and tell me I must not act that way, and even to pull me by the arm and force me to go with them. And if they did, because they needed me as a partner in their games, I joined them, first as a spectator, a bit held back by shame, and then as a participant, but still with a certain restraint, turning somersaults on the carpet without laughing, as if this were a funeral with a rather exceptional ritual, not just a game. And I tried to stay far from Jules Adrien, lest I hurt him again without meaning to. Trouble seemed to emanate from me, especially in my contacts with him.

If for some reason they failed to in-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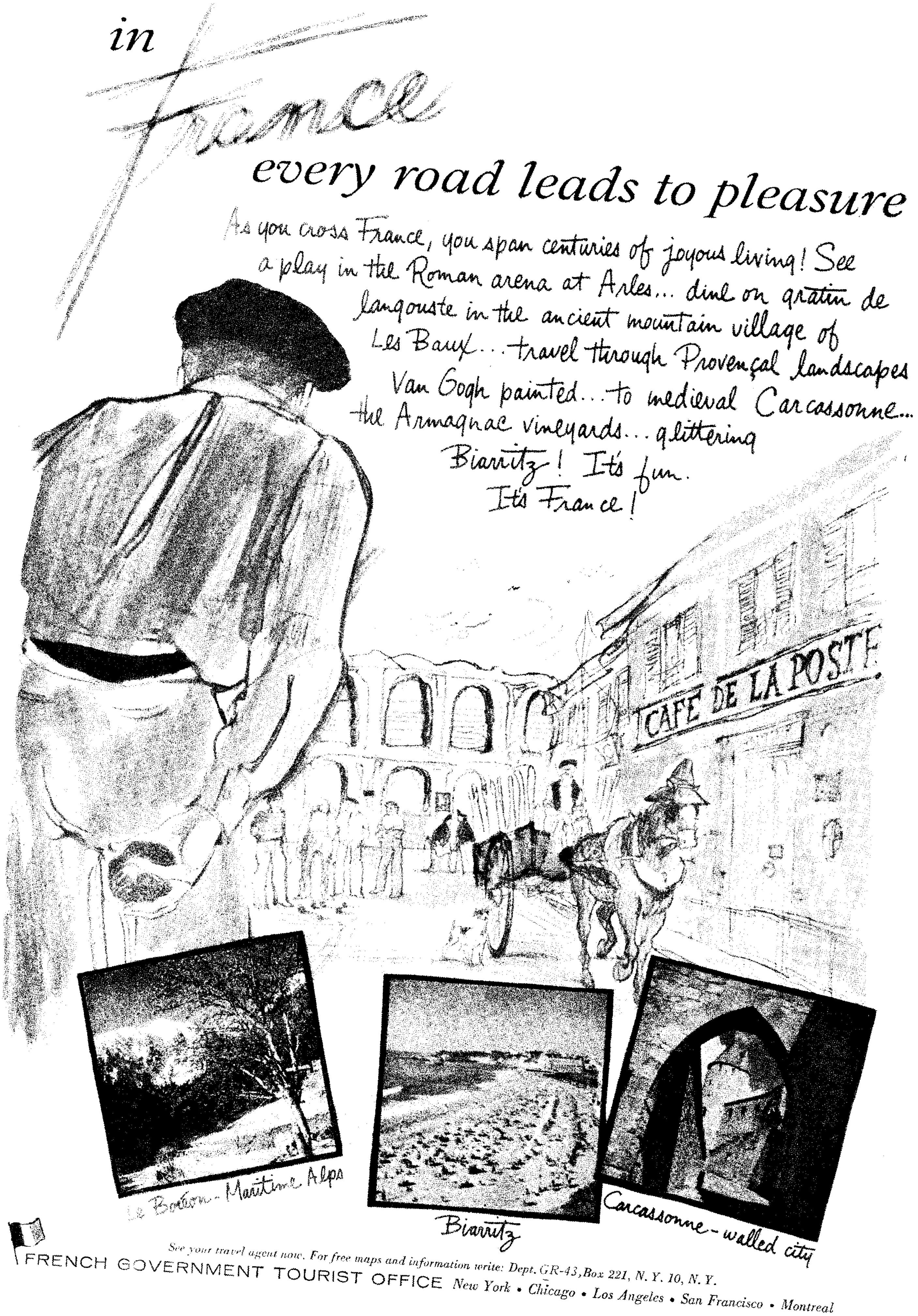

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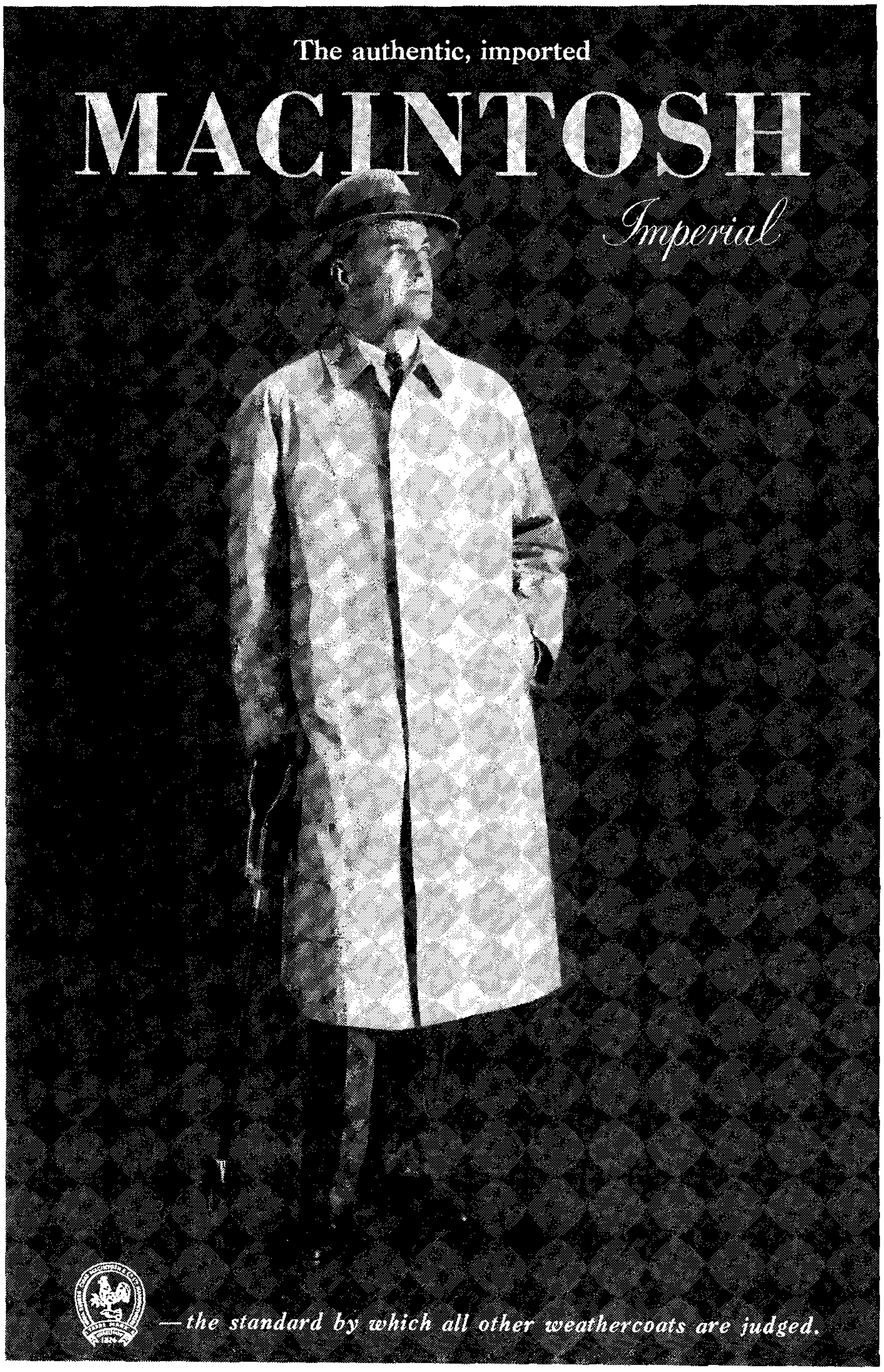
sist enough, then I was stuck in the dark, accumulating new reason for unhappiness, hating them all, while they had a good time and I did not. And when I was called to supper, I walked into the dining room all wrapped up in my hurt dignity, with my hands behind my back, like a thinker. But the food and Vladimir usually brought me around; Vladimir was so wonderful. Also, the fact that Fräulein Thiess was not with us in the evening made things easier for him; she would never have tolerated all his stunts. "Where is Vladimir?" he would ask. And if we said "But look, he is here!" and touched his arm, his coat, his face, he would say, "No, no, this is me, this is not Vladimir. Go to his room and call him!" So we went to his room and came back and reported that he was not there. "Where has he gone?" Vladimir asked. "He must be hiding there. I'll find him." Now we all left the table; even the governess came with us. And the maids, in a procession. At his door, he turned to us, to announce what he would do to Vladimir for failing to come to supper. Then he entered quickly, closing the door behind him, and there followed a fight, with blows and groans and angry words, furniture thrown about. Finally, he emerged again, with his hair ruffled, a black eye (made with ink), marks of blows on his face, his necktie untied, his shirt torn, and a face much like mine when I was in one of my bad moods, and he marched to the dining room, followed by all of us, and sat down, his growls, as he ate, like thunder in the distance. And if we asked him "Where is Myself now?" he would tell us the most horrible stories of how Myself had been thrown out of the win-



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up 750,000 for October

up 400,000 for September

up 350,000 for August

up 250,000 for July

000 for November!

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To meet the additional demand created by this new distribution policy, our print order for the July issue was increased 250,000. For August it was up 350,000 copies. For September, up 400,000 copies. For October, up 750,000 copies. For November, it's *up 900,000 copies*. And this is only the beginning!

Our present advertising rate card will remain in effect through the April 1959 issue. Starting with the May issue there will be a rate increase based on a circulation guarantee of 3,600,000 copies. Advertisers can still make several issues under the old rate card if they move quickly. It means a fat circulation bonus.

It's the same high quality circulation as always, made up of 100% single-copy sales. They still have to go out to get Woman's Day. Now they're going out to get it in many more stores, in every single metropolitan market area in the United States!

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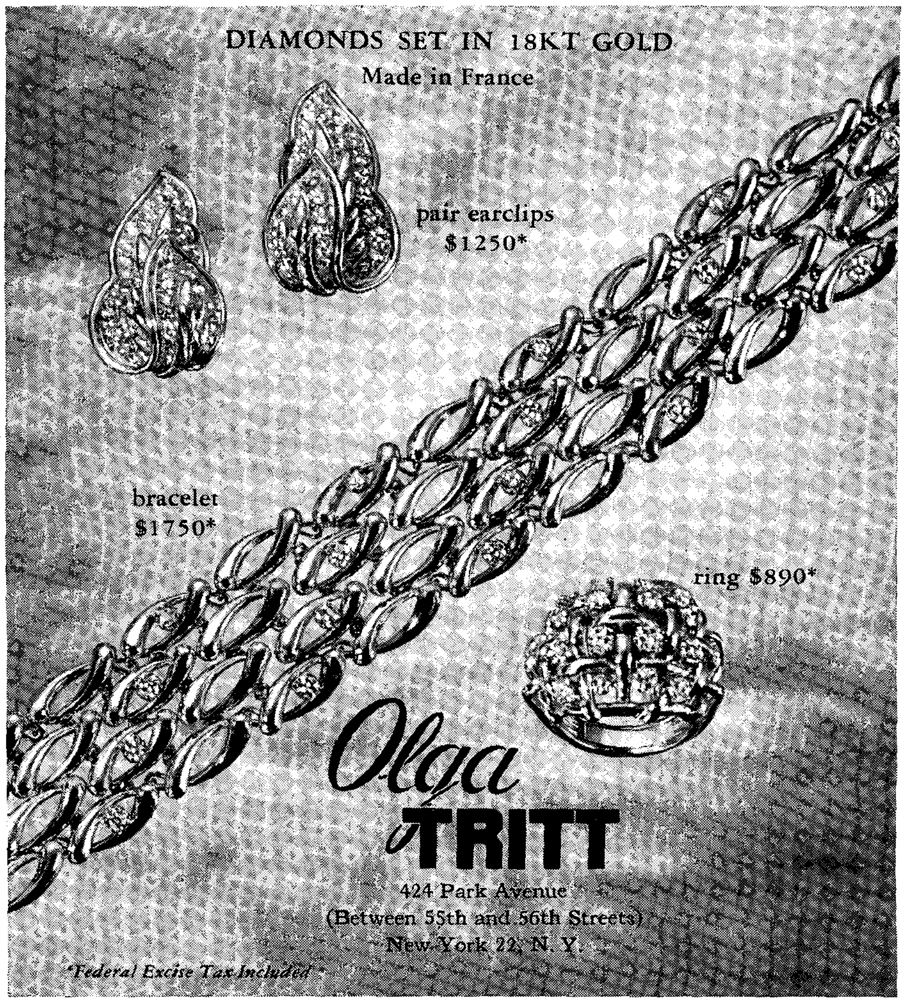
Woman's Day A FAWCETT PUBLICATION

dow and he hoped he was dead. Or he would suddenly remember that *he* was Myself, and act as if Vladimir had vanished all of a sudden. There was no end to entertainment. And though "normally" we had to be either threatened or bribed into eating, because the absence of our parents depressed us so, when Vladimir did his stunts we ate so much that the cook came into the dining room to thank us, and kissed us passionately, and called us all the most endearing names in her strange dialect. We went to bed so exhausted, yet so deliriously happy, that we still tried to laugh when our eyes had closed and the first snores came into our open mouth with the next breath.

But Vladimir was not only a clown; he was also a great scholar, a great painter, a great musician, a great toymaker, and a good and just man. No one could cut my fingernails as he did.

ONE day the maids, Rina and Ida, promised us that—if we were good, of course—we could go the next morning, with them, to the famous fair of San Provino, and they would buy us whistles and the Sun-and-Moon drum—a paper drum, mounted on a long stick, with the face of the sun on one side and the face of the moon on the other. I had already had one such portable Sun-Moon, but it had been punched by Filippo, and I wanted very much to get another. As I got up from my theoretical nap that afternoon, I knew there was danger ahead, and to avert it I decided to be particularly nice to Jules Adrien, and chose for my outburst of kindness the hallway next to the kitchen, where the maids could surprise me treating him just as affectionately as they did. "You are so *nice!*" I said to him. "You are the most beautiful baby in the whole world!"

I repeated this several times, because it seemed to me, from the maids' chatter in the kitchen, that they had missed this exceptional spectacle. I then tried to kiss him, but he did not want to be kissed, he wanted to go into the kitchen. I asked him whether he did not want to be carried on my shoulders, the way Vladimir carried him, making him tall enough to touch the crystal flowers of the chandelier. He did want to. So I helped him climb on a chair in the library, and I knelt down in front of it. Then I got him to put his legs around my neck, and, holding him by the hands, I slowly raised myself on my knees. But, alas, he was too heavy; I lost my balance and down we both went, flat on our faces. I cut my lip, and it bled, but he broke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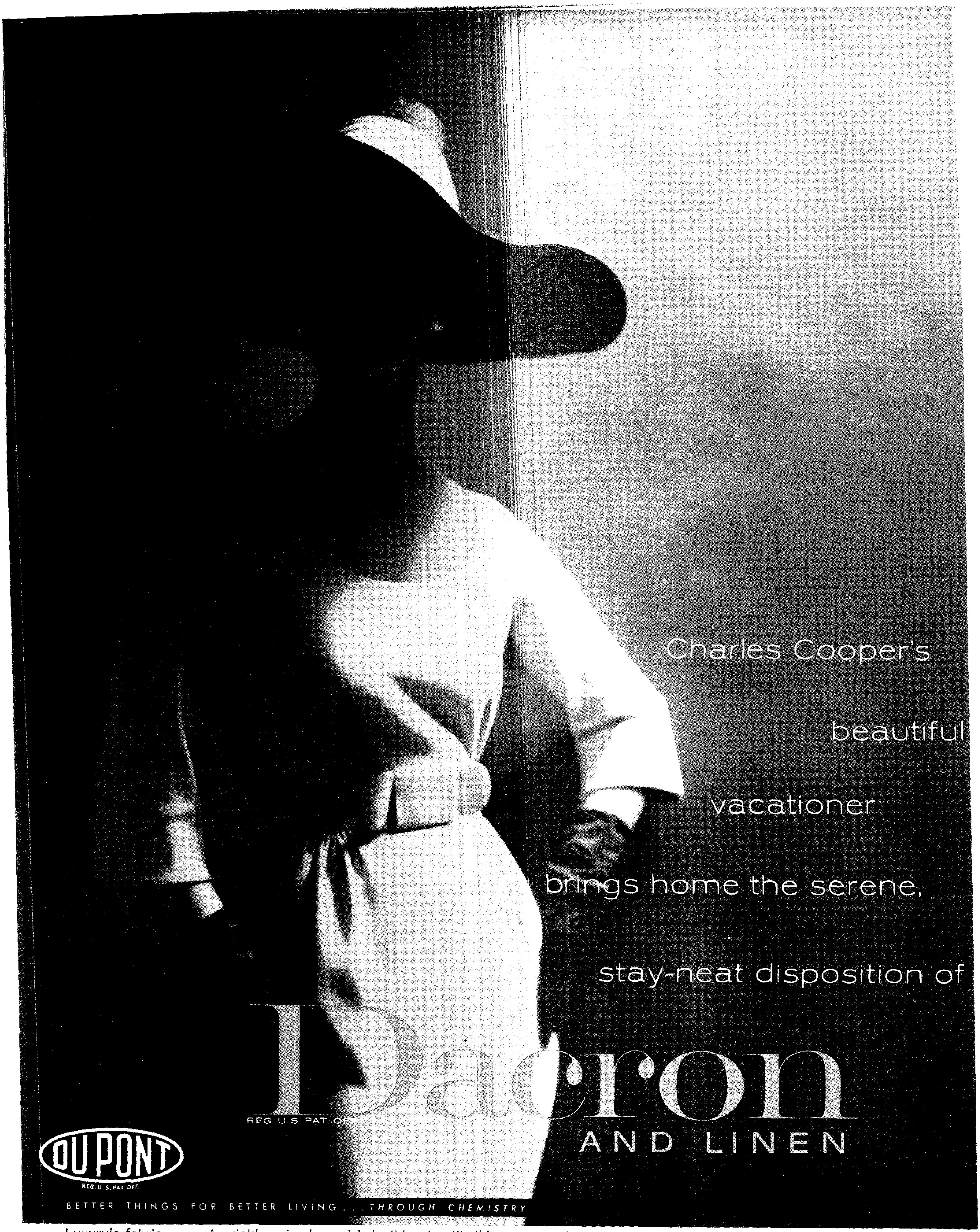
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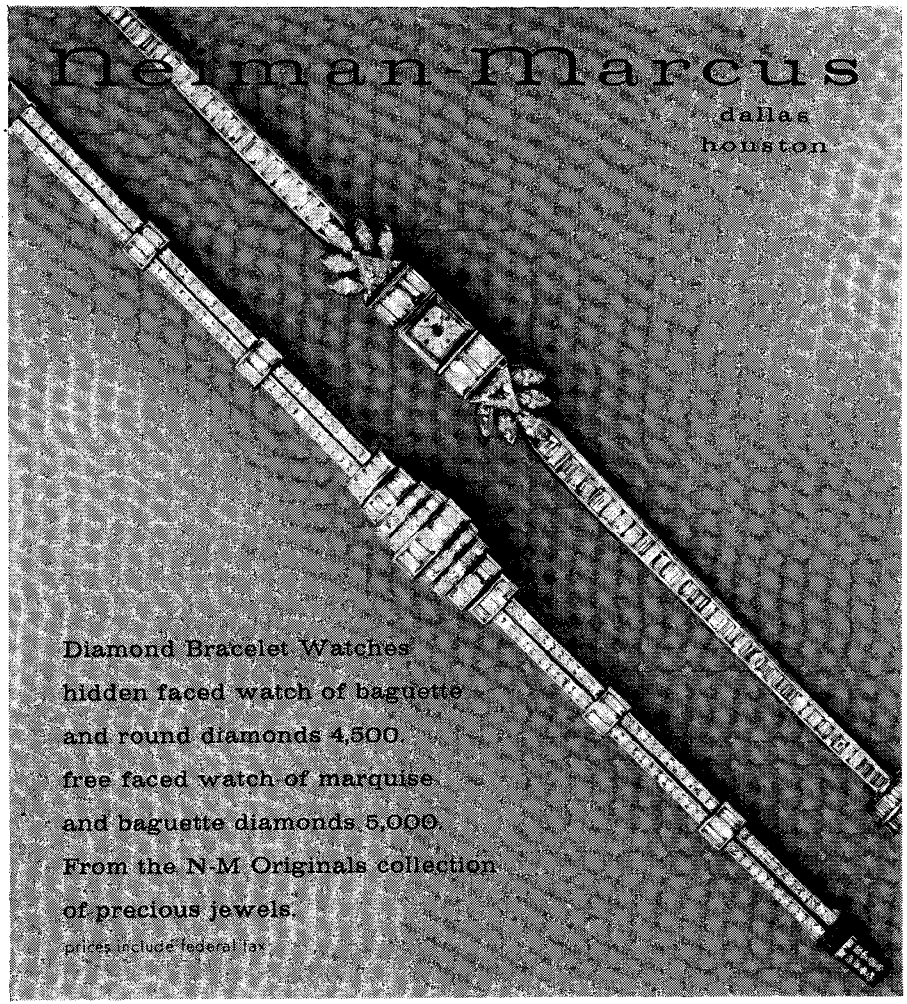

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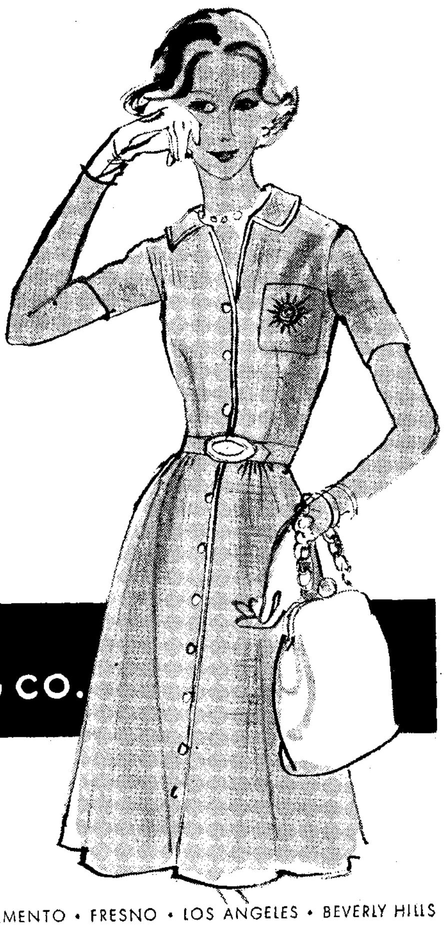

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one of his front teeth and hit a sharp edge of a library shelf with such force that it sounded as if his skull had been split open.

At once, everyone was around us, neglecting me and taking care of him. The governess carried him, still screaming, off to her room and closed the door. After that, nothing but silence. I was aware that there would be no outing to San Provino for me now, and was resigned to that, but I wanted to know how my brother was. I was afraid I might have hurt him badly; I might even have killed him. This was my only worry. The maids saw things differently. Because this had happened to me, it was my fault, not my misfortune, and I was not to be allowed to know. I cried, "I have a right to know! I did not do it on purpose!"

"You always do these things on purpose!" Rina said.

"No!"

"Yes!"

"No!"

I went upstairs, and she followed me, and stopped me in front of the closed door.

"Get out of here or you'll be spanked!"

"I will not! I want to know!"

Rina hit me, and I hit back, with force, but missed her cheek. Instead, I scratched her eyelid, and she went wild. I ducked, she hit the doorframe with her open hand, and it hurt. "I'll get you yet," she said, nursing her hand, but in the meantime I had thrown open the door and seen that Jules Adrien was all right. The governess held him between her knees and was searching his head with a comb, looking for traces of blood under that cloud of curls. He was playing his role again—touching his head and saying, "Bad boy. He hit me."

That took care of my fears; now I must defend myself. "I did not do it on purpose and he knows it!" I shouted into the room, ready to run away at the first sign of danger.

Rina shouted at me, "He might still become an idiot! And that will be your fault!"

This made me laugh, and she chased me downstairs and as far as the front hall, where she caught me and started cuffing me. Just then the door opened and Fräulein Thiess appeared; she had forgotten her glasses. Fräulein Thiess knew very little Italian, and Rina knew no German at all. She hated Fräulein Thiess for her habit of hitting Filippo and Sonia on their fingertips with a ruler, and prided herself on the fact that

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she only spanked them, or, very rarely, boxed their ears.

"That boy is possessed by the Devil!" she cried now. "If he were only sorry when he has done something wrong! But you can never make him apologize. He doesn't even cry when you punish him!" This was all translated to Fräulein Thiess by Sonia and Filippo, and I was enjoying it greatly. First of all, to be known as a child that never cries had always been my greatest dream, because I did cry all the time, in secret. And, second, now I was in the hands of Fräulein Thiess.

I must explain that Fräulein Thiess had always been extremely fair in her injustice. Sonia and Filippo were her charges. All her cruelty, her hate, was concentrated on them. She never noticed my presence. Jules Adrien and I were within the field of competence of the maids and the governess, and if, instead of feeding us, they had placed us on a mantelpiece and dusted us like bronze statuettes, she would not have felt called on to interfere. Not being treated cruelly by Fräulein Thiess had its disadvantages, in terms of honor. Sonia and Filippo loved to tell me about her cruelty, and I knew that some of these stories were pure invention, but every time Fräulein really did something cruel to them, it was a matter of envy to me. What greater privilege, since I was going to be punished anyway, than to be punished by her? I would complain of the same enemy as my elder brother and sister. Perhaps I would become a twin forever.

When Sonia and Filippo confirmed the fact of my never crying, Fräulein Thiess explained, like a teacher addressing a classroom, "But that is very simple. There are ways to make a bad boy sorry. You sit there," she said to me, almost kindly, and I sat down on one of those chairs that are fated never to be sat on, because they are placed in a corridor, where there is no reason to sit down. She asked whether I was allowed to run about the house when I was being punished. Sonia and Filippo and the maid all said yes, and Fräulein Thiess shook her head disapprovingly.

"If we put him in a closet, he would break everything in it," said the maid, who did not want to see me shut up in the dark. Fräulein Thiess asked whether I played with my toys when I was being punished. They said no, and were surprised at their discovery. The fact that they were surprised made me feel superior.

"What does he do, then?"

"Nothing bad," said the maid, who

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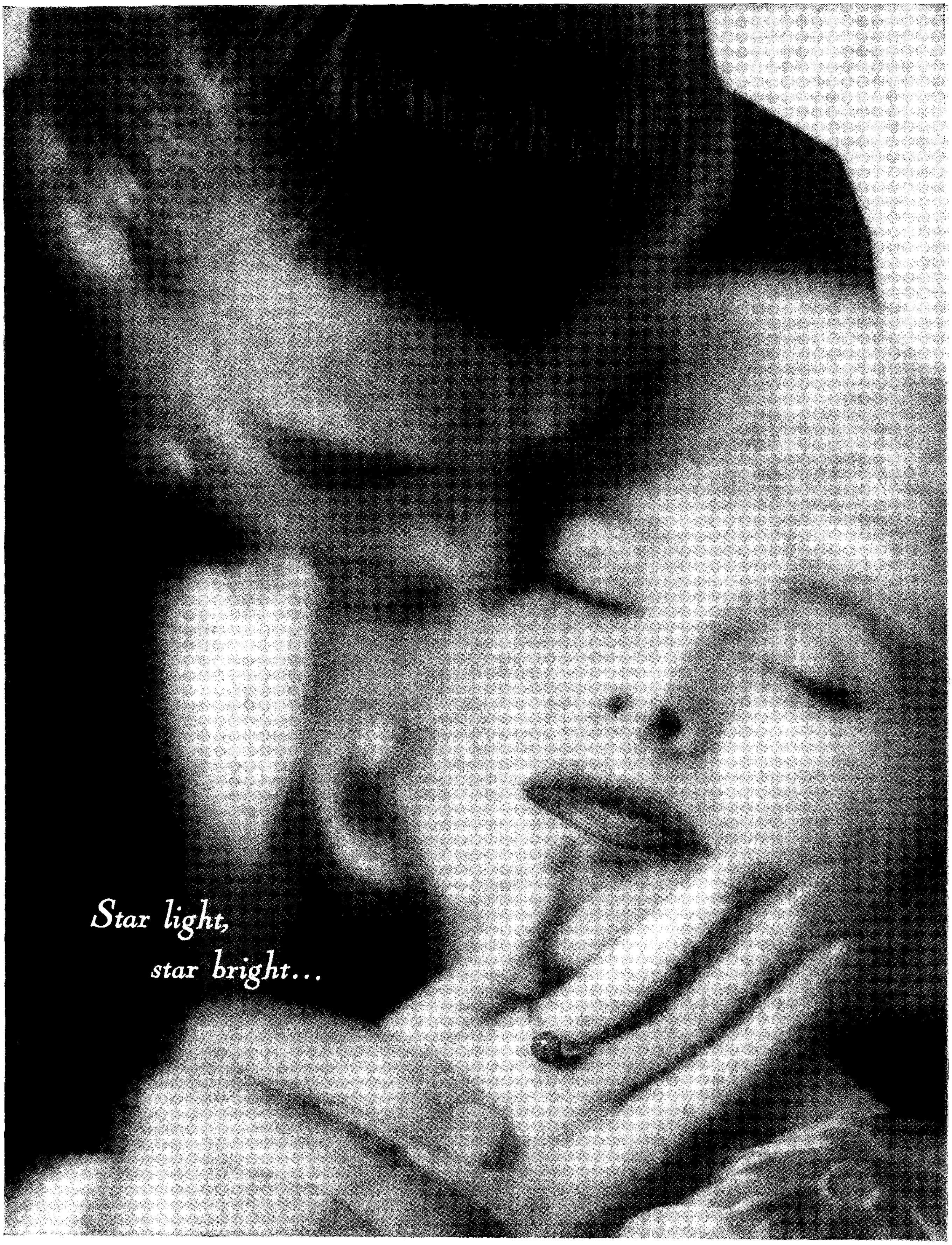

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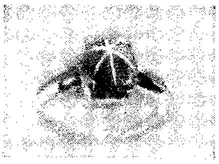

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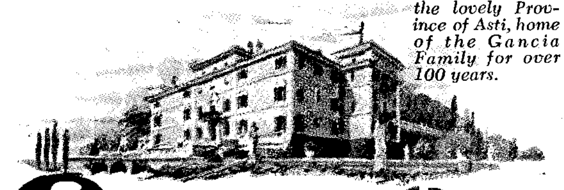

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was beginning to forget her anger. "He is very quiet. He becomes good again after a couple of hours."

"Where does he spend these hours?"

"Oh, in the living room."

"Doing what?"

"Looking at books."

"What books?"

"Any of those books with pictures."

"Is there one he prefers?"

No one wanted to denounce me. Sonia told me later that they would have named any book except the book of mythology. But I ruined myself by my impatience. "It's on the living-room table!" I shouted.

"All right," Fräulein Thiess said. "Now you will show me which one it is."

Acting as if under a spell, and aware of the unusual quiet, I walked into the living room, followed by everybody else. "It is *my* book," I mumbled. "My mother has left it to me in her will." Our mother had inscribed every book, every trinket in the house, to one or another of us, in order to avoid contention among the heirs.

"You seem to be hoping for your mother's death," Fräulein Thiess said.

"That is not true!"

"Remember that I am not your mother," Fräulein Thiess said. "*She* may allow you to speak that way, but I do not. Whatever I have said *is* true. Understand?"

"Yes."

"All right, now show me the book," she said gently.

I had made up my mind to resist, but her kindness again confused me and won me over.

"Forgive me for repeating my request," she said, as if I were a grown person.

"Oh," I said, and went straight to the table, touched the book, and said, "Here. It is mine. My name is in it."

She opened the book and saw my mother's inscription—"To my dear son," and so on. "Well," she said, "that

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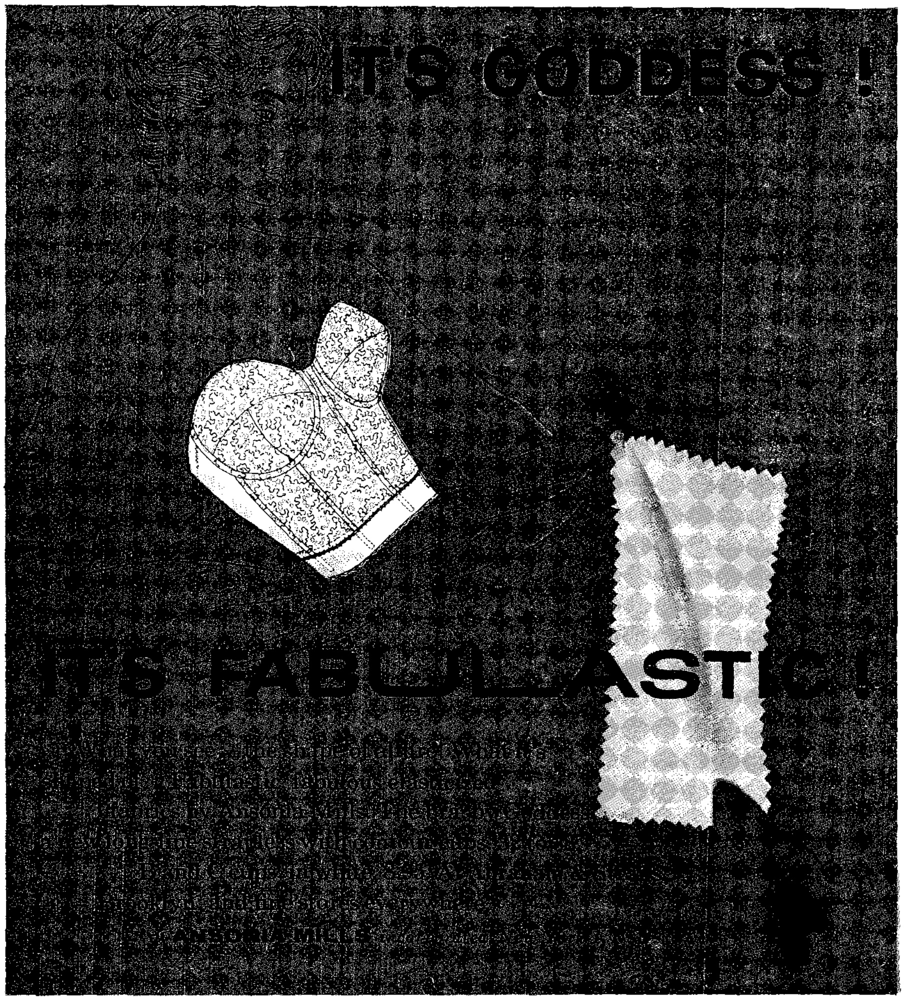

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can always be changed. She can inscribe it to your little brother, for example. What would you say to that? Don't you think it would be a good idea?"

"If she did that, I would burn it."

"You would? How interesting. Will you repeat that, please? What did you say you would do?"

"Scratch it."

"No, no, I heard another word before. What was it?"

Silence.

"Will you please answer my question?"

"Burn."

"Burn what?"

"That."

"That book, you mean?"

"Um."

"Very well, you may do it now." She turned to Sonia, and said, "Bring us some matches, please."

Matches, for us? That was unheard of. "*Messer, Gabel, Schere, Licht,/Sind für kleine Kinder nicht*" was our adage: No knives, no forks, no scissors, no light. Sonia hesitated. Filippo, who was close to me, was pale and trembling. He kept mumbling, "You would not dare!"—because he hoped I would. And I had never been more scared. The maids were very worried, too; there was an atmosphere of madness at that moment.

"Will you bring me some matches?" said Fräulein Thiess again. "He will not do it."

And I said, "Yes, I will!"—meaning, Please believe me, and don't ask me to actually do it.

The maids protested, and Fräulein Thiess said, "Never mind. The police are going to take him to jail."

It never occurred to me that she was lying. Before Sonia could bring me the matches, I scratched the red leather binding with my nails. Filippo leaned over the book, horrified and fascinated, and said, "Look! Look what he has done!"

Fräulein Thiess pushed him away roughly and said, "You shut up, if you don't want to be arrested, too." Then she looked at the scratch and said, sneering, "That's nothing. He is a coward. I knew he had no courage!"

These words went straight to the heart of every one of us. It was as if she had said that all Italians are cowards. To prove to her that Italians are not cowards, I crumpled page after page, and made a long scratch on the face of a god, after which she took the book away from me.

Now that I had proved what I was capable of, I could make any claims—in

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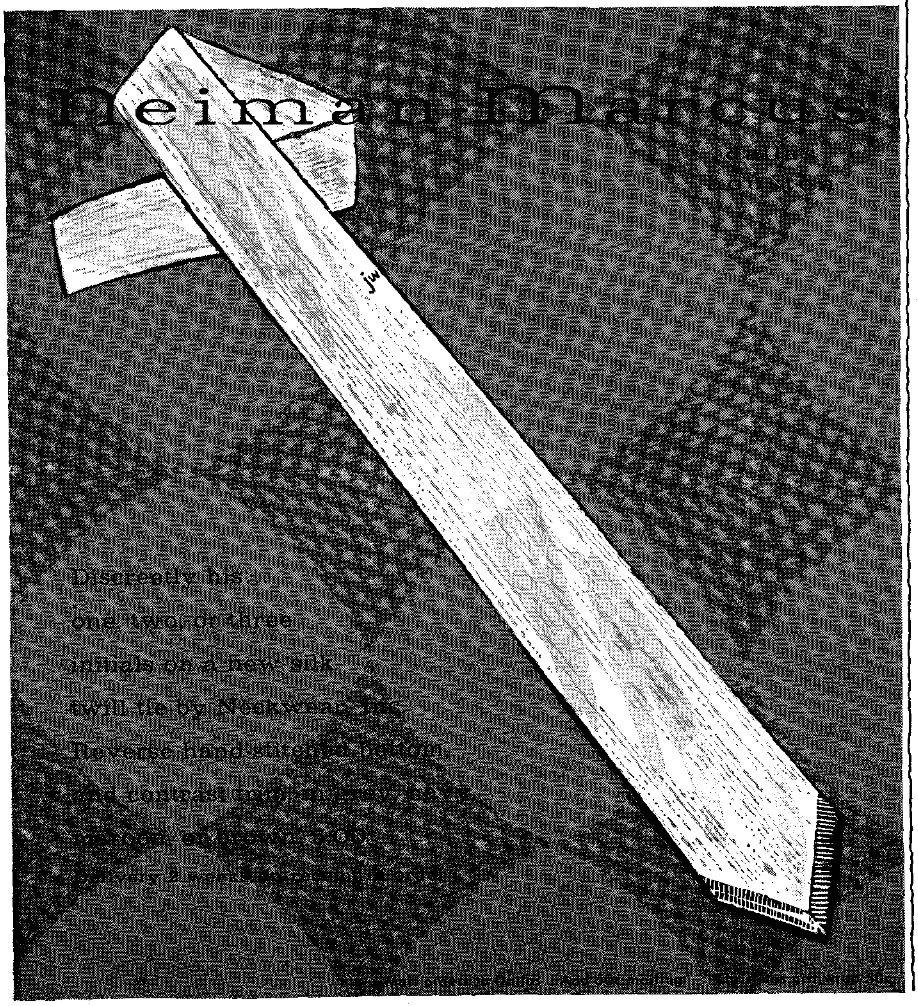

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fact, I had to, for the shame was too consuming.

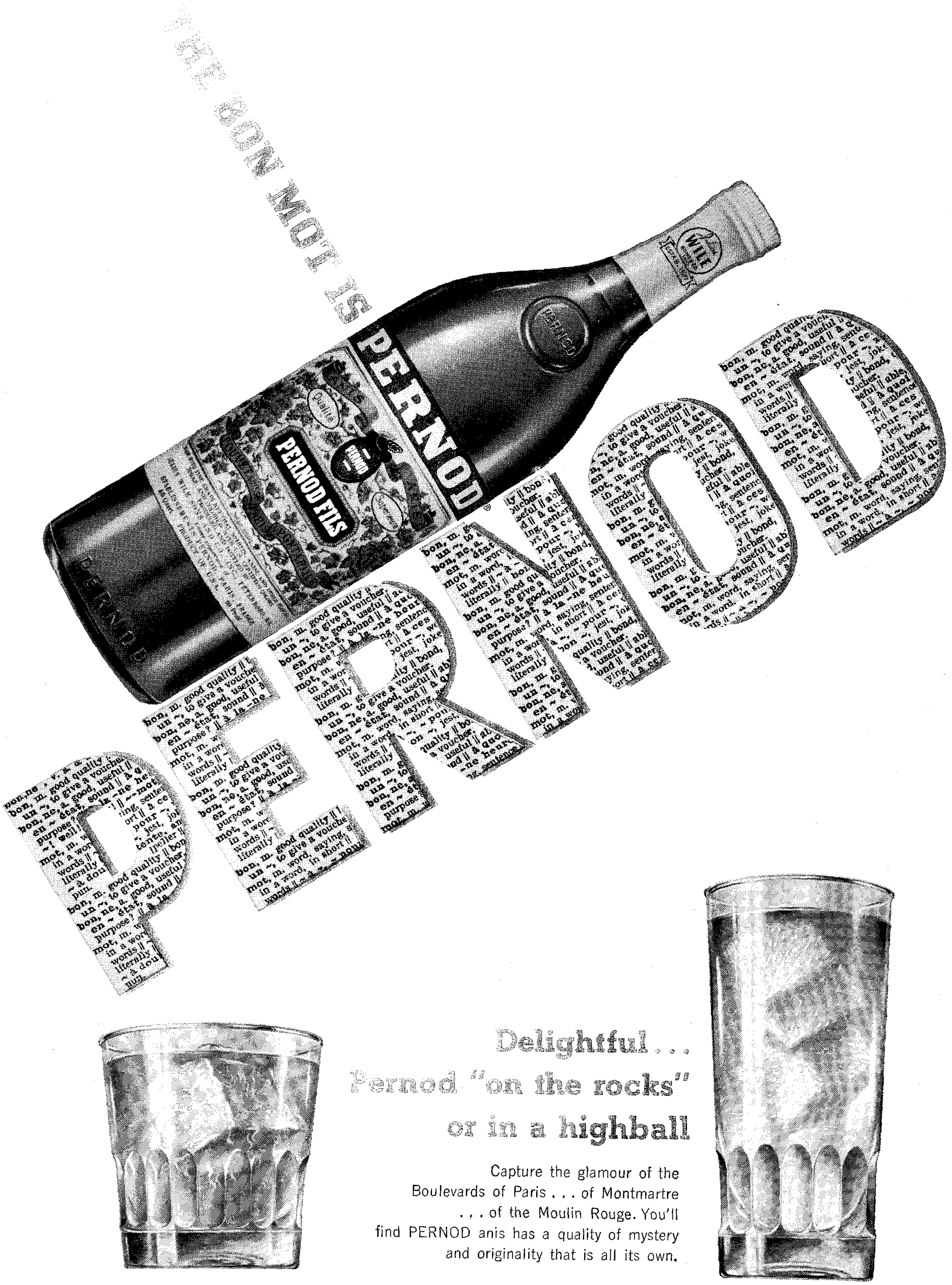
"All right," I said, "and I am going to break everything!" I started toward a Sèvres lamp that stood on a shaky piece of furniture next to the piano, and knew that after I had broken the lamp my next move would be to pull the bust of my grandfather down on me, so it would kill me.

Like a blessing from Heaven came a hailstorm of blows over my head, and from unknown hands, and I was happy. I only hoped I would be maimed forever, made blind or deaf, but the blows stopped too soon, and I looked up and realized it was Vladimir, who had stepped in and taken over the role of our father. "You come with me," he said, squeezing my arm so that it hurt (but not enough, never enough). Then he asked Fräulein Thiess to give him the red book, promising her that he would take care of that, too. "Leave it to me!" he said. "He will never see that book again." And he pushed me in front of him, all the way to his room.

After he had locked the door from the inside, he turned around and said, "What ugly things to do!"—but calmly, conversationally, as if he and I were talking about a third person, whose behavior had been shocking. At last, someone who agreed with me. How I cried in his hands, and how grateful I was that they were clean!

"Want to see something?" he said. He stood facing the door, and said, "Fräulein Thiess?" Then he made the most forbidden noises with his lips and his hands, then he repeated what she had said about taking me to jail, imitating her voice, and then more forbidden noises and gestures, but I was still so shaken that it took me a long time before I could begin to laugh.

I spent over two hours with him in that locked room. He pushed his homework aside and showed me all his best toys, which we were never even allowed to look at, even with our hands behind our backs, lest we feel tempted to touch them—toys he no longer played with but still kept, letting the echo of his childhood slowly die away in their metal. He showed me a toy steam engine of the most intricate make, mounted on his desk with screws, and it actually worked, but you had to use matches to light it; and his precious automobile, with tires, trumpets, handles, curtains, even the chauffeur and the people in their seats, looking aghast from pink porcelain faces; and a real Eiffel Tower he himself had put together, piece by piece, and never yet taken apart. He



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showed me his scientific instruments: the prism through which a ray of sunlight became colors; the large magnifying lens through which sunlight became fire if concentrated on a piece of paper, or even on a table. Then he told me that an ancient Greek scientist named Archimedes had used that lens (it seemed too new) to burn the ships of the Romans who were coming to take Syracuse. He got down his bound volumes of *Das Neue Universum*, a German magazine, with gold sunrays and planets on the covers, and showed me pictures: the skyscrapers of New York at night, with lightning hitting them; a tornado in America; iron foundries with white-hot iron making sparks; sea shells and strange fish deep under water; icebergs and icebreakers; *wildlife*. Then he taught me how to hold the violin and made me play a note, and when the squeakiest sound was heard, he said that I had talent. But no matter what he said or did, I could not help yielding to my despair again. And, in a way, I did not want to be consoled, because I knew that when Father and Mother heard what I had done to my Greek gods, there would be a most terrible scene—not accompanied by blows but marked by solemn words and the sight of my mother in tears—and I preferred to suffer right away and as much as I could. I knew that two weeks from now I wouldn't care so deeply, and so, in partial payment for that debt of remorse, I was offering Vladimir the best fruits of my sorrow now, while I had the money, so to speak. It is strange how a child will calculate these things.

Vladimir set to work on the red leather binding—first with red ink, then with brown shoe polish—and when he was finished, hardly a trace of the damage could be seen. As for the pages that had been crumpled, the plate that had scratches on it, he said he would work on them the next day, with an eraser and a hot iron. He kept assuring me that everything would be all right, and he said he would tell my father that Fräulein Thiess was a bad woman and have her chased away. In the end, just before we went down to dinner, he did the most extraordinary thing; he said to me that, on condition I stop crying, he would make me his twin. But in secret, and only as long as I deserved it.

The moment I heard this, I felt infinitely tired—so tired I could hardly keep my eyes open. The honor was too great. I felt unworthy, did not know how to behave, and was so afraid he might judge me a child after all, and take it back, when he saw my embar-

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rassment. At dinner, I did not look at him or address a word to him, so he would realize that once I had a secret, I could act as if I did not even know it. The news, as I was being put to bed, that we would all (no exception mentioned) go to San Provino the next morning at seven left me indifferent.

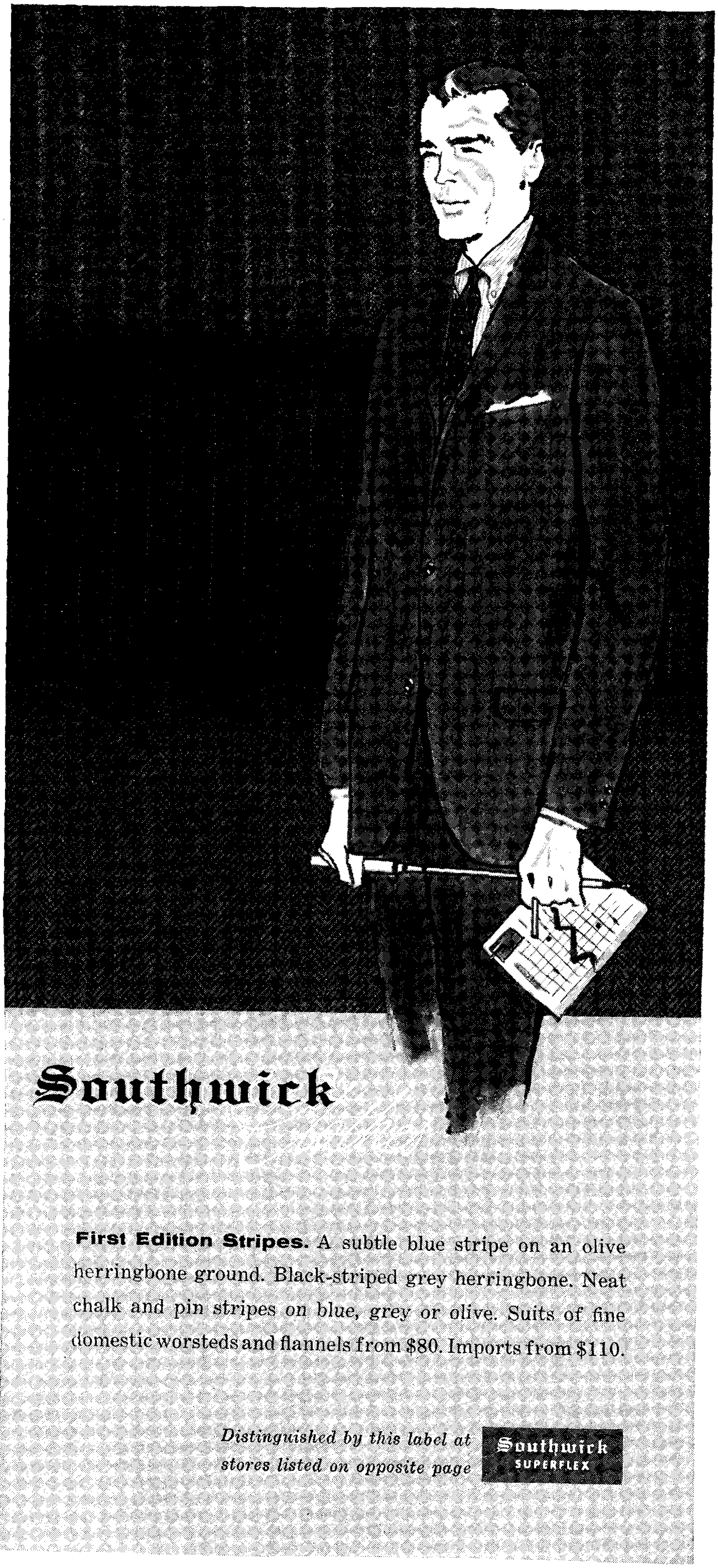
A LETTER addressed to all of us telling us of the beauty of the Hungarian forests and plains was followed by another, in which Mother described a sunrise in the woods, with the birds singing to announce the break of day, and this, in turn, by a postcard addressed to Sonia, from which we learned, in a P.S., that our parents were not going to Greece after all but were coming home to be with us, and quite soon. This news made everything different. It was like Easter for us—a feast of Resurrection. Every single object in the house had to be polished, the curtains aired, the rugs beaten on the terrace. The floors shone like mirrors, and everything smelled clean and new and peaceful.

Then came the preparation of presents, each of us working in his room, either learning a poem by heart or making a drawing or preparing some object for their personal use—a folder for their letters, a ring for their napkin, an embroidered doily for their night table.

The maids were wild with joy at the thought that their masters were returning and they would no longer be under the surveillance of half-maids or of foreign spies (as they called any friend of the family who, on the excuse of paying us a visit, came to see how things were in the house).

Given the atmosphere of joy of those last days, there was no excuse for being bad, and, conversely, the threats of "writing to your parents" or "telling them on their return" no longer worked. Nothing would have been more unpleasant for the maids than to have to report that one of us had misbehaved. Filippo must have felt this, or he would not have chosen that moment to act as he did. Why did he have to do it? Especially when he was always so submissive, and his revolt came when everything else had worked out for the best. One day, for various crimes and misdemeanors at the lunch table, he was slapped on his wrists by the governess, rejected by us silently as a brother, and sent to his room.

Right after this incident, as we were walking out of the dining room—Sonia to prepare for her lesson, I for my nap,



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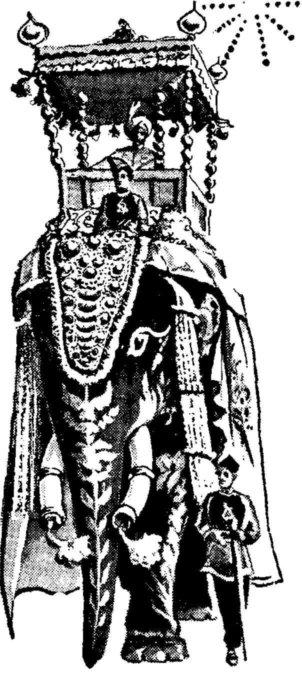

and Vladimir for his homework—Fräulein Thiess said, "Now, before we start our lesson, let's put my poem on your father's desk, together with the other presents." And then, forgetting that he had just been banished from the world of good children, "Where is Filippo?"

I ran to call him, and urged him to be quick, quick, or we would get there after she had already put her poem on the desk. He took such a long time buttoning his shirt and putting on his coat that I finally said, "I am not going to wait for you."

"All right, don't wait," he said. "I know the way."

"Bad boy," I said, and left the room.

They had not waited for me; they were all in the bedroom, in front of Father's desk, and Fräulein Thiess was inspecting our presents. "You cannot have the same flowers grow on trees and in the grass," she said, speaking of my portrait of Father and Mother in a forest in Hungary, in the act of caressing a deer. "And then, your parents are too small. Either make their heads smaller or their bodies much bigger."

I did not know what to say. "Must I change everything?" I asked.

"No," she said. "But next time you should remember these things. You still have a great deal to learn." She then found two mistakes in my letter; said that Filippo should rewrite his because the calligraphy was too childish; praised Vladimir's drawing of an arch with columns, flower capitals, statues, and an inscription to our parents that looked as if it were written in marble; praised Sonia's embroidery, and even the embroidery attributed to Jules Adrien but actually the work of the maids. Only then did she allow us to admire her own work—the perfect calligraphy, the elaborate Gothic initials, and the spotless paper. Filippo did not seem interested

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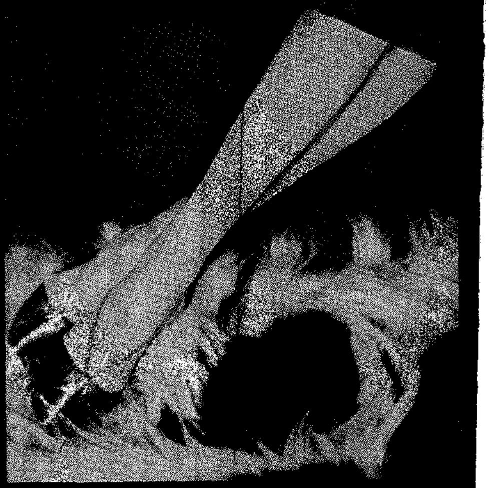

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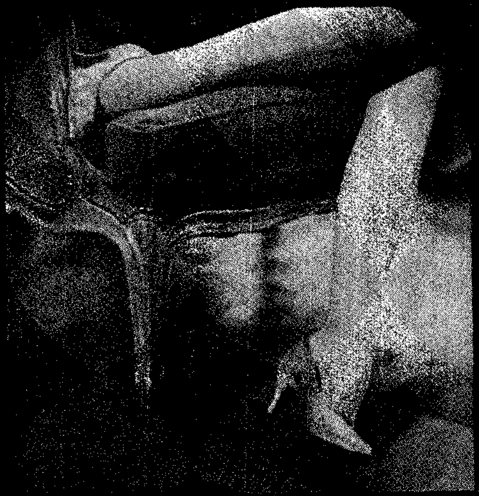

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at all. He stood back, looking amused, and that disturbed me. Did he know something about Fräulein Thiess we did not know? Was her work really good or should we laugh at it? I asked him in a whisper, while Fräulein Thiess occupied the whole front of the desk with her body, and Vladimir and Sonia were giving her poem the best place in the display, and he said, "I can do something much more beautiful."

"What?"

"This."

He did something I prefer not to describe. I could not even ask him not to do it; she would have heard me. But Vladimir caught a glimpse of us and pinched his arm.

"See?" Fräulein Thiess was saying. "This is the way to write. I did this all in India ink, without staining my hands."

We stood looking at the paper, deeply impressed—all except Filippo.

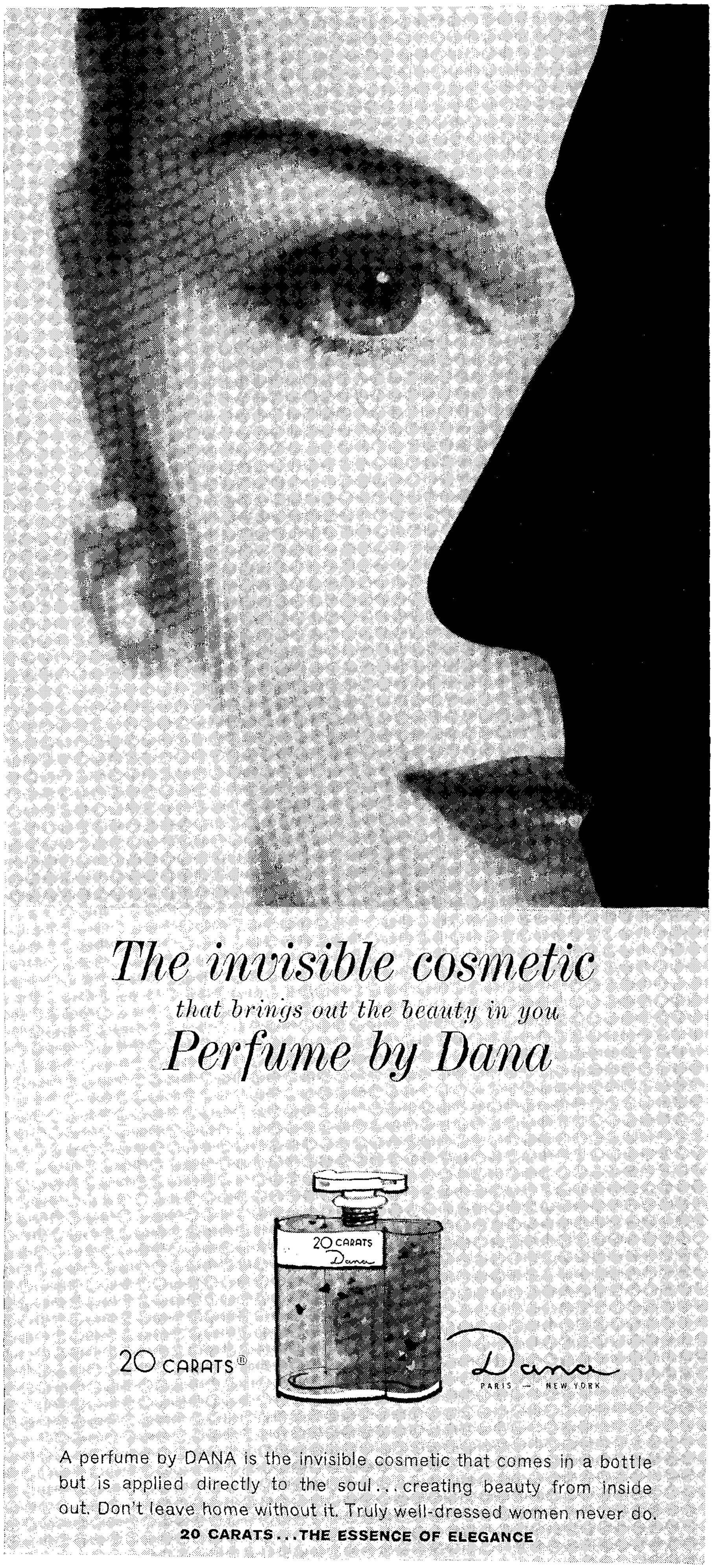
"Well?" she asked him. "Do you like it or don't you?"

He smiled, and said nothing.

"Aha, I see. I was doing you a special favor by asking you if you liked it or not," she said. "I don't have to ask a stupid little boy if my writing is good." She took a deep breath and shouted, "Out of here, now! And get your books for the lesson!"

The next day was a Sunday. We were to go to a village called Cadro, visit a cousin of one of the maids, spend the morning there, gathering flowers to decorate the house with, and come back in the afternoon. The maids were worried lest Filippo ruin all our plans and force us to stay home. They hated him already, at the mere thought of this possibility.

I listened at the door of my room and heard Fräulein Thiess say she would not give Sonia and Filippo any homework, provided they did their dictation without a mistake. I ran to the kitchen to report that everything was all right. But just as I was saying this, a yell of indignation came from my room. "Is that an 'm'?" Silence. "Is that an 'm'? Answer now." And Filippo still did not answer. Soon the pounding of fists on the table was heard, and then silence again. But a few seconds later, doors were flung open and banged, and Sonia appeared in the kitchen, asking for lemon. Filippo had dipped his pen into his inkwell so angrily that he had disseminated stains of ink of all sizes on Fräulein Thiess, on himself, on the books, on Sonia's work and his own. And again he had laughed. Sonia was out of her wits. Now she must copy the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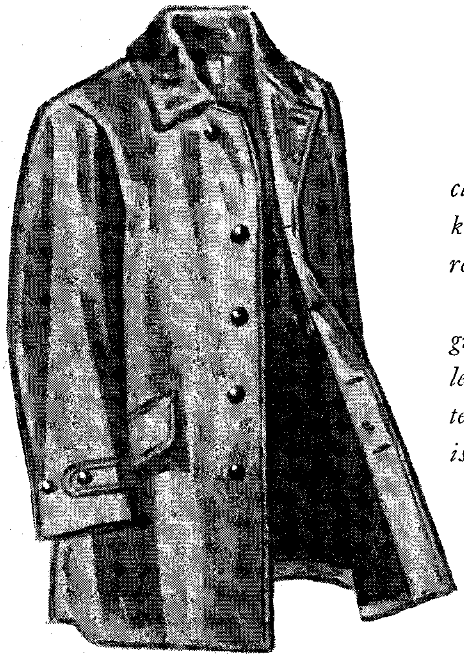

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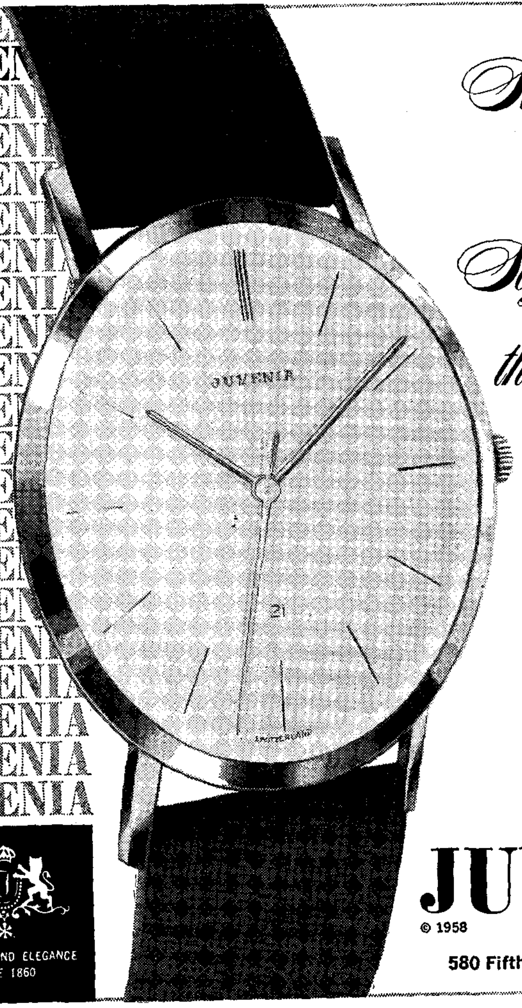

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whole page over again, and tomorrow there would be no excursion to Cadro.

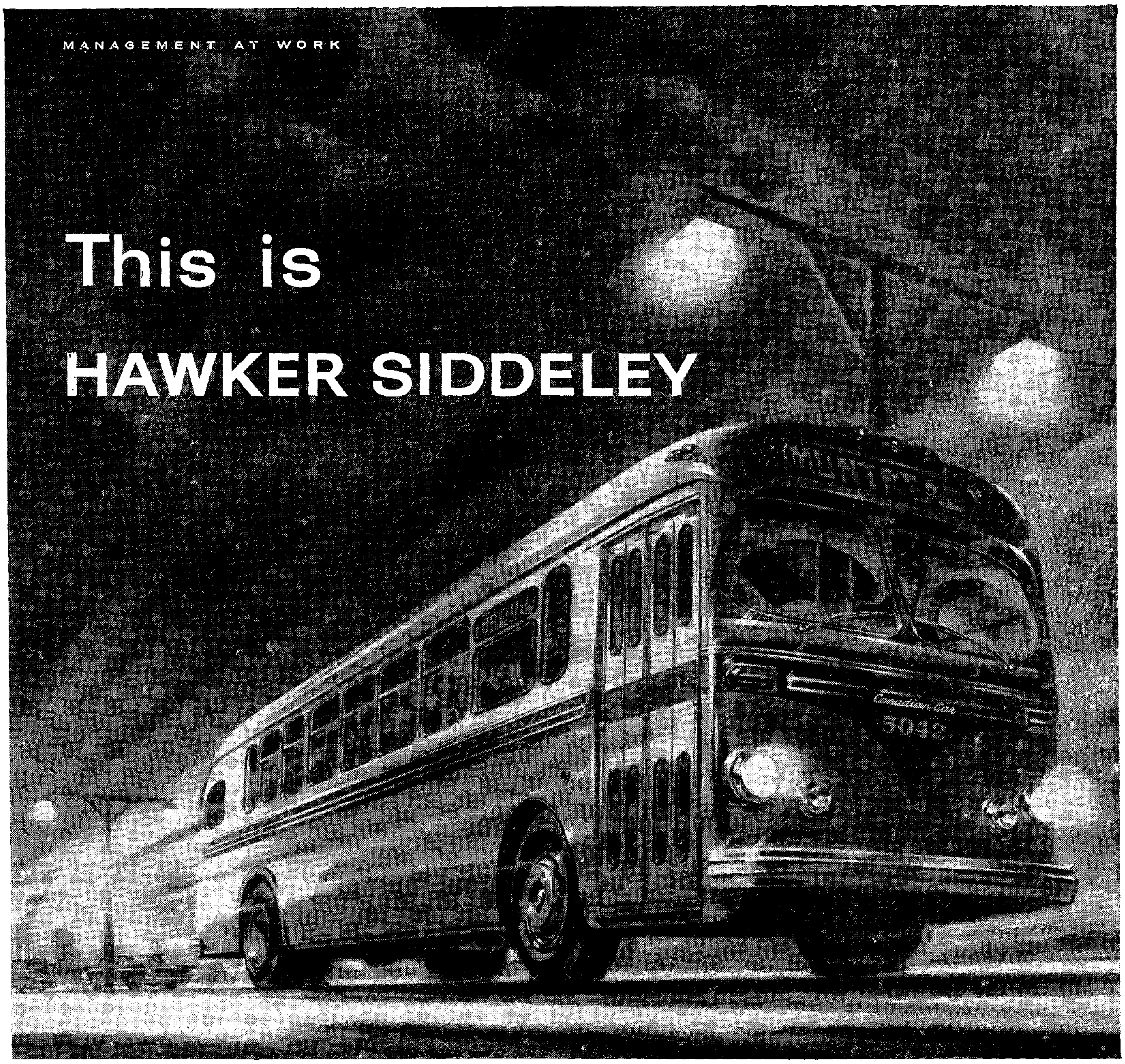
Fräulein Thiess decided to give Filippo a last chance, in spite of everything. If he copied that page he had spotted with ink blots a hundred times that afternoon without a single mistake, she would still let him go to Cadro with us the next day. But if he failed to do so, then he must go all the same, carrying a big sign over his forehead, on which she wrote the words "*Ich bin ein Esel.*" That would teach him a lesson.

But he was incorrigible. Instead of doing his homework and getting it over with, so he could go to Cadro in the morning, he sat there writing dirty words on the pages of his notebook, on his hands, on his shirtsleeves, on the table, even on the wall, and each time he did one of these things, my fear and horror became greater, and at the same time a sense of anguish gripping me at the throat made me a part of these crimes. I felt sorry for everybody—for him, for Fräulein Thiess, for our parents—until I needed consolation more than he did. Now for the first time I could see myself as others saw me in my bad moments. The amused smile on his face, his hateful remarks, his cold acceptance of the fact that he was a born criminal and that nothing could be done about it.

His crimes were discovered, of course, and he was punished at once: no hot chocolate for him. Sonia and I had formed an eternal twindom that was never going to be broken. And we no longer bothered to notice his presence.

We were just beginning to enjoy our chocolate with yellow corn bread, butter, and marmalade when the bell rang, and who walked in? Mme. Kondratoff. She was back from a long trip, had seen our parents weeks before, somewhere in Germany, and was wondering whether they had returned or not. We were instantly around her asking questions, and she suddenly asked why Filippo continued to sit off by himself in a corner. So we began to tell on him, we and the maids, and he looked rather worried now. She listened for a while, cupping her hand around her ear (she was hard of hearing) and seeming quite indignant. Suddenly she said, "Very well, I know, I know." And without waiting for the rest of the indictment, she marched toward him, grabbed him rudely by the shoulders, and kissed him on his eyes, on his cheeks, on his hair. Then she said to him, "Come, sit down here and have a cup of hot chocolate with me."

Two cups were brought, corn bread,



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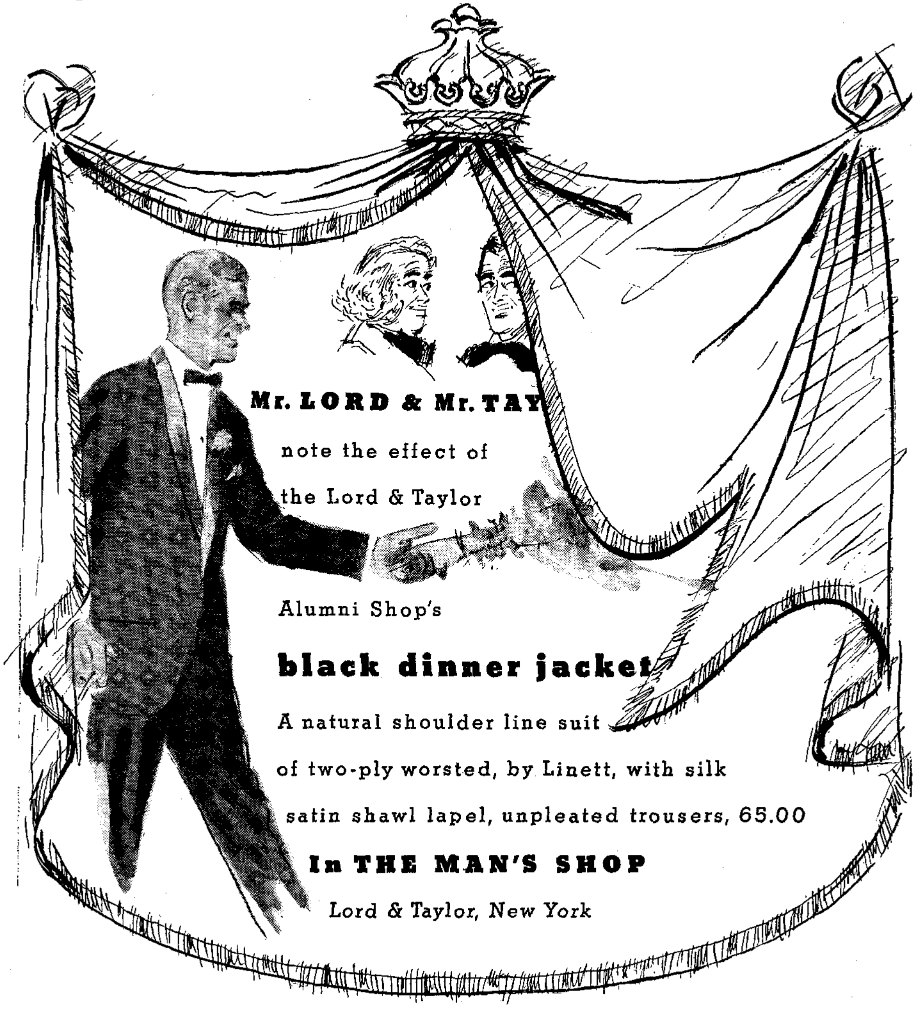

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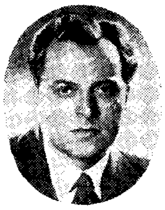
butter, and marmalade were given them, and they ate while we looked on, not knowing what to think.

ON the last day, every vase in the apartment was filled with flowers. The accumulation of mail was placed on Father's desk, with our presents. And then we had to decide the question of who would go to the station to meet them. Would it not be much better to wait for them at home? This debate had begun the evening before, and it went on for each of us in his dreams. Go to the station and not tell them what awaited them at home, or stay home with our presents?

Filippo had convulsions that night, I a nightmare (the two guilty ones who had something to hide). Sonia and Jules Adrien had funny dreams and told them at breakfast. Fräulein Fischer, Ida, Rina, and even Fräulein Thiess had all been visited more or less openly by that mysterious thing Good Counsel, which comes only in sleep, and to all it had said, "No one at the station." As the time of our great separation wore itself to an end, we argued, but the arguments went on only on the thinnest surface of our minds—only with words—and then even the words lost all their meaning. It became difficult for us to remember their meaning. We asked questions, and when the answer came we were surprised, because we had forgotten our own question. Images of that doorbell or that noise of the carriage in the street—auditive images intruded all the time, and charged our heart with heaviness. In the end, we were ready—just ready, nothing else, and so ready that each minute seemed a delay. And yet we knew that there was still an hour, then a half hour, then twenty-five minutes, then twenty-four. Time seemed to grow tired, sick, behind the face of the clock. What was wrong with those hands? And when it turned out that they were late—first five, then ten, then thirty minutes late—we could not speak. Why were they late? What had happened? Had this anything to do with God? And therefore with our punishment? Vladimir "directed" the train traffic from the window: "I heard a whistle. That must be a freight train. It is waiting at the red signal, and behind it is the Paris train. . . . Yes. . . . Did you hear it, too? There it goes again. . . . See the smoke? No, that smoke is coming from some freight train. But that smoke there! Wait! Hear it? Yes. That is it."

We played a similar game with the carriages that passed under our win-



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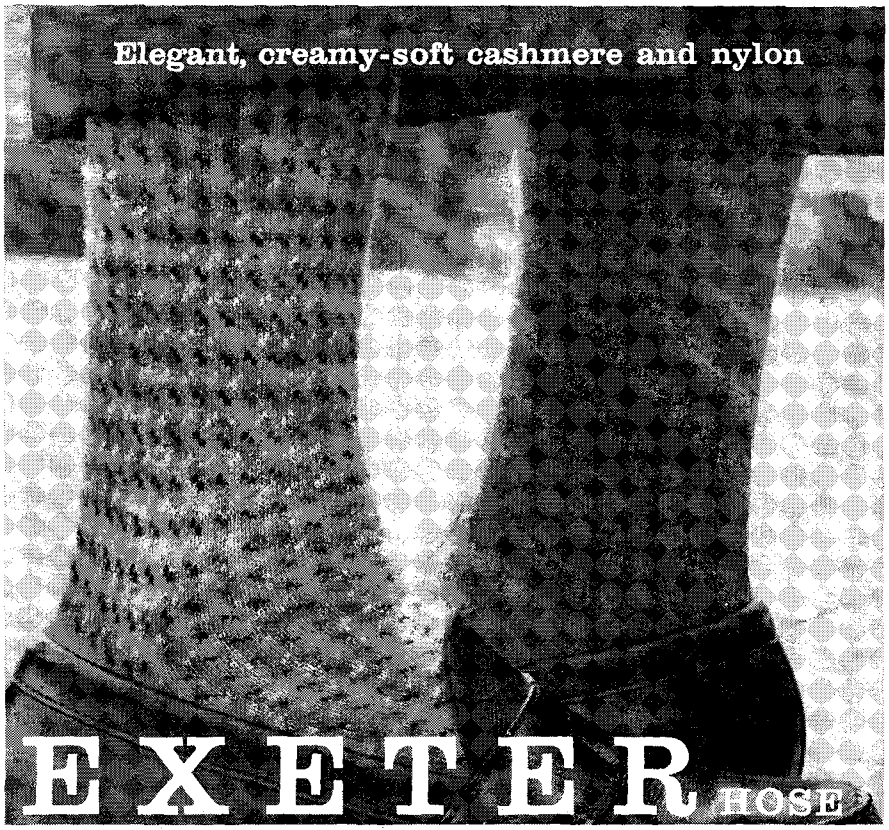

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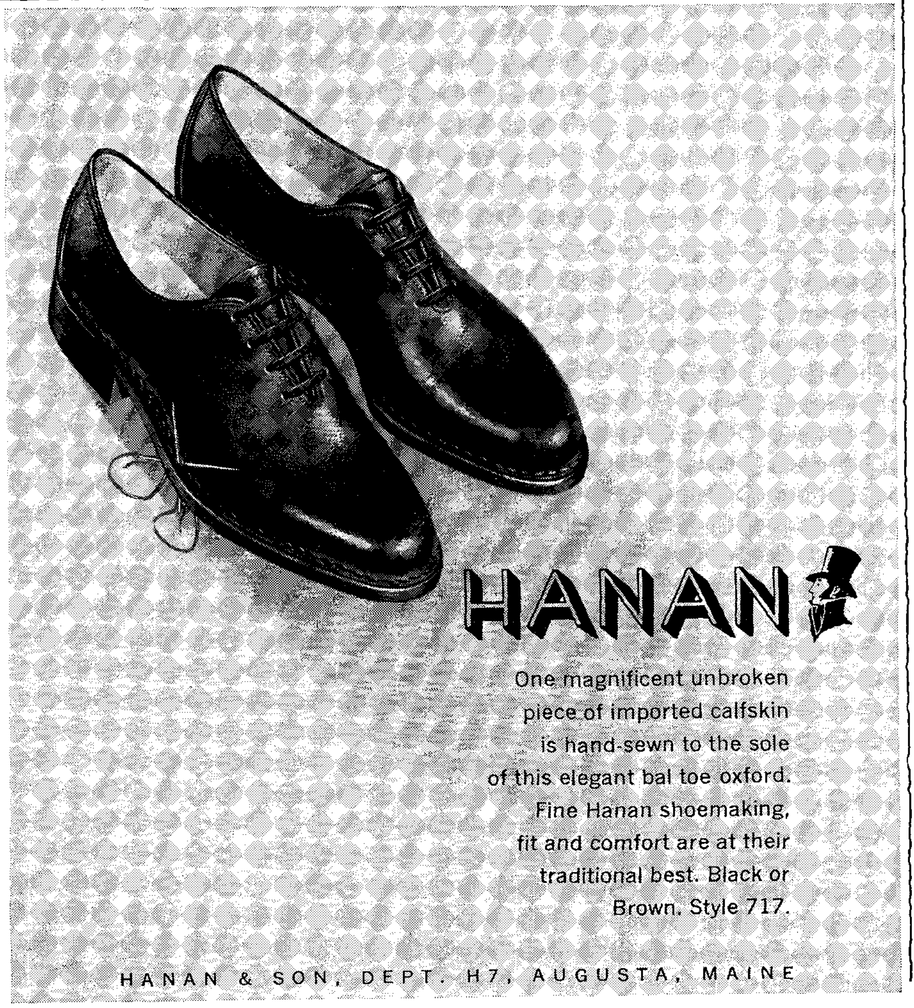

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dows. "No, that is something else. I know it cannot stop. Wasn't I right?" "How about this one?" "I don't know." "But it sounds as if it were to stop here." "One cannot tell. No, it won't stop. Besides, the train has not arrived, so why should it?" When the bell rang, neither whistles nor smoke nor carriages had been found promising, but they were there. There could be no mistake. The maids ran down the stairs, and we could hear their shrieks of joy, and then words, voices, *their* voices. And now they came upstairs, yes, they came, yes, here, right here.

The wound was closed.

"How you have grown!" they said, and we stood very erect, to exhibit every millimetre, and cheated a bit, by slightly lifting ourselves on our tiptoes. That was our first surprise—to have grown taller without knowing it. But they, too, seemed to have grown. She had a hat so huge and with so many feathers that it looked like the clouds of that oncoming thunderstorm in the pastoral scene over my father's writing desk. Gray feathers, too. And Father's neck in a stiff collar was longer than the one he had before leaving. But otherwise they surprised us by being all right there in front of us, collected in their physical presence—not in ten rooms at once and outside, too, but in one little portion of one room. And when they moved from one place, they were gone to another. This was a second surprise. And our impatience to exchange presents with them. In what suitcase would we find ours?

"Wait till you see what awaits you in that room!"

Entering their bedroom, they saw the stately display on the desk and said, "Now, what is *that*?"

"Oh, nothing, nothing!"

And now the anguish. Would they appreciate every present as it deserved?

Would they know what it had cost, first in invention, then in work?

They had just begun to read the inscriptions on their presents when the sight of an envelope killed everything. They grabbed it—almost tearing it from each other's hands, like children—opened it nervously, read it together, looked at each other, making big eyes, and then whispered to each other.

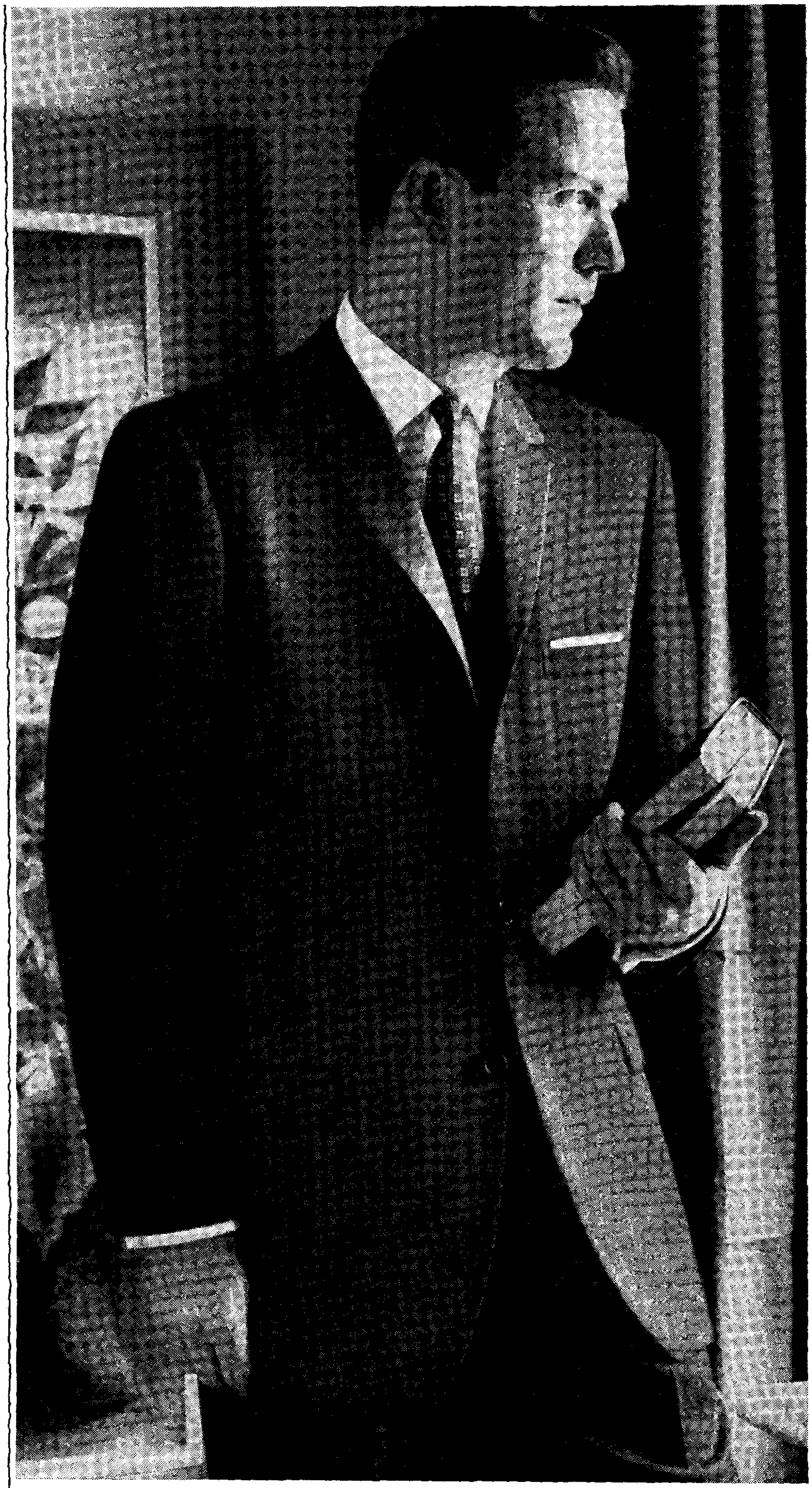
"Out of here, children! Out! Out, please!" said our father. "Your mother is very tired."

"Oh, no!" she said, suddenly tired. "I am not. What nice presents! How thoughtful of you all! Really, very, very thoughtful! We will examine everything in detail tonight. And, by the way, who forwarded the mail to us while we were away?"

EXILED to our rooms, with our governess now officially in charge, we waited and waited for it to be established who had neglected the forwarding of that important letter, and then for the endless flow of self-justification from the guilty non-forwarder to be stopped. ("Enough of this now, please! It is not important! We told you now merely so you'll remember in the future. Please! We have other worries now!") The only difference between this and their absence was that then the sacred character had abandoned the house and every single object of the house. Now that the gods were back, to us human beings was given nothing but a wise instinct to stay out of their way as long as there was thunder in the high regions.

And thunder did roll down the noble peaks, like trunks on stairways. Who had told them that Filippo went to Cadro wearing a sign on his forehead saying that he was a donkey we never knew. We suspected Vladimir, but were told by the highest authority in the house to stop guessing. Vladimir was no spy, they said. At the same time, whoever did not report everything to the highest authority in the house was guiltier even than he who had done wrong. There must be discipline and order in a loving family. "If your own brother has done wrong, who but his loving parents can right him again? Does he need your protection against those who love both you and him and who alone can tell what is best for you?"

Thus it could not have been Vladimir, though he was liable to be punished if he did not tell everything, and it was not the governess and not the maids. ("Do we, a loving family, need foreign spies or illiterate people to get the truth about our loving children? Is it not their



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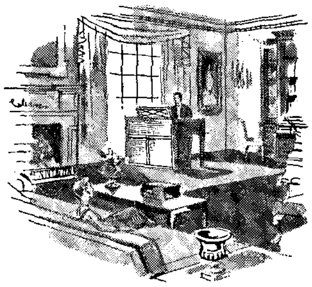

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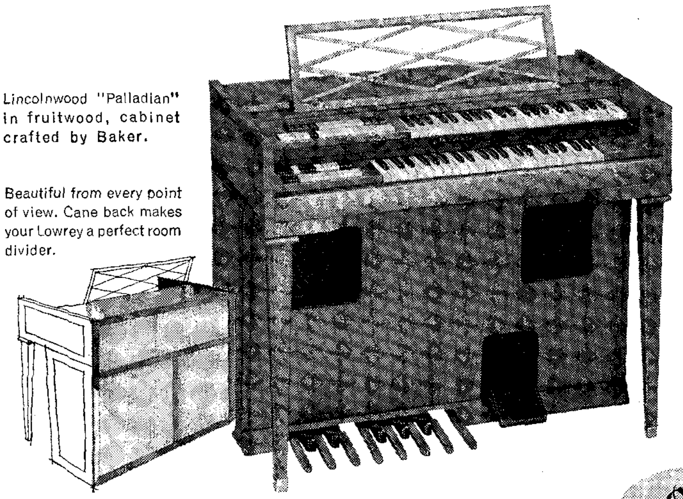

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first care and wish to confess everything? And don't you understand that if you hide your guilt from your own parents, the only people in the world who really love you, you remain guilty, you nurse the very seed of evil in your heart, and you declare yourself a better judge than those who, after God, are your only guides and judges in this world?")

So we confessed. I confessed that I had hit Jules Adrien when we came home from our walk, and Filippo confessed about the ink spots, and I forget what Sonia confessed but after she finished it was my turn again. At first we confessed hesitantly, and then with so much energy and enthusiasm that we confessed to things we had never done. Confession gains momentum; you become anxious to see the bottom of the well, to get there first; it is an open competition between you and your judges—the only form of liberty left to man in the presence of his gods. And this confession turns out to be an accusation (though an unwilling one) even of all those who stood by you.

Vladimir had to explain that if he had repaired the damage to the red book, it was not to instill into my soul the fear of those who loved me but to console me and to repair the book—indeed, to spare the gods one more sorrow.

In the course of the day and by these painful processes, the gods reëstablished themselves on their true altars. And we felt clean and happy again.

—Niccolò Tucci

•

Murray Smith, the director, is to be congratulated for the deft way in which he has his cast handling their roles. Comedy is not easy to prevent convincingly.—*Denver Post.*

Oh, yes, it is.

•

Q. How can I make a tooth powder?
A. By mixing thoroughly five ounces of areca-nut charcoal, two ounces of cuttle-fish bone, one ounce of areca-nuts, raw and powdered. Strain through a fine sieve.
—*Upper Darby* (*Pa.*) *News.*

There goes Squibb out of business!

•

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Phoenix* (*Ariz.*) *Republic*]

While the Iban bride sat cross-legged on the floor, hair ornately decorated with flowers, a messenger announced her father had gone pig-hunting.

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THE THEATRE

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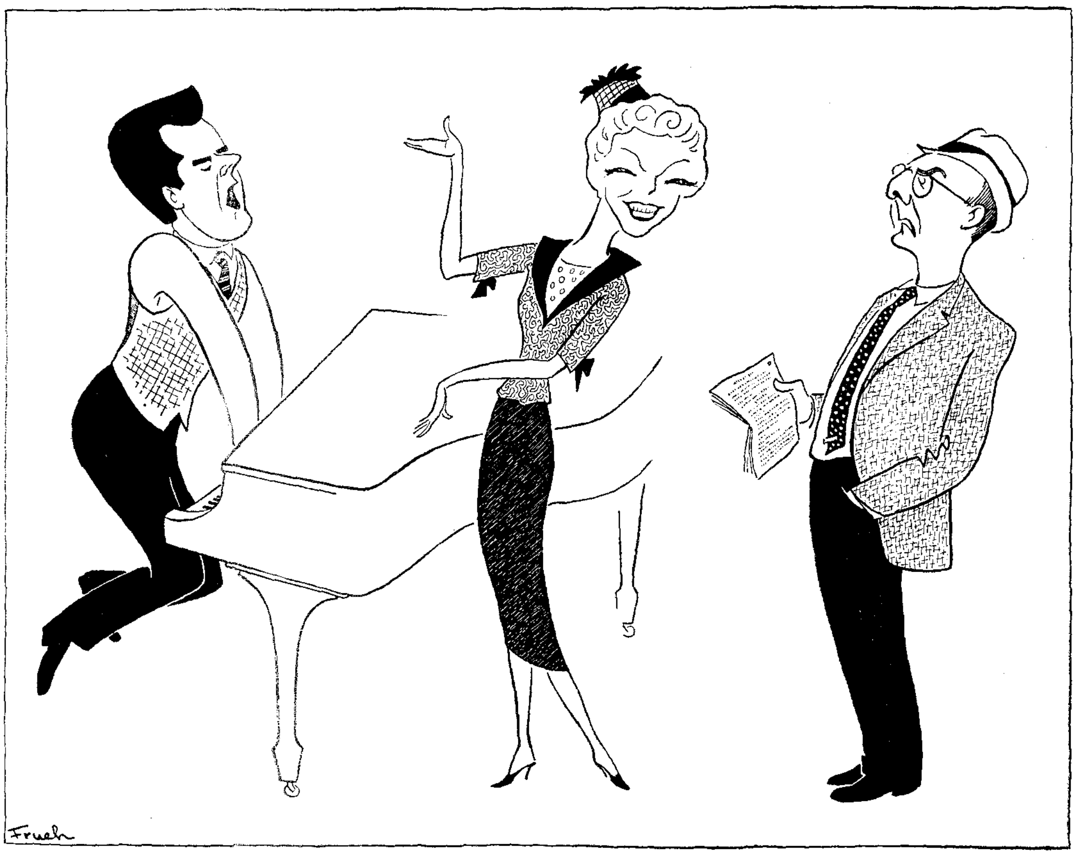
AN ARTIST AND A SADIST

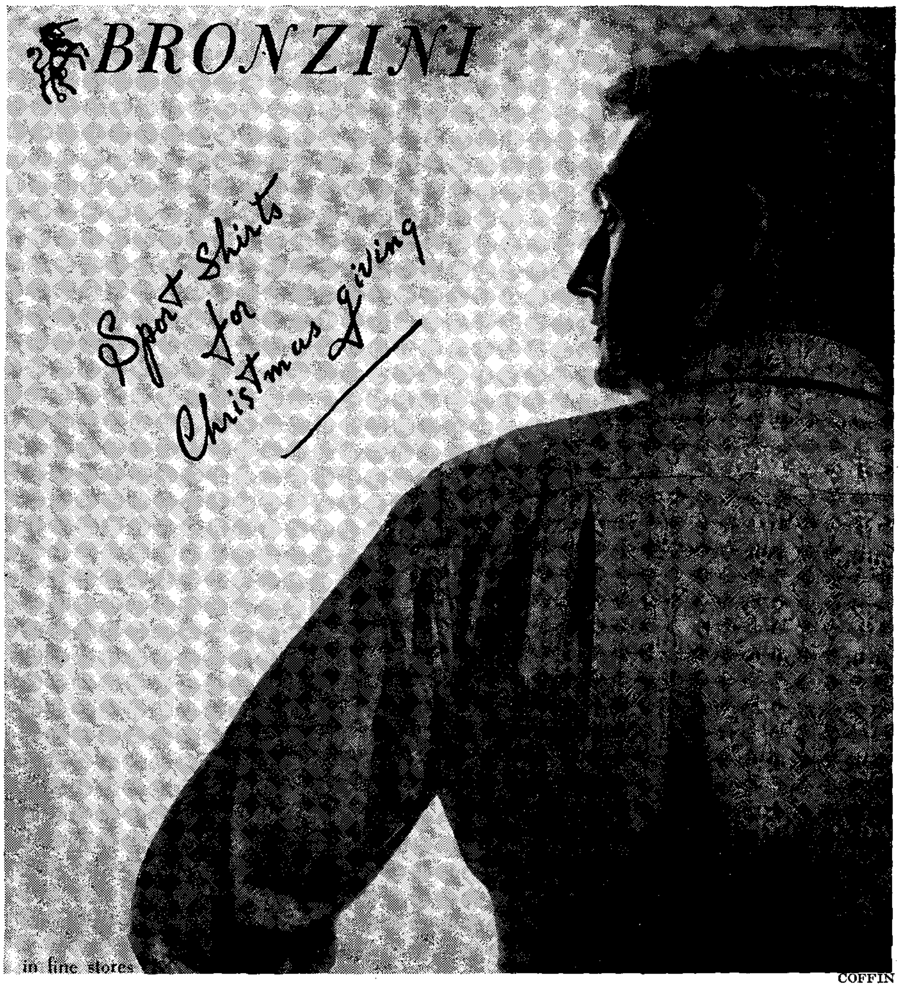
IN "Epitaph for George Dillon," the long, grim, and eloquent play by John Osborne and Anthony Creighton that opened at the John Golden last Tuesday, the hero recites his own epitaph—not when he is dying or expecting to die but when, late in the last act, he is preparing to face the consequences of a more dismal experience, surrender. Dillon, a playwright and part-time actor in his middle thirties, has just sold himself out artistically. After years of torturing himself with the question of whether he has talent or merely "the same symptoms as talent, the pain, the ugly swellings, the lot," he has accepted a kind of failure, the blackest kind possible for him. "Here lies the body of George Dillon," he says, ". . . who thought, who hoped, he was that mysterious, ridiculous being called an artist." "Here" is the house, in a London suburb, of a poor, shrilly respectable family from whom he has been cadging money, food, a bed, and sympathy while he probed his symptoms and tried to postpone his surrender. A little earlier, he had wondered aloud if it might not be possible to find "euthanasia" for his doubts by settling down in this house, with this family, for good. Now, at the time he delivers his epitaph, he has committed himself to finding out. And the prospects, both for euthanasia for Dillon's dilemma and for peace or contentment for anyone in the play, are bleak as the curtain falls. The authors have shown that Dillon is the victim of a sickness that is certain to be endlessly painful in our time, in London or elsewhere in the world, for any such sincere but luckless, and probably inadequate, poet as he is said to be. What has also been shown—perhaps more uncompromisingly than the authors intended; I think Robert Stephens, who plays the role, has had an important influence here—is that Dillon is a thoroughly bad type. "He made no one happy, no one look up with excitement when he entered the room," Dillon says of himself at another point in his epitaph. That is a ruefully romantic and wildly conservative way of describing the man's unattractiveness. His plight, in other words, is not entirely a generic one; it seems to me that an independent quality of selfishness, and even viciousness, contributes to it. If I'm right, the fact represents a flaw in the play, which is basically a study of broad human truths and social atmospheres rather than of personal idiosyncrasies.

As I've suggested, Mr. Osborne and Mr. Creighton may not have meant Dillon to be the natural-born heel that I think he is. In their plans, his nastiness may have been—in part, anyway—the product of his special disease. They have him say that when he comes onstage, in his work as an actor, he is hated on sight; he must beat the audience down to gain its respect. They seem to hint, and so does he, that his artistic integrity is responsible for this resistance. I would guess that it is accounted for by the integrity and instinctive good taste of the audience. A woman, the most intelligent member of the family off which Dillon sponges, questions both his qualifications for success and his sincerity. "It just seems to me," she tells him, "that for someone who makes a religion of being brilliant, you must be very unlucky," or, she is implying, very ineffectual, and possibly a charlatan to boot. If the authors do not wholly agree with her, I had the feeling that Mr. Stephens does. He is a deceptively vigorous and thoroughgoing actor; as he lounges, whines, sneers,



"SAY, DARLING"

The man at the piano is Johnny Desmond, the man with the script is David Wayne, and the animated young lady between them is Vivian Blaine. All three purport to be deep in show business in Richard Bissell's, Marian Bissell's, and Abe Burrows' comedy, with songs, at the ANTA.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and lies his way through the part, he makes it impossible to sympathize with the man he represents. Dillon may suffer in his soul—in fact, Mr. Stephens shows clearly that he does—but he deserves to. There is a fine scene in the second act, between Dillon and the woman I've just mentioned, in which the playwright-actor indulges himself from time to time in outbursts of wit and candor. But even here he is always, in Mr. Stephens' hands, blankly selfish, tirelessly self-pitying and self-justifying, and completely objectionable. One of the authors, Mr. Osborne, has become identified, through other recent plays, with a mood of angry protest. George Dillon is not an Angry Young Man. He is a sullen, hurt, and weak one.

I can't believe that Mr. Osborne and Mr. Creighton would have written a play in the wide, ambitious terms they have used in "Epitaph" if they had regarded the hero as just a congenital louse. I'm sure that they are convinced of his honesty—before the sellout—as an artist, and of the validity and universality of his tragedy. Unfortunately, they didn't convince me of these things, and for that reason I couldn't admire their play unreservedly. Still, it's a substantial achievement, with a good deal of strong, wise, mordant writing in it. The authors may not take quite the same view of Dillon's weaknesses that I do, but they recognize them, and discuss them pretty pungently. The family that harbors the starving artist is full of flavorsome characters, most of whom are rewarding in their very banality. Actually, the first act, which is given over largely to the ordinary doings of these people, is an awkward one; it spends a lot of time setting up pieces of plot and a sort of secondary moral background while barely managing to convey the

nature of the play's main theme. But I enjoyed the slow look at life within the mustard-colored walls of the family's sitting room. There was an exotic fascination for me, as a foreigner, in the physical details of this life, and in the talk about the "telly" in the lounge ("There's some skating tonight, I think," "That'll be nice"), the coming coach excursion up to Salisbury (Norah, one of the daughters of the family, is coach-mad), and "the nice boiled cod with parsley sauce" for supper. Dillon loathes the family: the mother, whom he swindles; the younger daughter, whom he seduces; the coach-mad daughter, whom he taunts; and the father, whom he patronizes. "They don't merely act and talk like caricatures," he says, "they *are* caricatures! That's what's so terrifying." They are, of course, stronger than he is; his dreams break against them, and his falseness and vanity corner him in the position of having to pay his debts to them in order to be tolerated by them.

Besides Mr. Stephens', there are two particularly good performances in "Epitaph for George Dillon"—one by Alison Leggatt, as the mother of the family, and the other by Eileen Herlie, as her sister, a woman who has been as unlucky in her hopes as Dillon has in his, but knows how to lose more gracefully. Wendy Craig, Frank Finlay, and James Valentine also do excellent work.

SPEED LAMKIN, who wrote "Comes a Day," the new arrival at the Ambassador, has been influenced by Tennessee Williams, I should judge, in this play about love, marriage, and tribal existence in a town in what seems to be the Southern or Southwestern part of the country. His symbolisms are darkly lush, and the mental condition of most of his characters is morbid. The unhealthiest of the characters—a rich real-estate operator who is betrothed to the beautiful daughter of a couple whose own marriage has been at least mildly unhealthy—turns out before long to be an outright padded-cell case. Until the truth about him becomes plain, as it does in the second act, he is merely sinister, and, as such, somewhat provocative, like the plot of the play up to then, and like certain signs of shrewd observation in the speech and behavior of Mr. Lamkin's people in general. But if Mr. Lamkin is a shrewd observer, he is also a thirty-third-degree credulity-strainer. There came a time, as I watched the steadfast broadmindedness of the girl's parents toward the sadistic suitor and his money, when the story began to run

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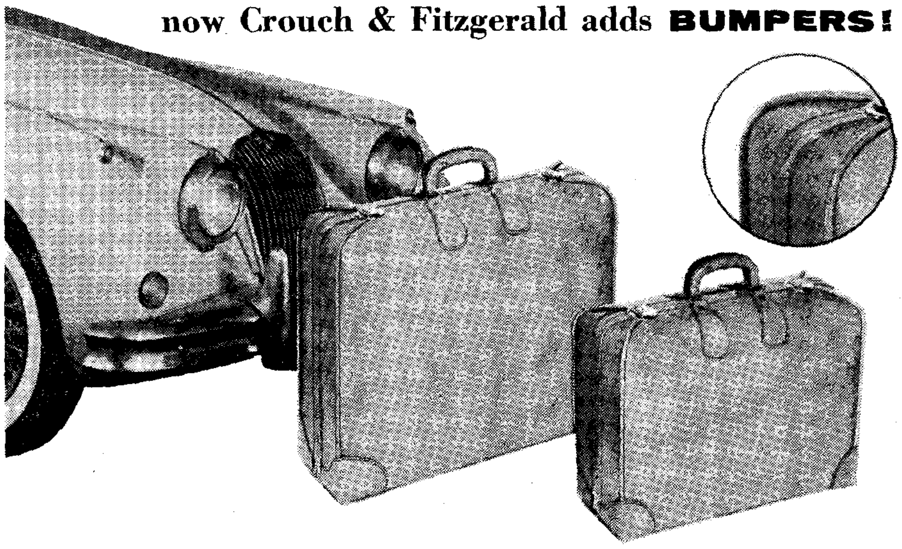

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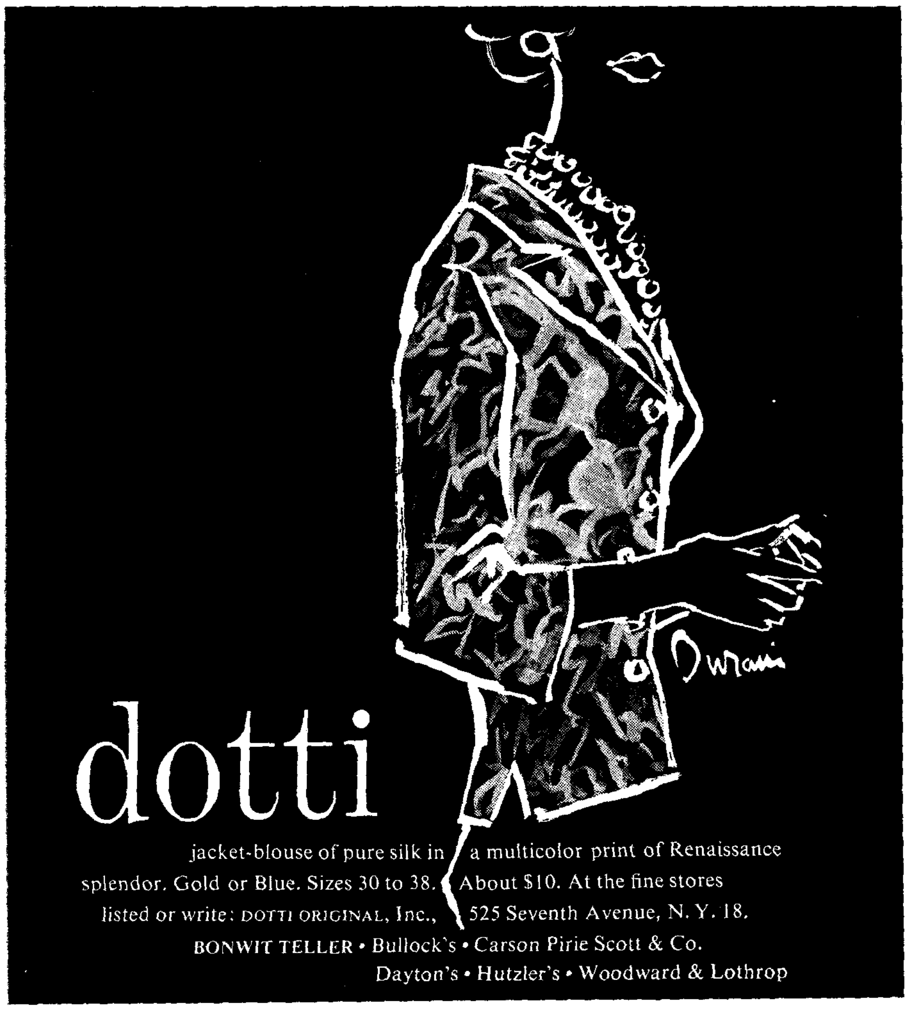

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in my mind to the tune of a grand old ballad:

This girl got engaged to this fiend in the South,
And the match was on;
He crackled his knuckles and foamed at the mouth,
But the match stayed on;
At the mention of sex,
He made moves more complex
Than the windup of Warren E. Spahn;
He carried a knife, and he'd maimed his first wife,
But the match went on.

A couple of drinks made him leap like a frog,
But the match went on;
He frankly admitted he'd killed a pet dog,
But the match went on;
He butchered a crow,
And he fell on the flo',
And he swam o'er the rugs like a swan;
He—

It was at this point, or thereabouts, that something—I think it was the fact that the real-estate man had pulled his knife on the brother of the bride-to-be—led the family to break off the engagement and return the wedding presents.

I should mention that George C. Scott does an ominous, acrobatic, and wholehearted job as the fiancé with a mental quirk. Judith Anderson is striking as a greedy mother, and Diana van der Vlis, Brandon de Wilde, and Arthur O'Connell are first-rate as the potential bride, her brother, and her father, respectively. —JOHN LARDNER

OFF BROADWAY

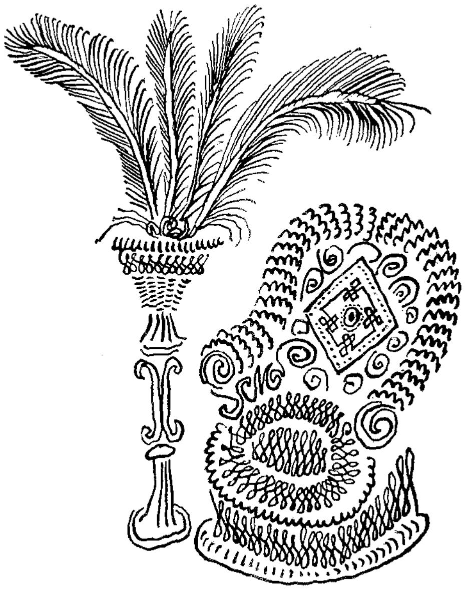
Vinaver's Way

LET us hope that Steven Vinaver will profit by the rather cool reception accorded his revue "Diversions," and never again inflict upon the patient critics a work of freshness and wit. If Mr. Vinaver, who is only twenty-two, will abandon his natural bent and try to master the art of writing exactly like everyone else, the press should be more than willing, once he has achieved this end, to declare him a gifted and original young man. On Mr. Vinaver's behalf, though, it must be said that "Diversions" offers little cause for complaint, aside from its unfortunate novelty. It is, in fact, a very lively production.

The essence of Mr. Vinaver's peculiar art might be described as a theatrical variant of the philosopher's *reductio ad absurdum*. He begins with a situation that has about it some semblance of reality, and quickly inflates this conception to a state of bulging absurdity. We may take, by way of example, Gubi Mann's spirited reading of

Kipling's poem "Boots." Miss Mann had scarcely begun her work when another member of the cast appeared and, darting a look of dim resentment in her direction, deposited a pair of riding boots on a table. He was rapidly succeeded by another player with another pair of shoes and another look of suppressed exasperation, then another, and another, until the stage was alive with the produce of A. S. Beck and I was rollicking helplessly in my seat, which ill could stand the strain by reason of its great age. It is hard to account for this hilarious convulsion in the cold gray light of the morning after, but I am confident that any reader who will submit to the same experience will fall victim to the same perturbation. He will also succumb, in all probability, to "Here Comes the Ballad," whose singer avows a great distaste for her work; to "Roll Call," in which a pupil named Melvin Farberman passionately recites an ode he has composed on his name; and to an *a cappella* rendition of "Bolero," by five members of the troupe, that almost makes one sorry for Ravel.

Of the twenty-two items in the revue, in fact, only two seem seriously deficient, and in both cases they mark a deliberate relaxation of the author's assault on the risibilities of the audience, to allow for a catching of breath. I wonder, though, if sentimental songs are the only way to achieve this necessary alternation of mood. It seems to me that much the same result might be obtained, with less detriment to the program, simply by taking up a collection for the Red Cross in the middle of the first act, and another for the Myasthenia Gravis Foundation in the middle of the second, inasmuch as nothing leaves an audience in greater need of



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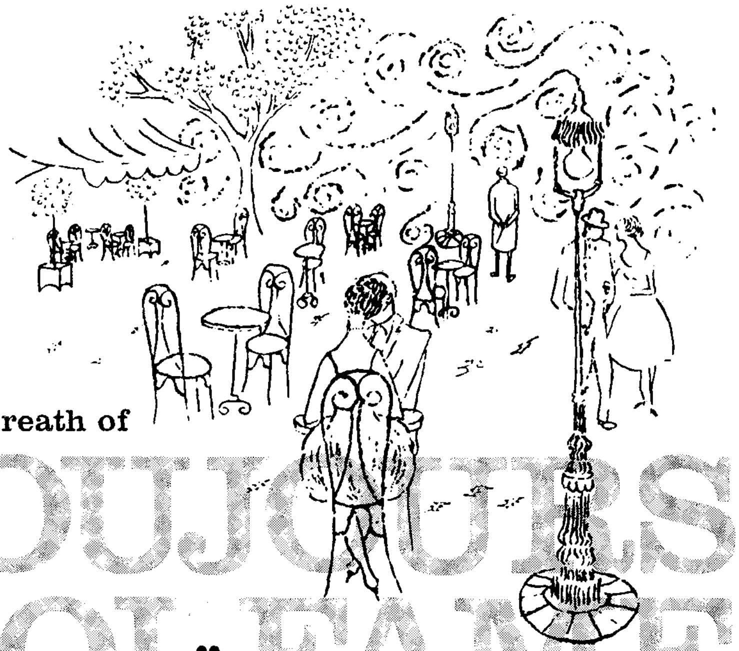

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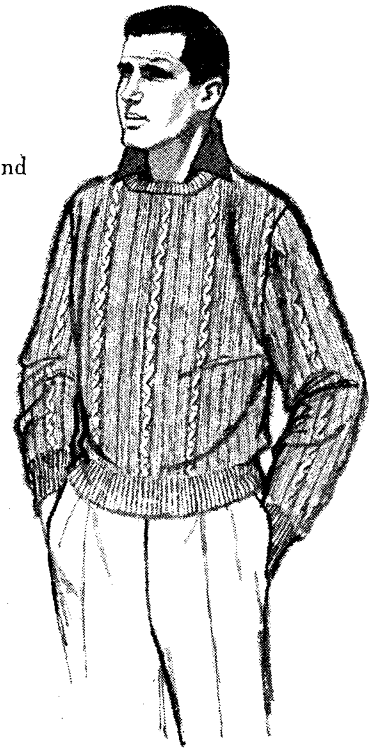

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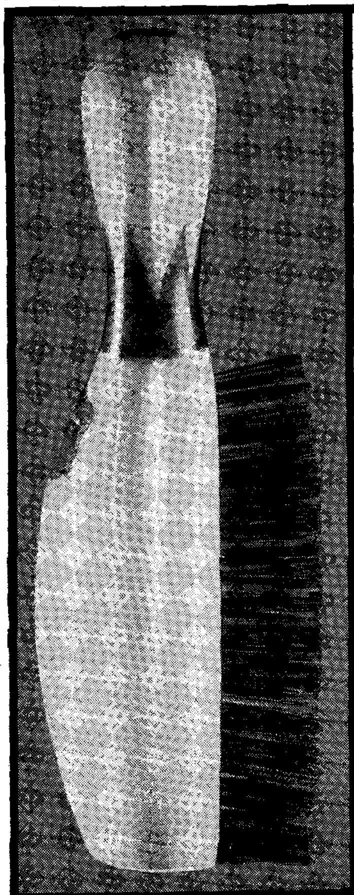

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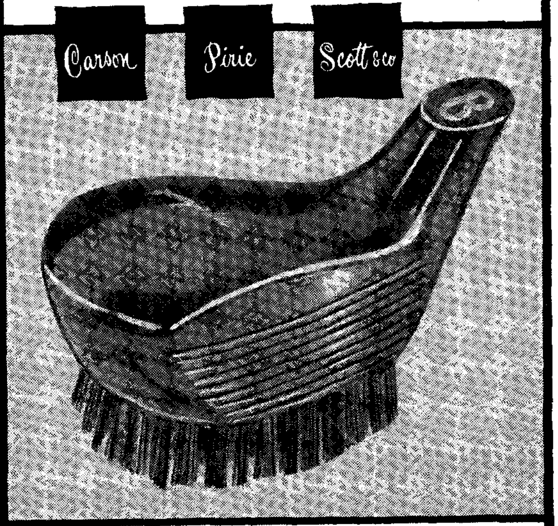

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cheering up than a clear public call to contribute to some worthy cause. The money thus collected might be used to provide the Downtown Theatre with seats that are less apt to play sudden and unexpected tricks on the sitter. It is worth thinking about.

In the art of near-pantomime that Mr. Vinaver has adopted, the author, once he has roughed out the central idea, is really less important than the director or the actors. Therefore, Mr. Vinaver is to be congratulated on his director, who is himself, and on a spectacular cast, which, besides Miss Mann, includes Nancy Dussault, Aline Brown, Peter Feldman, Thom Molinaro, and Cy Young. All are energetic, graceful, intelligent, skillful comics, and to single out Miss Dussault and Mr. Molinaro for particular praise is but to place them at the head of a very bright class. Fans of Ernest Winzer, the dry cleaner, will be happy to know that his career continues to prosper and his art to deepen. Having scored a triumph with the Roman garments of "The Golden Six," Mr. Winzer has gone on to demonstrate, in "Diversions," an equally impressive mastery of the contemporary trouser. His every crease bespeaks superb *élan*. —DONALD MALCOLM

•

From Brazzaville, the bustling French city on the banks of the Congo, I hear that a native has been sentenced to death for eating his nephew. The nephew, it seems, provided his uncle with four days' food.

It was in this area some months ago that a French Senator disappeared. It was later assumed that he had been eaten by his constituents—the ultimate political sacrifice.

A friend who commanded a troop of cannibal suspects during World War I tells me that outbreaks of eating human beings usually coincide with a shortage of salt.—*London Daily Telegraph & Post.*

And our wife on a salt-free diet!

•

THE CREATIVE LIFE

[*From Printers' Ink*]

How does the inspiration come? Sometimes it makes rather unorthodox appearances. After undergoing major surgery last year, Mahler awoke from a seven-day coma with the words and music for the Cocilana Cough Nip jingle in his head:

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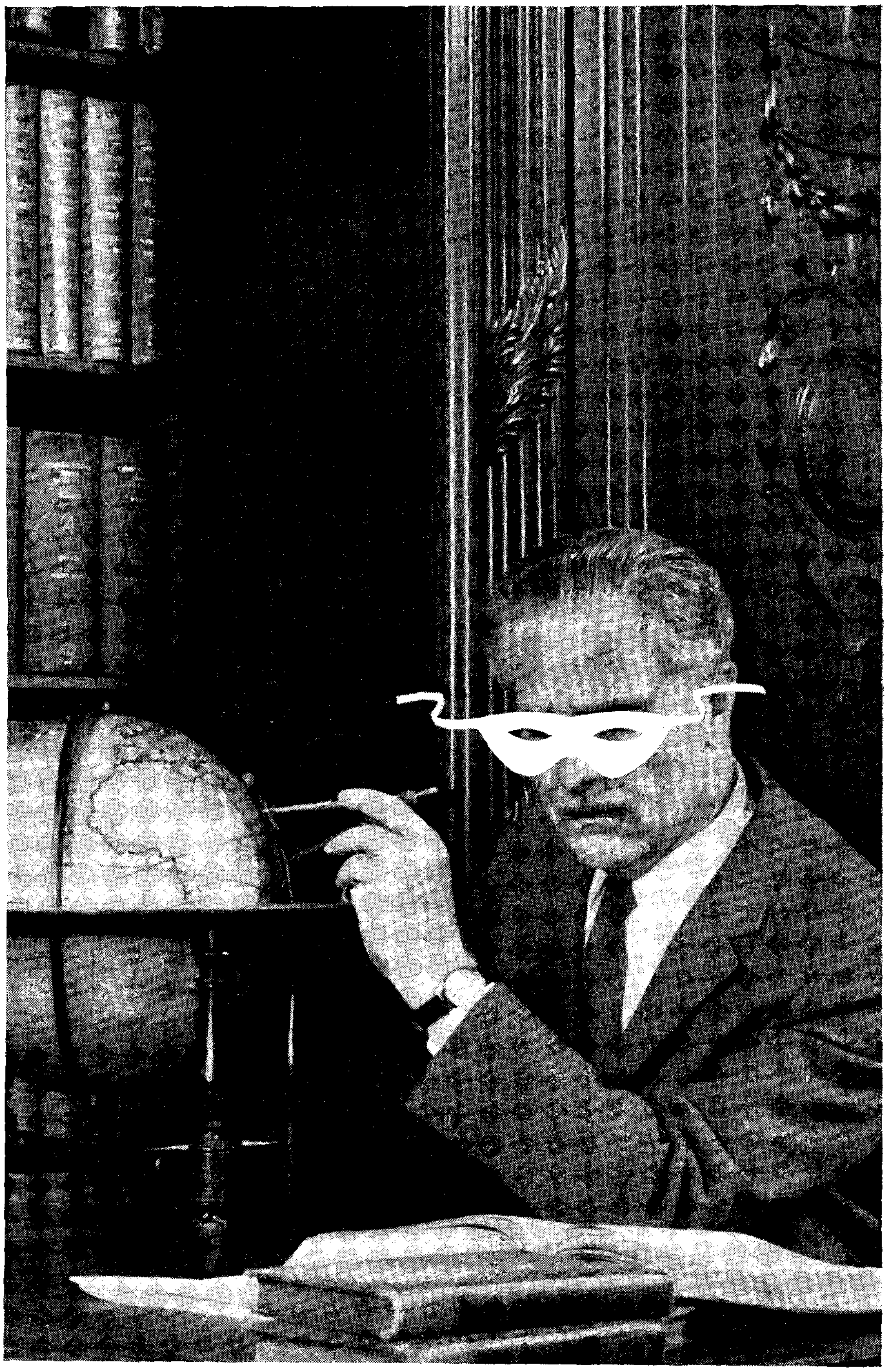
Cocilana Cough Nips."

FOOTBALL

Circus Days

As on the eve of many another battle, there was a festival at Princeton last weekend. Its culmination, on Saturday, was a gymkhana, in the course of whose five hours and forty-one minutes anyone who was willing to eat his bean porridge cold and on the run could watch, in consecutive order, the Harvard and Princeton junior varsities, freshmen, and varsities meet on three separate but fortunately not widely separated playing fields. The Princeton jayvees made it 20–0, the freshmen 10–0, and the varsity, after a deal of heavy breathing, 16–14, and thereby hangs a comic tale. For the spirit of festival was still at work among the young men in uniform. At one tense moment, Ravenel, the Harvard quarterback, turned to hand the ball to one of his three backfield playmates, only to find them gathering wool in a remote part of the campus; at another, Princeton's Jack Sullivan, in full flight toward the Harvard goal, with the ball under one arm, was knocked into a double somersault by Ippolito, his own quarterback; at a third, a Princeton center shot the ball a good twenty yards past the rearmost Princeton back; and, finally, some of Harvard's lateral passes seemed to have been thrown with the eyes shut. One of these gave Princeton's Shepardson a chance to win the year's award for quickest thinking on one's feet. Harvard's Repsher was nearest the wayward ball, but Shepardson, coming up fast from behind, laid him low and Princeton's Shaughnessy got it. As a result, Sullivan, who has spent a good part of the season in the repair shop, made Princeton's second touchdown in just three plays, after which Iseman tossed a pass—appropriately, to Shepardson—for two points, putting Princeton in the lead, 16–8. The two points turned out to be the ones that won the game. There was, as so often happens in Princeton history, a Pyrrhic aspect to the victory. Late in the game, Iseman sustained such damage that he will not be seen in action again this season, and Sullivan once more had to be removed for repairs.

The Waterloo of the weekend was not at Princeton, since it was expected that the home team would somehow or other manage to come out a bit



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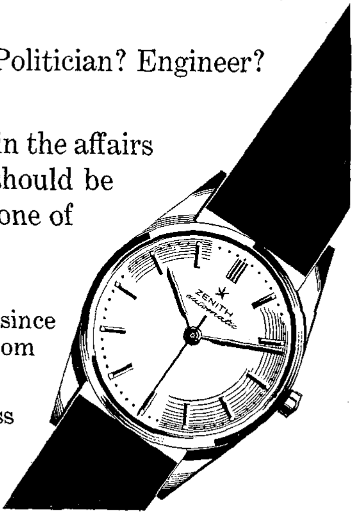

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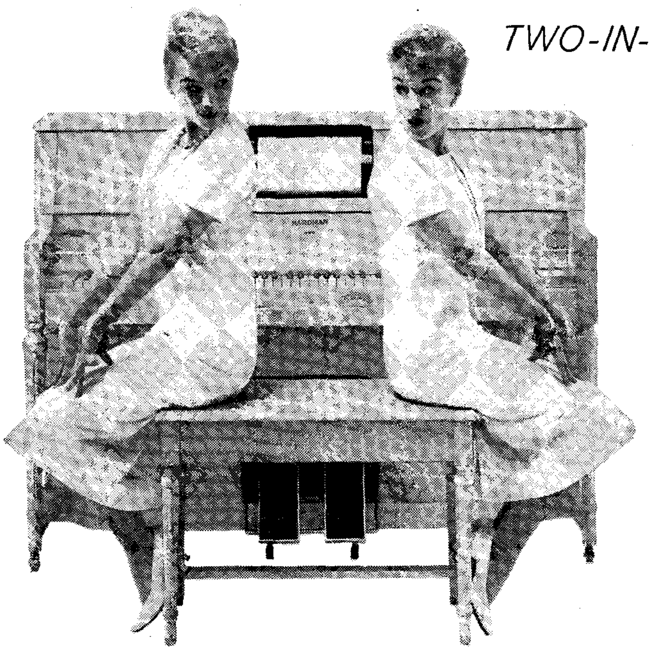

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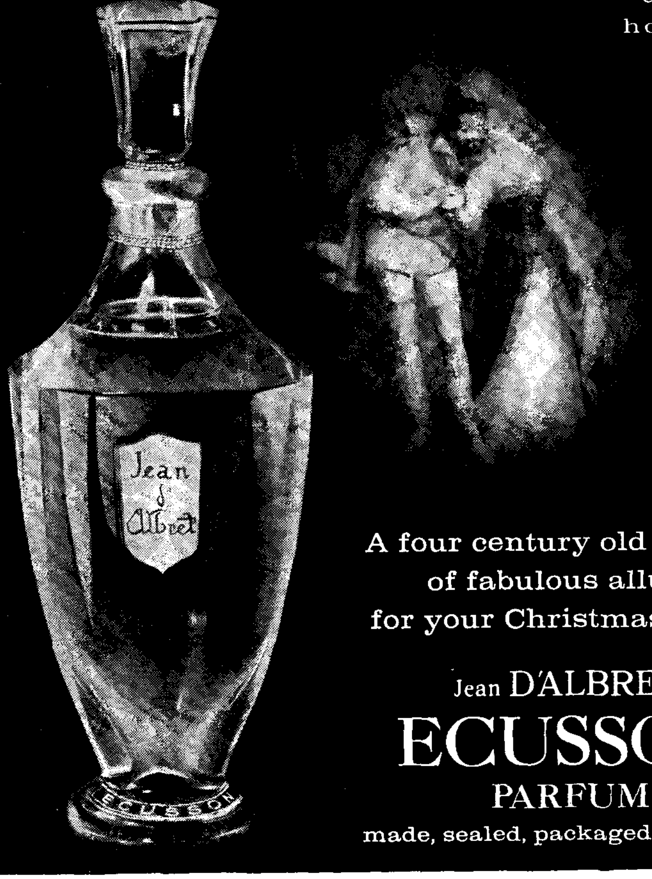

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ahead of Harvard, but in Providence, where Cornell, which had been marching through the Ivy League with the efficiency of a General Sherman, met Brown, a team that has rarely had the knack of combining ability and luck. Earlier along, Cornell had scored almost without hindrance against a Princeton team that had then turned around and beaten Brown, 28–18. But this time, Skypeck's and Tino's rollouts and pitchouts were not in working order, and neither were their passes. As it happened, the only pass that did Cornell any good was thrown by Brown's Finney—a lateral job that went into the hands of Webster, a Cornell halfback, who never stopped running once he had the ball. Brown, now thoroughly aware that luck wasn't going to get it anywhere, decided to come from behind on mere ability, and come from behind it did—Brown 12, Cornell 8. This was as satisfactory a victory as we have had all fall. It proved, for the dozenth time, that everybody in the Ivy League has a chance to bowl over everybody else, and it put Cornell, which had been leading the League for weeks, into a pleasurably complex triple tie with Dartmouth and Princeton for the headmastership. This tie, however, is no Gordian knot; Cornell goes up against Dartmouth this weekend, and Dartmouth goes up against Princeton the Saturday after that.

SPEAKING of luck, Harvard's Ravenel had another spot of it against Princeton. This fine little gadfly of a fellow—his weight just about qualifies him for the hundred-and-fifty-pound squad, instead of the varsity—barely missed an important objective again (as he did against Penn the weekend before) with one of his specialties, the quarterback sneak. The objective on Saturday was the Princeton goal on the play after Harvard's second touchdown, and if he had reached it—he seemed to have missed it by no more than a foot or so—the game would have ended in a tie. . . . And, speaking of Princeton's handsomely variegated offense, as this observer was a week ago, it is also being operated this fall at Rutgers, and with vast success—no defeats, not even any tight squeaks. The operator is John Stiegman, graduate of the Princeton coaching staff and now head coach of Rutgers. Stiegman began the season by showing Princeton, by a score of 28–0, how to use the Princeton offense; Saturday, he and his team put down a fairly rebellious Lafayette, 18–0, for Rutgers' seventh straight win. —J. W. L.

The Judge makes a bold decision

After spending over twenty years in judicial robes and the most conservative street attire, the judge has suddenly made the bold decision to blossom out in a scarlet dinner jacket of silk shantung. And that suggests several *obiter dicta,* to wit: Even the most dignified citizens are responsive to advertising and publicity on what the well-dressed man is wearing. Nothing is so powerful in communicating new ideas as the *printed page.*

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A REPORTER AT LARGE

MAN IN SPACE

IN spite of all the serious investigation that our scientists and engineers are devoting to the possibilities of space travel, the would-be voyager to Mars or Venus need not pack his bags quite yet—or so I have gathered after looking into the progress of what is known to researchers, in and out of the government, as "the man-in-space program." One thing that is holding up the program is the machine; engineers have been turning out better and better experimental rocket planes, but they are by no means ready to launch a really spaceworthy ship—a passenger-carrying vehicle capable of making its way through the earth's atmosphere into outer space and coming back to terra firma, itself and its cargo reasonably intact. Formidable as this part of the job is, however, most of the experts assume that, sooner or later, it will be accomplished; all that is required is technological improvement. Many scientists are a good deal more puzzled, I have discovered, over what to do about the one element in space travel that is technologically unimprovable. This element is none other than the space traveller—man.

Man's age-old physical and psychological needs and frailties, it seems—"the human factors," as man-in-space experts call them—make him a rather poor risk for space voyaging, and some of the scientists I have talked to, or whose treatises I have read, have expressed mild disappointment with man for not coming up to the astronautical mark. "Man's functional system cannot be fooled by gimmicks and gadgets," a comprehensive report on space flight got up for the Air University Command and Staff School, in Alabama, remarks. "He cannot be altered dimensionally, biologically or chemically. None of the conditions necessary to sustain his life-cycle functions can be compromised to any great extent." Wherever man is and whatever his circumstances, the report says, in effect, he simply must have many of the things that sustain him here below—air, food, and a certain amount of intellectual and physical activity. "Encapsulated atmosphere is what we're after," one scientist told me, and went on to explain that the space traveller—whether wearing a space suit in an airless cabin or, as most scientists would prefer, wearing ordinary clothes in a pressurized cabin—would have to have enough of the familiar earthly environment to see him through his voyage. "A spaceship," this scientist said, "must, you see, be a 'terrella,' a little earth."

The human factors in space travel are being studied on a broad front, and at every level from the immediately practical to the highly theoretical, by special groups set up within our armed services, universities, and private aircraft companies—groups like the Space Biology Branch of the Air Force Aero Medical Field Laboratory, in Alamogordo, New Mexico, and the Human Factors Engineering Group of the Convair Division of General Dynamics Corporation, in San Diego, California. The assignments these groups have taken on are myriad, and practically every one of them necessarily involves guesswork, or what one man calls "the vagueness of imagination," to a degree that most scientists abhor. Nonetheless, the job is being tackled, in its various aspects, by biochemists (who are concerned with the space traveller's physical care and feeding), radiobiologists (who worry about the effects of cosmic rays in outer space), sanitary engineers (who are figuring out how to dispose of wastes and insure the cleanliness of the terrella), anthropometrists (who measure the functional capacities of man), astrobotanists (who are attempting to discover what sort of food, if any, the space man might find on other celestial bodies), and psychologists (who tend to doubt whether a man can roam extraterrestrially for years, months, or even weeks without going batty). Physiologists, chemists, pharmacologists, physicists, and astronomers are also making contributions to the man-in-space program, as are sociologists, whose responsibilities would seem to be remote at the moment but who foresee all kinds of catastrophic dilemmas in the future. "What will happen to a man's wife and children when he embarks on a prolonged space trip, perhaps for years, with every chance of not returning?" one scholar asked not long ago, in

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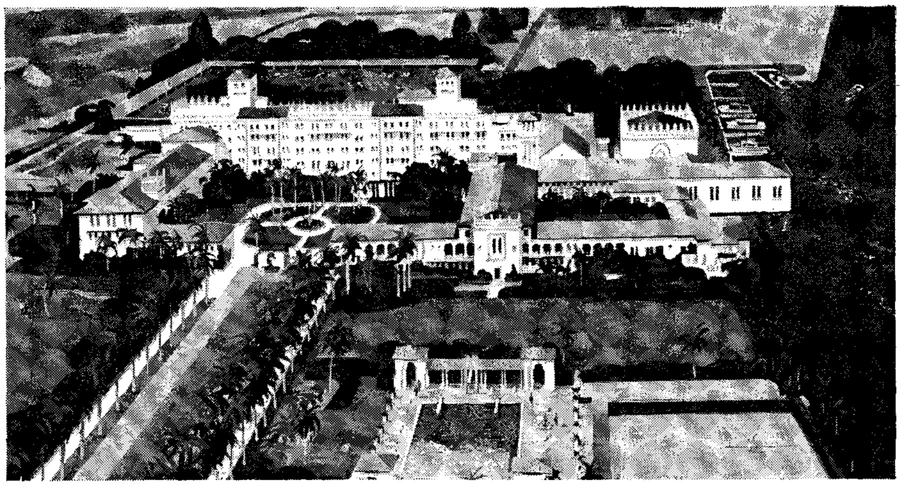

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a symposium called "Man in Space: A Tool and Program for the Study of Social Change," which was held in the sober halls of the New York Academy of Sciences. "How long a separation in space would justify divorce, and if he should return, how will the [possible] Enoch Arden triangle be handled?" At the same symposium, Professor Harold D. Lasswell, of the Yale Department of Political Science, envisioned an even more drastic jolting of the status quo. He asked his learned audience to imagine what might happen if a spaceship's crew landed on a celestial body whose inhabitants were not only more than a match for us technologically but had created a more peaceable political and social order. "Assume," he said, "that the explorers are convinced of the stability and decency of the . . . system of public order that exists alongside superlative achievements in science and engineering. Suppose that they are convinced of the militaristic disunity and scientific backwardness of earth. Is it not conceivable that the members of the expedition will voluntarily assist in a police action to conquer and unify earth as a probationary colony of the new order?"

BEFORE the space traveller can return to earth, with or without a police force at his back, he must go into space, and psychologists are now engaged in a sharp debate as to just what type of person would be best suited to embark on a long extraterrestrial trip. Addressing a meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science in Indianapolis a few months ago, Dr. Donald N. Michael, a psychologist who has been doing research on the effects of automation, estimated that a journey to Mars might take about two and a half years, and concluded that our culture was unlikely to produce anyone with that much patience; good space men, he said, might be found in "cultures less time-oriented and more sedentary"—in a Buddhist monastery, perhaps, or among the Eskimos. Reasoning along other lines, Dr. Philip Solomon, chief psychiatrist at the Boston City Hospital, has come out for extrovert space voyagers. Like other medical men in all parts of the country, Dr. Solomon has been conducting what are called "sensory-deprivation experiments"—specifically, confining volunteers of various personality types in iron lungs to see how they bear up in isolation—and in a recent issue of *Research Reviews*, a monthly put out by the Office of Naval Research, he writes: "It appears that the self-cen-

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CHANEL

tered introvert, whom you might expect to be quite content in the respirator, holed up in his own little world, so to speak, is precisely the one who breaks down soonest; whereas the extrovert, who is more strongly oriented to people and the outside world, can stand being shut off, if he has to, more readily. Sensory deprivation places a strain on the individual's hold on external reality, and it may be that those who are jeopardized most by it are those whose ties to reality are weakest."

Women have notoriously strong ties to reality, and for this reason, among others, some experts are convinced that they would fare better than men on a pioneering journey through space in cramped quarters. Another reason is that women live longer than men, and some of the envisioned journeys would take an extended period of time; still another is that women could probably weather long periods of loneliness better, because they are more content to while away the hours dwelling on trivia. Writing in the *American Psychologist* a couple of months ago, Dr. Harold B. Pepinsky, a psychology professor at Ohio State University, came up with the notion that the ideal space voyager would be a female midget with a Ph.D. in physics. When I asked a physiologist what he thought of this idea, he not only supported it heartily but embellished it. "It would be good if this midget woman Ph.D. came from the Andes," he said. "We're going to have to duplicate the traveller's normal atmosphere in the ship, and it's easier to duplicate a rarefied fourteen-thousand-foot atmosphere than a dense sea-level atmosphere." The cards, though, seem to be stacked against any woman's blasting off ahead of a man. One important officer, Lieutenant Colonel George R. Steinkamp, of the Space Medicine Division at the Air Force School of Aviation Medicine, in San Antonio, Texas, said recently, "It's just plain not American. We put women on a pedestal, and they belong there." The pedestal apparently should be anchored firmly to the ground.

As for the Ph.D. in physics, I gathered that while it would definitely be an asset, some of the experts are worried lest a physicist might not know all he should about astronomy. An astronomer, on the other hand, might be weak in meteorology, and a meteorologist might well bungle some vital engineering problem. An engineer might know how to operate and maintain his ship but would probably not be able to cope with any illness that happened to befall

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him. The possibility of illness in outer space is receiving its share of attention, to judge by a paper that Drs. Donald W. Conover and Eugenia Kemp, of Convair's Human Factors Engineering Group, submitted to the American Rocket Society several months ago, in Los Angeles. "Space men and women must have almost perfect health in order to avoid bringing disaster on the flight by physical incapacity," they declared, and went on to say that even these paragons of fitness should "be trained in self-medication and, particularly, the use of antibiotics." From that point of view, the ideal traveller would seem to be a physician, but Professor Lasswell, the Yale political scientist, has a different idea. An anthropologist-linguist, he feels, would make a good space traveller, especially when it came to communicating with the inhabitants of remote celestial bodies; other candidates the Professor has nominated include individuals gifted with extrasensory perception—perhaps members of the Society for Psychical Research, Western parapsychologists, or Eastern mystics.

Naturally, all these difficulties would be cleared up if the vehicle carried a physicist, an astronomer, a meteorologist, an engineer, a physician, and the rest, but at the moment it seems likely that the first spaceships will carry a crew of only one, because present computations show that half a ton of fuel and metal must be provided for every pound of cargo. Still, some farsighted psychologists are pondering the intangibles that would make a large spaceship a happy one. The crew members, living close to disaster at all times and needing all their resources to forestall it, will have to be able to get along with one another, and various experts have told me that this state of affairs will not be as easy to achieve as it might sound. One question they are mulling over is what size crew would prove most efficient and congenial, and the question, I learned, has its facets. A group of five or six, research discloses, would be better in some ways, and worse in others, than a smaller one. Studies now in progress at various universities, though their results are anything but definitive, seem to show that half a dozen men thrown together in close confinement tend to form a highly standardized, if miniature, community, taking on and retaining social patterns through a desire to conform. The members of a smaller group, being less concerned about neighborliness and conformity, are apt to attack the business at hand, whatever it may be, with greater zest and intelli-

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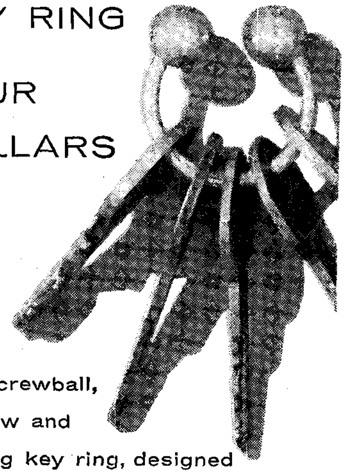

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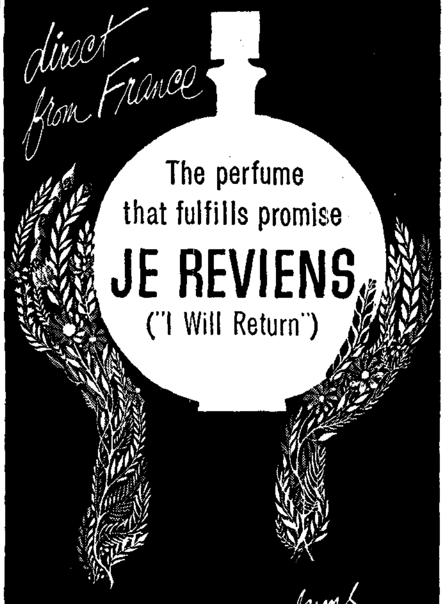

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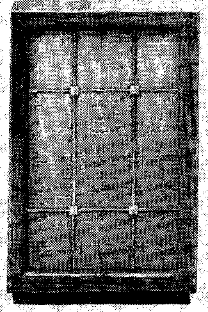
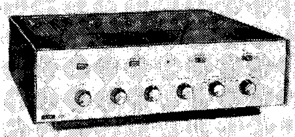
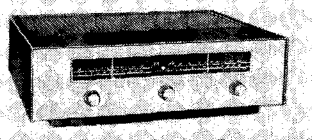


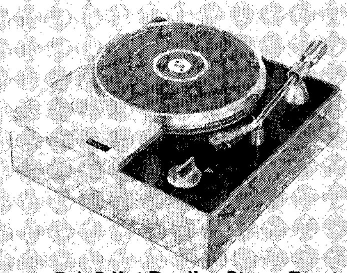
Electro-Voice Aristocrat



Harman-Kardon Trio



Harman-Kardon Duet



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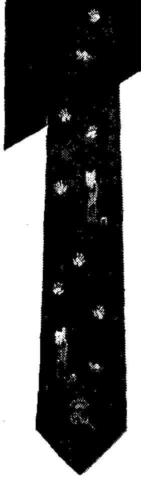

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gence. "It's something of a dilemma," I was told by Luigi Petrullo, who heads up the Group Psychology Branch of the Office of Naval Research, an agency that has for many years observed the behavior of submarine crews. "The factors that make for harmony—a nice clubby atmosphere, if you will—won't necessarily make for efficiency, while those that make for efficiency will probably lead to jangled nerves. The particular character of a mission, I suspect, will have a lot to do with determining the size of the crew."

Whatever the crew's size, its members will have no escape from one another's likes, dislikes, normalities, abnormalities, and day-to-day moods for weeks, months, or years, in which long stretches of boredom will be interrupted only by moments of stark terror. Such a situation, as the military services have discovered from observing the behavior of men assigned to long-drawn-out perilous missions, does not ordinarily make for camaraderie; indeed, familiarity may breed feelings even stronger than contempt. One of the psychologists who pointed this out to me referred to a passage from "Kabloona," in which the author, Gontran de Poncins, a French anthropologist and explorer, describes his change of attitude toward a trader, Paddy Gibson, with whom he spent part of an arctic winter:

> I liked Gibson as soon as I saw him, and from the moment of my arrival we got on exceedingly well. He was a man of poise and order; he took life calmly and philosophically; he had an endless budget of good stories. In the beginning we would sit for hours . . . discussing with warmth and friendliness every topic that suggested itself, and I soon felt a real affection for him.
>
> Now as winter closed in round us, and week after week our world narrowed until it was reduced—in my mind, at any rate—to the dimensions of a trap, I went from impatience to restlessness, and from restlessness finally to monomania. I began to rage inwardly and the very traits in my friend . . . which had struck me at the beginning as admirable, ultimately seemed to me detestable.
>
> The time came when I could no longer bear the sight of this man who was unfailingly kind to me.

In an effort to learn more about the way groups of men react to prolonged togetherness, the military services, some universities, and various aircraft companies have been incarcerating crews in mockup space gondolas right here on earth, and the findings, though inevitably sketchy, have, on the whole, been illuminating. After a day or two, most of the subjects—even pilots with con-

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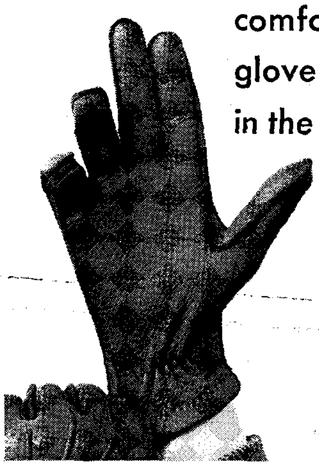

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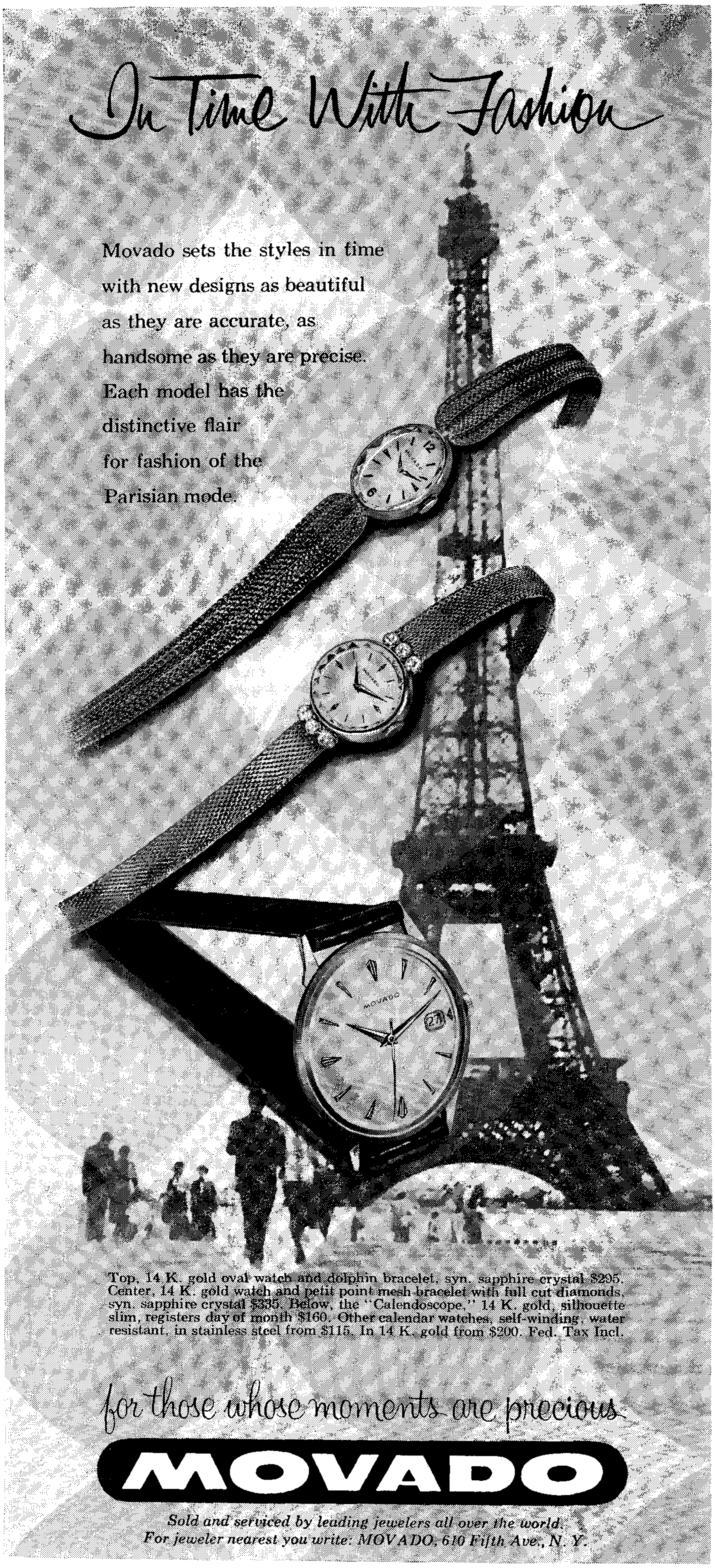
siderable flight experience—begin to show signs of listlessness and frayed nerves. Several experiments of the sort have been conducted by the Air Force Aero Medical Laboratory, in Dayton, Ohio, each involving the isolation of a five-man crew for five days, and as the time wore on, the crews, whose talk was recorded, revealed a preoccupation with food that eventually bordered on the obsessive. I was told about these experiments by Charles Dempsey, the head of the laboratory's Escape Division, which is studying the habitation of space vehicles and emergency escapes from them. "The men seemed to be living to eat rather than eating to live," he said. "Their schedule provided for fifteen minutes of work each hour for sixteen hours, with the remaining forty-five minutes spent sitting around, after which they had eight hours off duty, eighty per cent of this time spent in sleeping. At the start, they discussed everything under the sun. In due course, though, they just about talked themselves out, and then there seemed to be only one subject that still interested them—food. Each man had his own five-day supply of food to eat when he wished, and, as things turned out, practically every one of the men soon started watching what his companions were doing with their food. Each seemed uncertain whether he was using good judgment about his own supply—whether he was eating too much of it at once or too little. Living on the kind of schedule they did, their stomachs became confused, and they kept debating whether it was breakfast time or suppertime or what. Yes, food got to be quite a deal. I'd say it was on their minds three-quarters of the time they were awake."

THE food that the earth-bound astronauts were given at the Aero Medical Laboratory was familiar, varied, and tasty, including such items as brownies and salted peanuts. In space, the voyager would be unlikely to have such interesting fare. In fact, no one knows at this point what he would have in the way of food. On the assumption that the spaceship would have automatic controls, Dr. John Lyman, associate professor of engineering at the University of California, has gone so far as to suggest that if a space man were bound for Mars, say, he might be given a still undeveloped drug that would lower his body temperature and put him to sleep until he got there; such a hibernating man, with his breathing and heart action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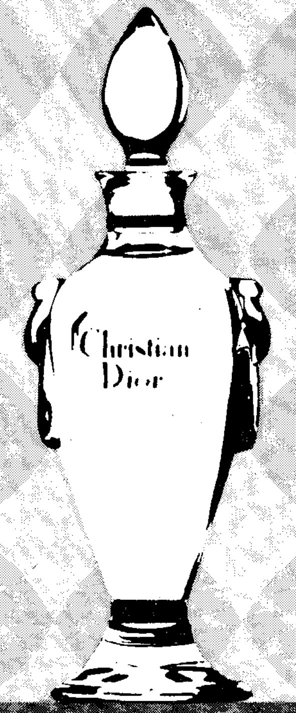

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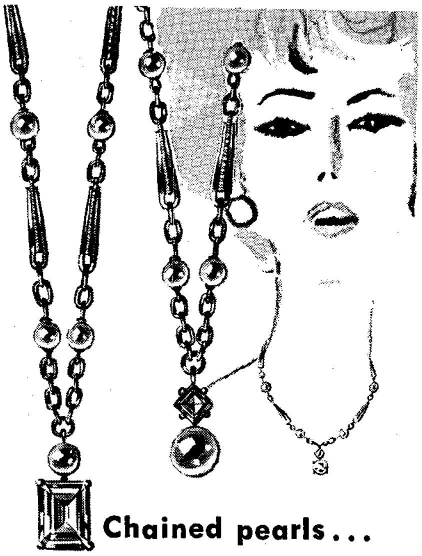
slowed, would require relatively little food and water, and what he did need could be automatically injected into his veins. In an article in the *Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists*, Dr. James B. Edson, assistant to the director of Research and Development of the Department of the Army, goes even further, envisioning a synthetic nutrient that could make breathing as well as eating and drinking unnecessary. After speculating for a time on how the nutrient might work, Dr. Edson does relent a bit. "It may, however, prove necessary," his article says, "to breathe at least a little, so as not to get out of the habit."

In contrast to Dr. Lyman and Dr. Edson, some of the Navy's scientists take a decidedly old-fashioned view. With a conscious, lively space crew in mind, these men insist on a normal terrestrial diet, including all possible trimmings. "We do not completely understand why," Captain C. P. Phoebus, a physician assigned to the Naval War College, in Newport, has written, "but we have found in dealing with submariners that the mere provision of enough calories, bulk, vitamins and minerals, and other essentials is not enough to keep a man physically and mentally healthy. It is very important that some of these needs be supplied in the form of fresh food, that the types of food and cooking techniques be varied, that the diet be balanced, and that the food be as tasty as that served at home. If it is not, the crew's performance and morale are not at their best." And that, these Navy men seem to think, would be just as true in outer space as underwater.

Captain Phoebus and his submariners notwithstanding, one type of nutrition that is being seriously considered is about as far a cry from blueberry pie as can be imagined. This is the botanical group called the algae, one of the earth's most primitive forms of vegetation. In many respects, algae would make the ideal



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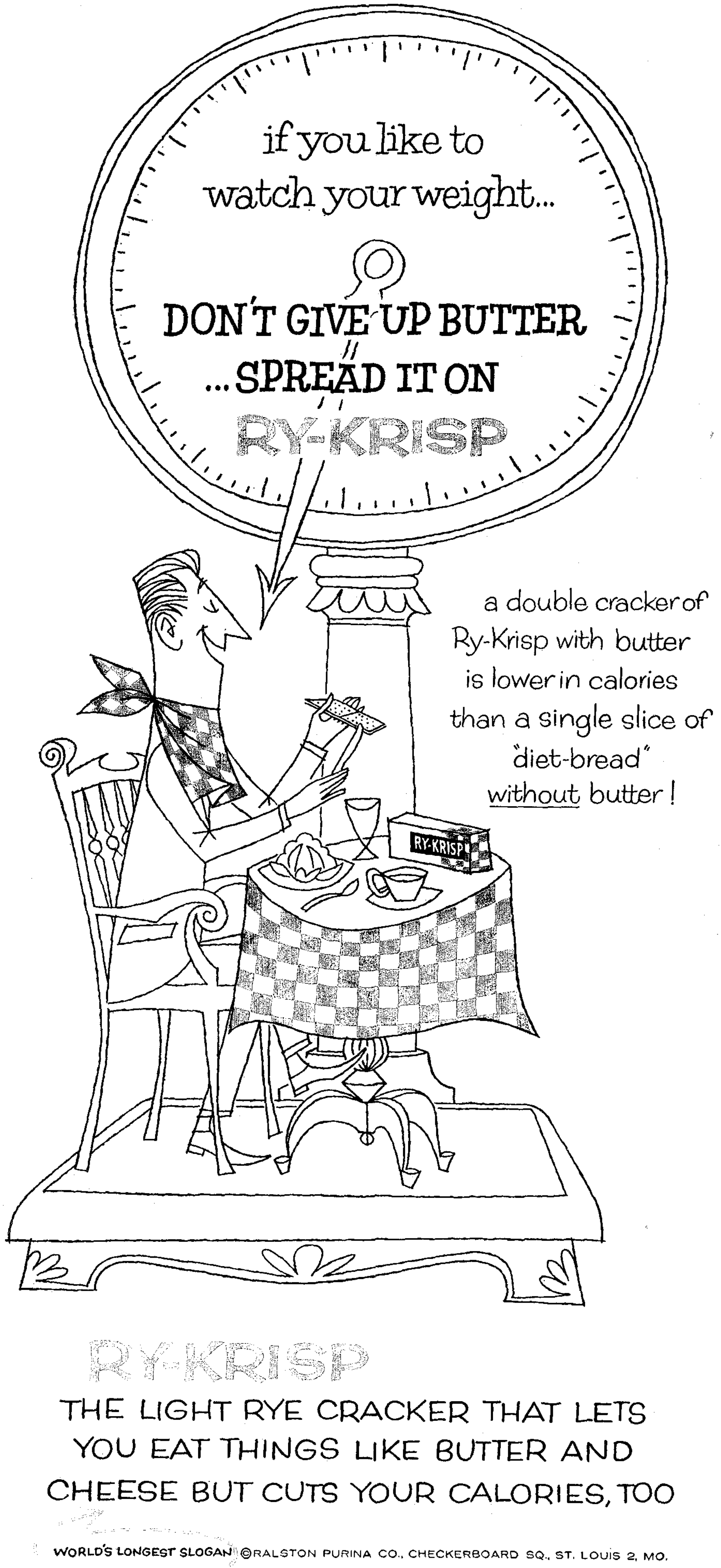
food for the astronaut, though they might not appeal to his palate. Algae contain proteins, fats, and carbohydrates, and could easily be grown aboard the ship—in small tanks irradiated by intense light. Moreover, they might solve the difficult problem of disposing of human waste, by using it as fertilizer. And, to mention another of algae's virtues, they can photosynthesize—that is, re-form the molecules of carbon dioxide breathed out by the space traveller, thereby releasing oxygen. Less than two months ago, during the world's first international symposium on submarine and space medicine, which was held by the American Institute of Biological Sciences at the naval submarine base in Groton, Connecticut, some researchers reported the discovery of a new strain of algae that can increase itself by cell multiplication a thousandfold daily; the previous high had been eight times. The taste of algae, it might be mentioned, varies; one strain, for example, has a black-peppery tang, and another tastes something like mushrooms. "Algae have it all over pemmican," one man who has sampled both told me. But he hadn't eaten algae month after month in a spaceship.

This whole scheme of spaceship farming is patterned after nature's cycle here on earth, where time and the sun's energy, through the chemical changes they bring about, convert animal wastes and dead plants into crops. "What better method [of producing food] is there than to emulate the system already found in existence on the earth?" is a rhetorical question asked in "Closed Cycle Biological Systems for Space Feeding," a paper put out by the Quartermaster Food and Container Institute for the Armed Forces, in Chicago. "Man will be supplied food, water and oxygen from biological and chemical systems. He will eat the food, turning out the same wastes in the spaceship that are produced on the face of the earth." One expert I met, Dr. Harvey E. Savely, director of the Aero Medical Division of the Air Force Office of Scientific Research, confessed to me that the prospect of having our space men grow and harvest algae strikes him as anachronistic. "To think," he said, "that we may develop so advanced a machine as a spaceship and then have to fall back on so primitive a calling as agriculture."

OF all the strange experiences that may await the astronaut, none will be quite so strange, the experts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agree, as weightlessness. This phenomenon will occur as soon as the spaceship reaches a speed at which the rocket's centrifugal force cancels the pull of the earth's gravity, and when it does, the space man, whether settling into orbit or making for Venus or Mars, will know for certain that he has arrived in outer space. He will weigh nothing. The air in his cabin will weigh nothing. The warm carbon dioxide he breathes out, being no lighter than the air in the cabin, will not rise, so he will have to exhale forcibly. Momentum, the force whirling the ship on its course, will rule its interior as well, and with possibly weird results. All objects that are not in some way fastened down—a map, a flashlight, a pencil—will float freely, subjecting the space man to a haphazard crossfire. If he were to drink water from an ordinary tumbler, the water might dash into his nostrils, float there, and drown him. Ordinary tumblers will not be used, however; plastic squeeze bottles will. ("The proper-size orifice is being worked out," I was told by Major Henry G. Wise, of the Human Factors Division, Air Force Directorate of Research and Development.) Far more startling than the movement of objects, though, will be the space man's own movements. Normally, in making a movement of any kind, a man has to overcome the body's inertia plus its weight; a weightless man has only the inertia to overcome, and the chances are that it will take a long time for his muscles to grow accustomed to the fact. "What would be a normal step on earth would . . . send the 'stepper' sailing across the cabin or somersaulting wildly in the air," the Air University Command and Staff School study declares. "A mere sneeze could propel the victim violently against the cabin wall and result in possible injury."

Actually, very little is known about weightlessness. Until a few years ago, it was something that man had experienced only in very special circumstances, and then for no more than a fraction of a second—at the start of a roller coaster's plunge, for example, or at the instant of going off a high diving board. With the man-in-space program moving along, however, weightlessness has been deliberately arranged in certain flights undertaken at the Air Force School of Aviation Medicine, in San Antonio; in these, jet planes, flying along a prescribed parabolic course, manage to escape the effects of gravity for as long as thirty seconds. The exposure to weightlessness, brief as it is, has had widely varying effects on the

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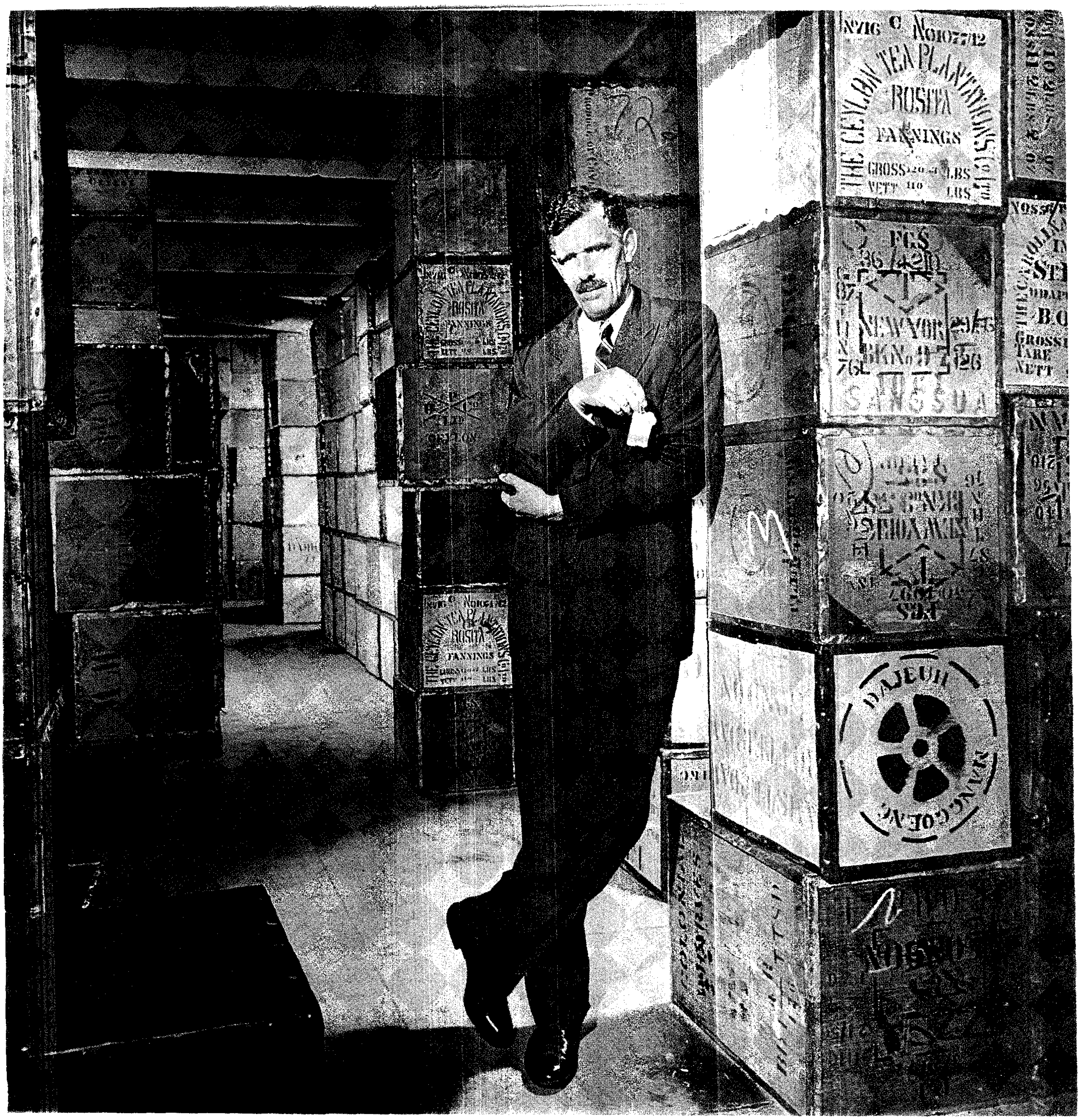
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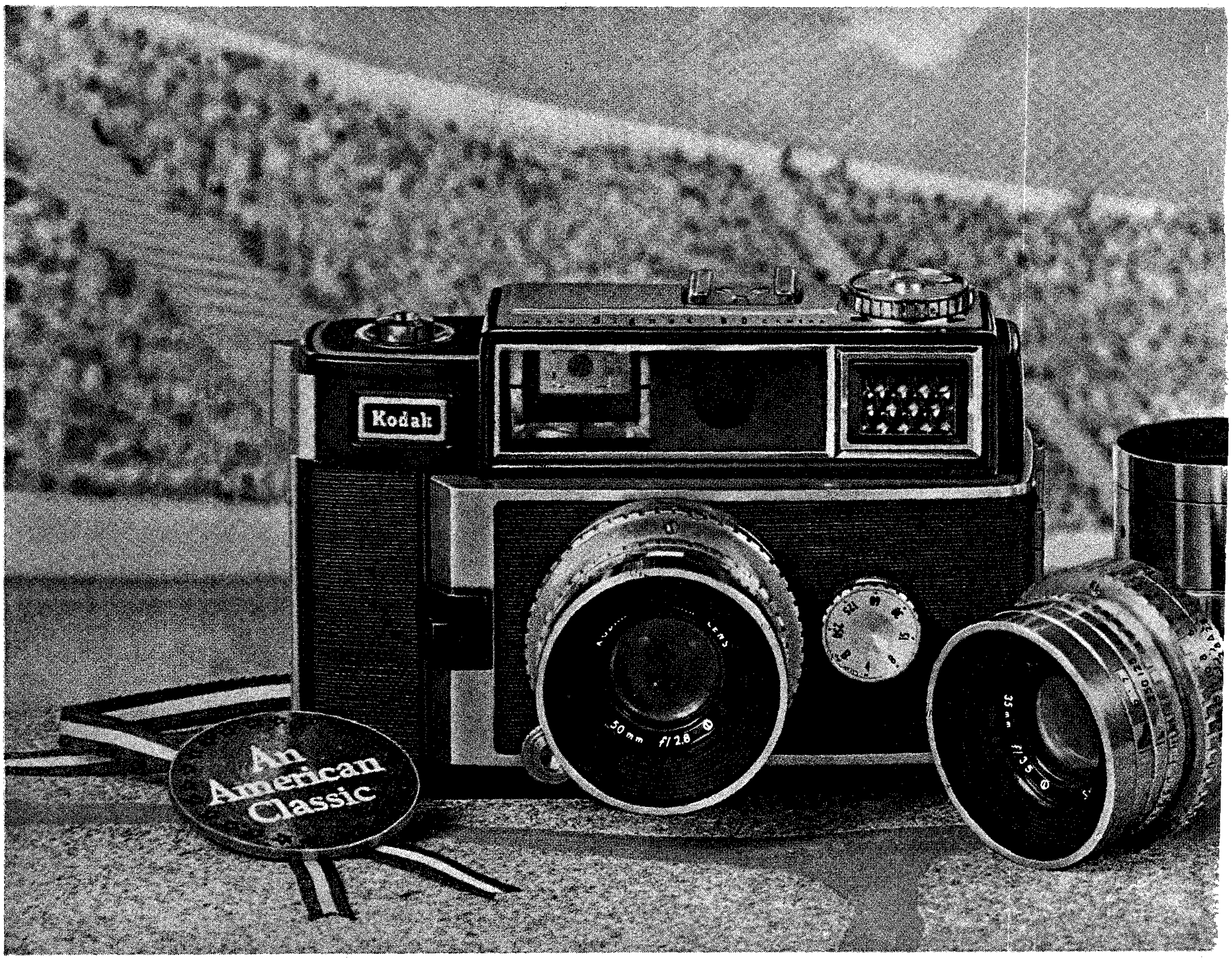

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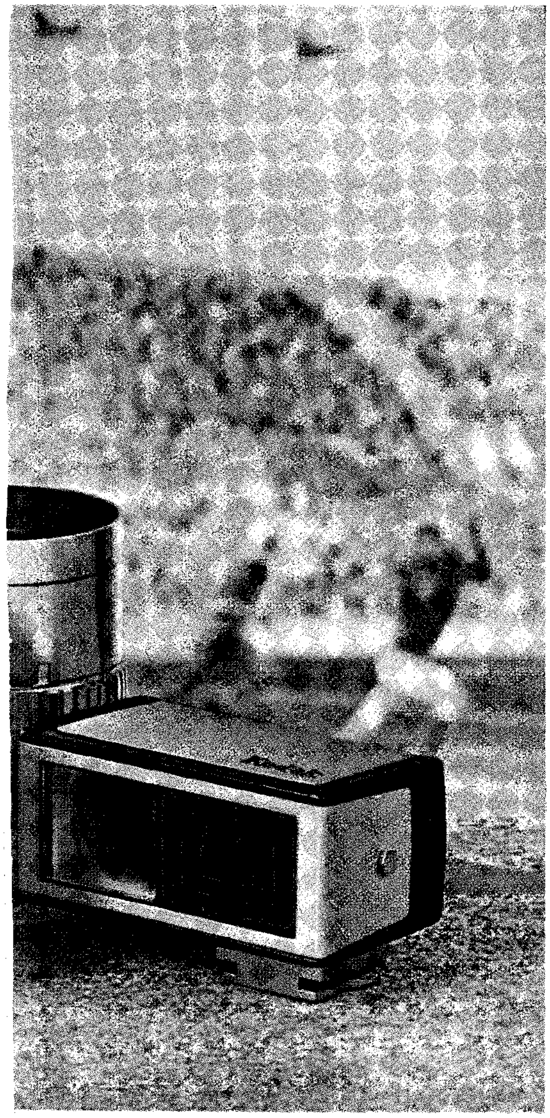

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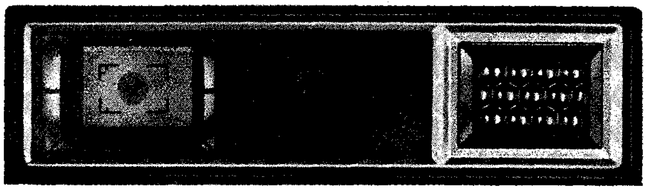

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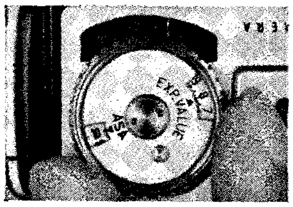

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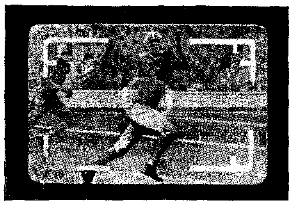

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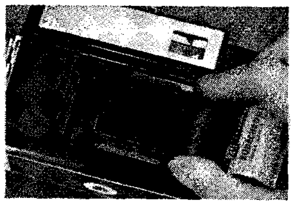

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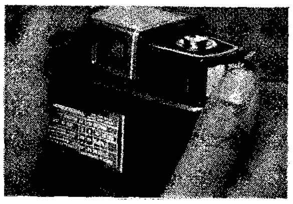

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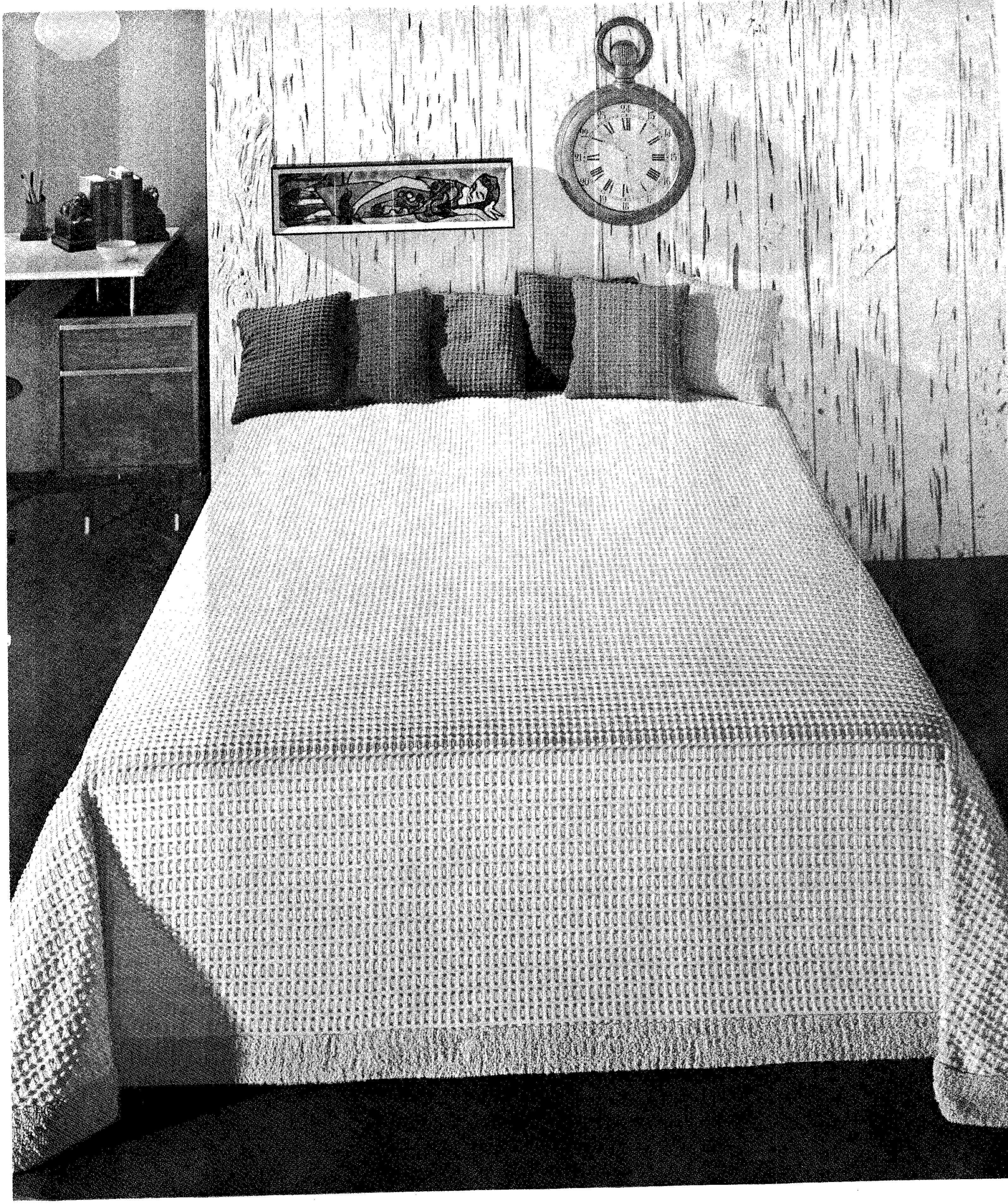

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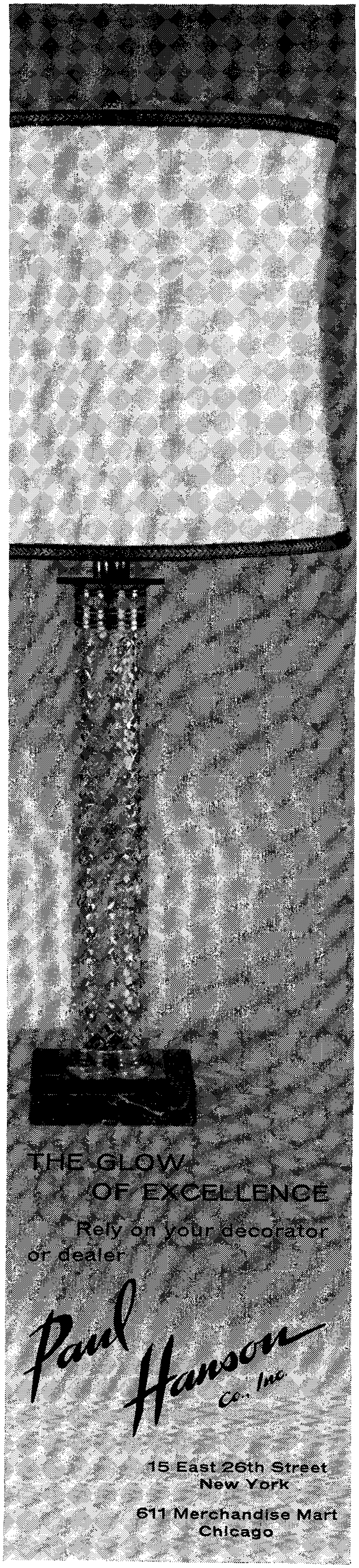
airmen. "The sensation can best be described as one of incredulity, or even slight amusement," a colonel with a great deal of flying experience has reported, ascribing this reaction to "the incongruity of seeing objects and one's own feet float free of the floor without any muscular effort." Another airman, who was a gymnast in college, was reminded of "having started a back flip from a standing position and then become hung up part way over—looking toward the sky but not completing the flip." The sensation, he said, gave him "no particular enjoyment or dislike"—only "a feeling of indifference." Other airmen have found the experience extremely unpleasant—accompanied by nausea, sleepiness, weakness, sweating, and/or vertigo—and, to confuse matters, still others have discovered that their reactions differ on different flights. All told, one expert estimates, about a third of the subjects regard weightlessness as "definitely distressing," while a fourth regard it as "not exactly comfortable."

The experts realize, of course, that weightless voyages lasting a good deal longer than half a minute would have physical and mental results that can only be guessed at now. "Most probably, nature will make us pay for the free ride," one scientist has said, almost superstitiously. For one thing, a long trip would raise hob with a man's muscles. In any earthly condition of inactivity, no matter how extreme, they still have the job of resisting gravity, and without this they are bound to grow flabby. Moreover, the space man's sense of balance would be thrown out of whack; this sense is governed by a liquid in our inner ear, and without gravity that liquid, floating freely in the chambers of the ear, could not be relied on to do its work. Not only would the space man be uncertain of where he was in his cabin at any particular moment, I learned from Lieutenant Colonel Robert Williams, a consultant in neurology and psychiatry to the Surgeon General, but he would run the risk of losing his "body image." This image, Dr. Williams told me, is the deeply rooted conception that we all have of ourselves as a physical entity; it is one of the major constituents of our equanimity. "Without a body image," he went on, "a person has difficulty in determining what is inside oneself and what is outside, in distinguishing one's fantasy life from one's real environment. In losing it, we face a possible complete disruption of personality."

Assuming that the space traveller re-



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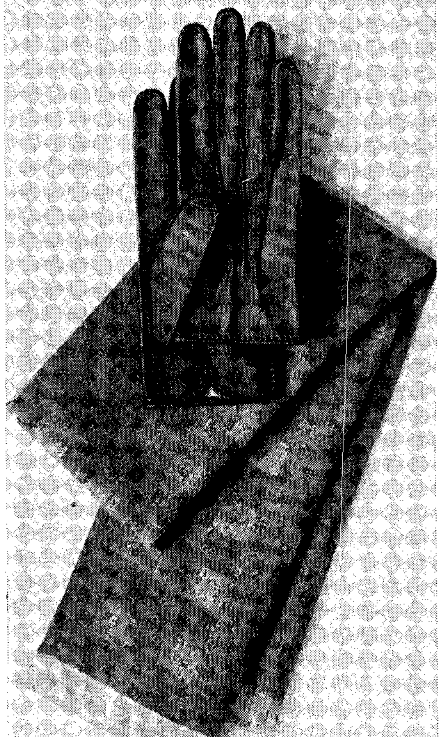

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turns to earth with his personality undamaged, other difficulties may be in store for him. "A man who has been weightless for a couple of weeks would find it as hard to move around as a hospital patient taking his first steps after a long siege in bed," Dr. Savely told me. "If he were to travel in a cooped-up posture over a long period of time—and, for all we know now, that may be the only way he can travel—the whole architecture of his skeleton might change. Of course, we simply cannot allow that to happen." In view of such forebodings, it is not surprising that the man-in-space people are seeking to avoid weightlessness, altogether or in part, by developing an artificial substitute for gravity, but they don't seem to have made much headway. According to one scheme, the space man's cabin would be attached to the rocket by a long cable and would be swung around it continuously, thus creating a field of gravity that would restore the passenger's weight and, presumably, his efficiency. Discussing this in the *Scientific American*, Dr. Heinz Haber, of the Air Force School of Aviation Medicine, guesses that it would work only as long as the passenger stood absolutely still. "Every voluntary movement," he writes, "would give the traveller the peculiar illusion that he was being moved haphazardly." Another approach would be to have the astronaut tread a magnetized floor in iron shoes, but Dr. Haber isn't too sanguine about this one, either. Not only would the magnetism throw off the ship's electronic instruments, he points out, but it would "probably add to the traveller's confusion, for while his shoes would be attracted to the floor, his nonmagnetic body would not."

IF the problem of weightlessness is solved, the pilot may know where he is in the cabin, but, owing to the vastness of space, he will still be uncertain of his whereabouts in the universe. This will be so, I was told, regardless of how informative the ship's instrument panel may be. A trip to Venus, around it, and back to earth would require a million miles of travel every day for three years, Dr. Seville Chapman, director of the Physics Division of the Cornell Aeronautical Laboratory, told me, and went on to say that the human mind may find the simple statistics of space flight baffling. "Suppose I tell you that our nearest star, Proxima Centauri, is four and two-tenths light-years away, a light-year being the distance a beam of light travels in twelve months at about a hundred and eighty-six thou-

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(Illustrated in color on page 10)

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Still, perhaps we're being too hasty. What, after all, *is* Thanksgiving?

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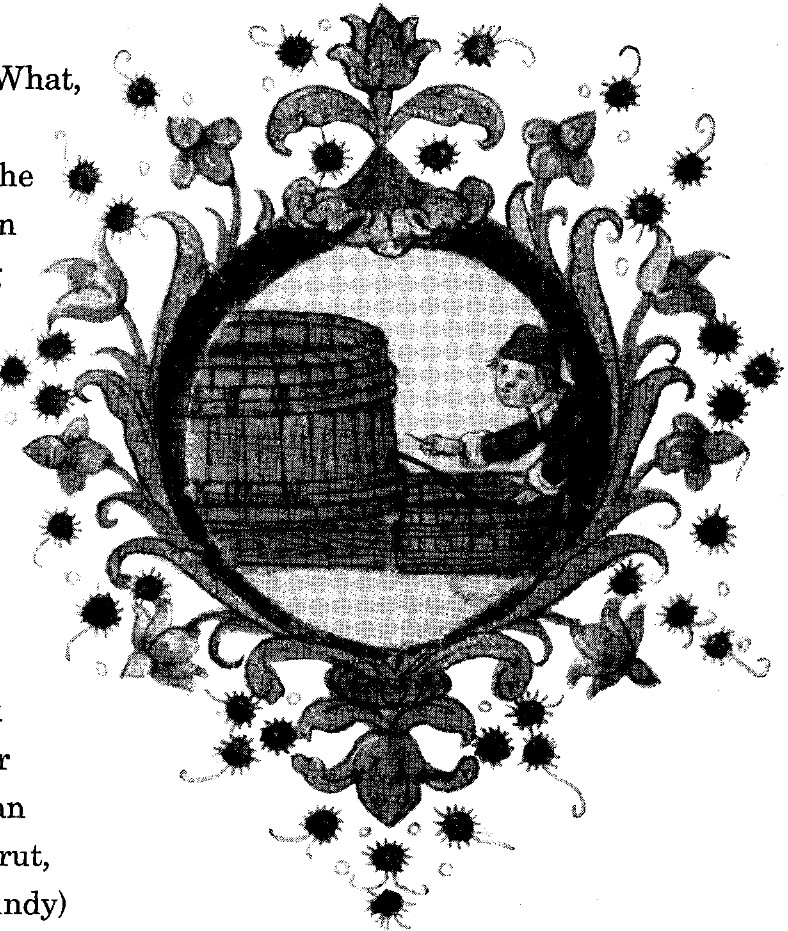
We haven't heard from you lately. Are you sure you've written? We write back, you know. Oh, yes.



NOVEMBER, *in this XIVth Century plate, portrays a man fooling around a wine keg. The artist was probably a dreamy, impractical fellow who never met a vineyard payroll in his life.*

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Champagne

The anxious

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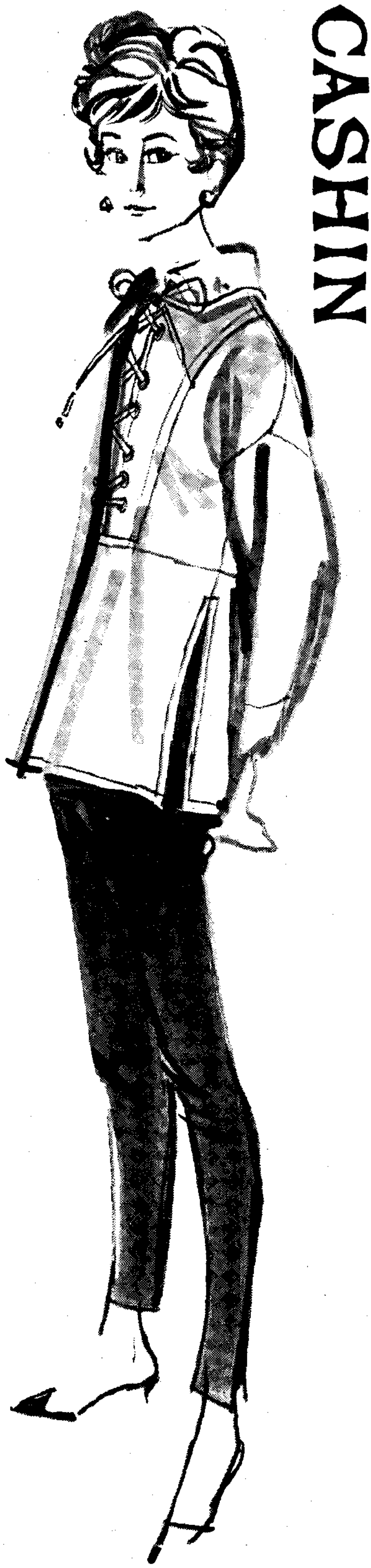

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sand three hundred miles per second," he added. "Just what does that mean to you?" (Compared to such destinations, writes Major General Dan C. Ogle, the Surgeon General of the Air Force, our present space-travel aspirations—merely reaching the moon, for example—are "relatively provincial," taking in no more than "our own back yard.") Certainly nothing the space man will see is going to make him feel at home. He will have no horizon to look out on; in fact, he will be engulfed by blackness, for space has none of the air particles that diffuse the sun's rays to give us our daylight. In this night-like setting, the sun itself will be painfully brilliant, and the constellations will seem to be spread out flat and to take on bizarre shapes. There will be stars both above and below, but they will not twinkle, for twinkling is caused by the same air particles. They will appear, rather, as steady points of light, and in their true colors—red, blue, yellow, white.

The ship will be moving at well over a hundred times the speed of sound, but it will be breaking no sound barriers; air is needed to carry sound, and seventy-five miles up, there is no such thing as a sound wave. And no matter how fast he is going, the space man will be unaware of moving at all. Speed itself will take on new meaning for him. He will not be able to measure it as an airplane pilot can; the speed that a plane's indicators show is computed on the basis of air resistance and altitude above sea level. "In space, there is no air and no sea, so most of the pilot's old indicators won't mean a thing up there," I was told by Dr. Max W. Lund, head of the Engineering Psychology Branch of the Office of Naval Research. "Instrument panels will have to be redesigned so that they show not miles per hour but simply the passage of minutes, hours, days, or even fractions of light-years. And, of course, that isn't all. Take the matter of destination. An approach to a point somewhere in space won't be made in a straight line, you know—nothing like the way we fly from one city to another. Celestial bodies don't stand still; the spaceship will have to describe a parabola, and we've been testing a screen that would show the space pilot the proper curve to follow in order to reach his destination. In fact," he went on, "we might even devise a screen that could flash him the answers to broad, vital questions like 'Where am I?,' 'How am I doing?,' and 'What should I do next?' He's going to be under a great strain, and his mind

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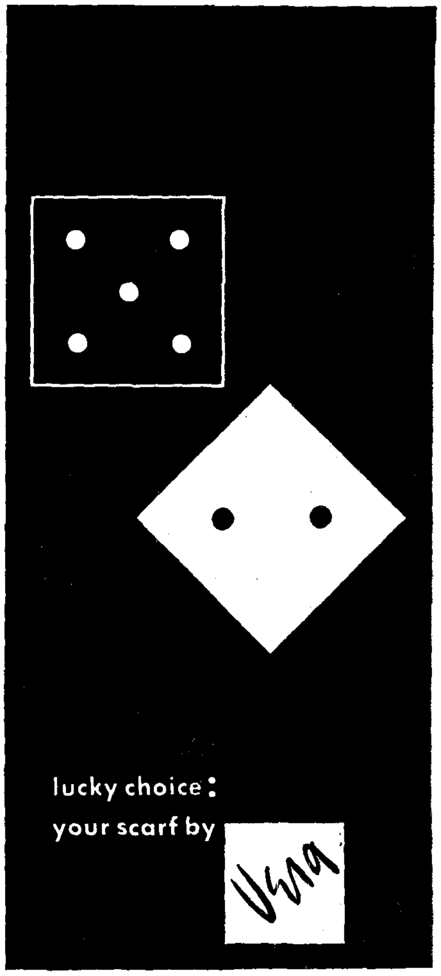
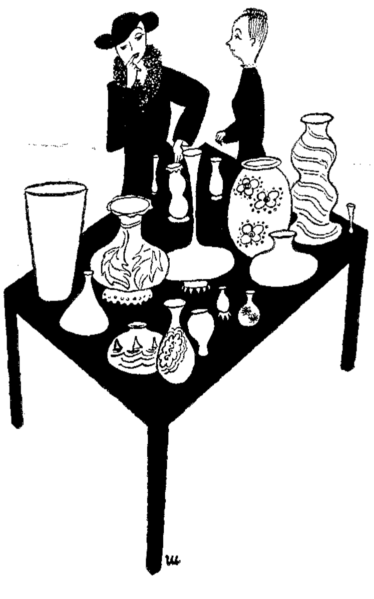


shouldn't be cluttered with more detailed information."

The space traveller will be under a very great strain indeed if he lets his mind dwell on the dangers surrounding him. For the first part of the journey, at least, cosmic rays will be bombarding the ship without letup, and the space pilot may return to earth—if he returns at all—a physically impaired man. One authority, Dr. Hermann J. Schaefer, of the Navy School of Aviation Medicine, declared in the course of a California symposium last year that "not even informed guesses are possible" concerning the power of cosmic rays in space, but some idea of his respect for those rays can be deduced from his warning that "commercial airlines should not risk flight above ninety thousand feet, as they could not prove that any mutations or stillbirths following such flights were not caused by cosmic radiation." Farther out in space, the pilot might run into meteors, which, according to the Air University study, would present "an additional psychological problem to the would-be space traveller"—to say nothing of a physical problem. Some meteors are the size of a pea, and these, the study estimates, would score no more than "two hits per month per spaceship." Still, they might puncture a ship, causing a loss of pressure and possibly injuring or killing the traveller. But there are also meteors weighing tons and flying at speeds of up to three hundred and sixty thousand miles an hour, and the study notes that a hit by one of them "means sudden death." Another depressing consideration for the space man is that outside his ship—which may seem to him no more than a cockleshell—the temperature will range from 67 degrees below zero to 26,000 degrees above. As the Air University study observes,



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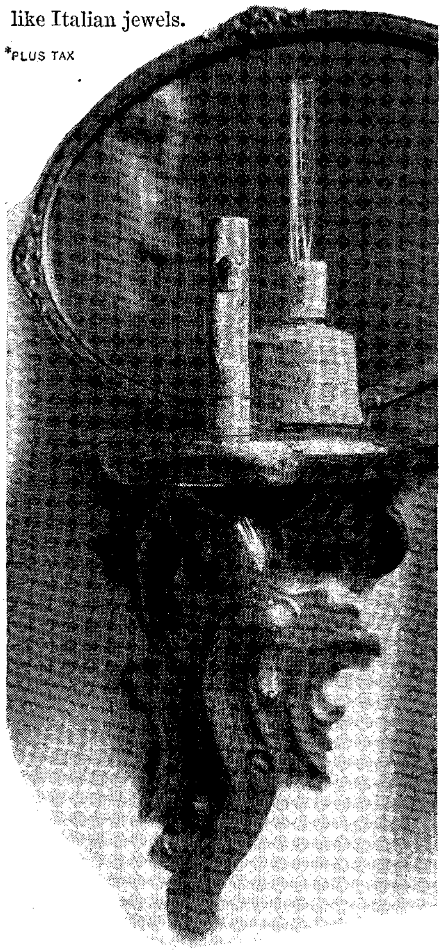

PRINCESS Marcella Borghese

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"The prospect of being cooked alive is not an attractive one."

INSIDE his cabin, the space man—if, of course, he is not in hibernation—may find temporary distraction from his lethal surroundings in the performance of his chores. He will have to check his cabin for pressurization, temperature, and humidity, as well as for noxious gases given off by the ship's equipment and by his own metabolism; he will have to watch his oxygen supply, perhaps keeping track of the photosynthetic process by which it is being maintained; and every now and then, depending on his course, he may need to provide his ship with a rocket assist by letting out a charge of fuel. Essentially, though, the space pilot will be a passenger, a man wafted through the dark, silent emptiness by momentum, and he will have a great deal of time on his hands. All that leisure is a matter of concern to the experts. Our senses must be stimulated or they will die, and in space there won't be even the simplest things that ordinarily keep a man's senses alert—the day's changes in temperature, for instance, or the different pressures we experience when we lie, sit, stand, and move. Ways of keeping the space man alert are being considered, and one of them, I was told by Dr. Richard Trumbull, head of the Physiological Psychology Branch of the Office of Naval Research, will be a system of "programming" his time. The idea is to give the space traveller a reasonably full schedule of things to do, at fixed times—including made work, self-study courses, and such recreational activity as listening to records and playing pinball.

If the space man is in a pressurized cabin, one big advantage he will have is that sound will travel normally, but if he is in an airless cabin, rigged up in his space suit, the only sounds he is likely to hear are those he makes himself, and the sound of his breathing might be as loud to him as Niagara. The silence prevailing in such a cabin, I was told, might be comparable to that of an anechoic chamber—a super-soundproof room, with walls that do not reflect sound, that researchers use for testing an individual's ability to withstand one form of sensory deprivation. Lieutenant Bruce E. Pinc, a physiologist who spent an hour in an anechoic chamber at the Aero Medical Laboratory in Dayton, told me that he would far rather find himself in "a high-stress situation where you don't know if the equipment will work but where you're at least in touch with people." Nor did he think his re-

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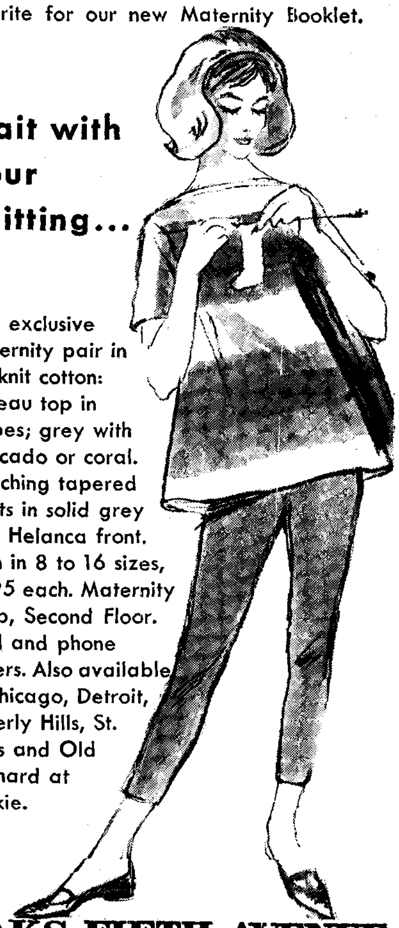

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action was exceptional. "A psychiatrist who had been testing others at the lab tried the chamber himself, and in a matter of minutes he was so disturbed that he had to be let out," Lieutenant Pinc told me. "He was disgusted with himself. He kept muttering that he had to face something in himself that he hadn't known about before."

In the silence and isolation, the space man is likely to be afflicted with hallucinations; he may see strange shapes and hear strange voices. That, at least, was the experience of a group of students at the University of Texas who voluntarily took part in an isolation experiment, and one report prepared by General Dynamics says that it will be necessary "to convince future space men that the hallucinations they may experience are the normal responses of . . . isolated people and not a cause for worry." Paradoxical as it may seem to the layman, ear surgery has been proposed as a method of forestalling visual illusions, and nerve-soothing drugs are being studied, as well as drugs to regulate the metabolic rate and the appetite. Another effect of isolation is profound fatigue, I was told, and here, again, it is hoped that drugs may be the answer, though a recent experiment with one powerful substance would seem to indicate the need for further research. The experiment has been described in a paper called "Fatigue, Confinement, Proficiency and Decrement," by Dr. George T. Hauty, of the Department of Experimental Psychology at the Air Force School of Aviation Medicine. A group of subjects used the stimulant to good advantage for twenty-four hours, Dr. Hauty discloses, but then delusions and hallucinations set in and proficiency vanished. "Since these operations [the delusions and hallucinations] occur with a normal sensory environment," he concludes, "it may be that such will occur to a greater degree in a closed ecological system associated with sensory deprivation as it is found in space flight with nullified gravitation [weightlessness], in a hermetic cabin, surrounded by the perpetual silence of space."

Perhaps the greatest danger of all is that the space man will fall victim to the "breakoff phenomenon"—an eerie and sometimes fatal by-product of isolation and boredom, which, according to a paper published in the *Journal of Aviation Medicine*, has caused some airplane pilots, flying well within the confines of the earth's atmosphere, to experience an unsettling "loss of identification with the earth." Upon becoming

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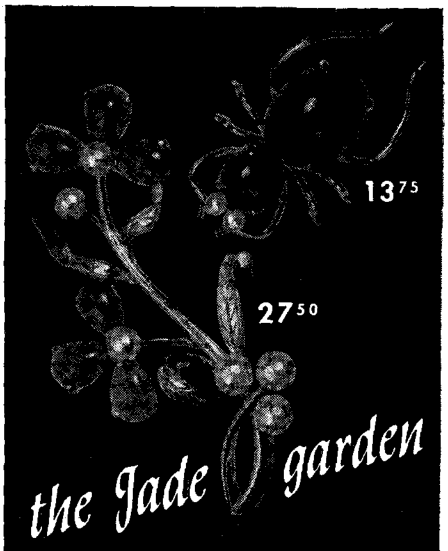

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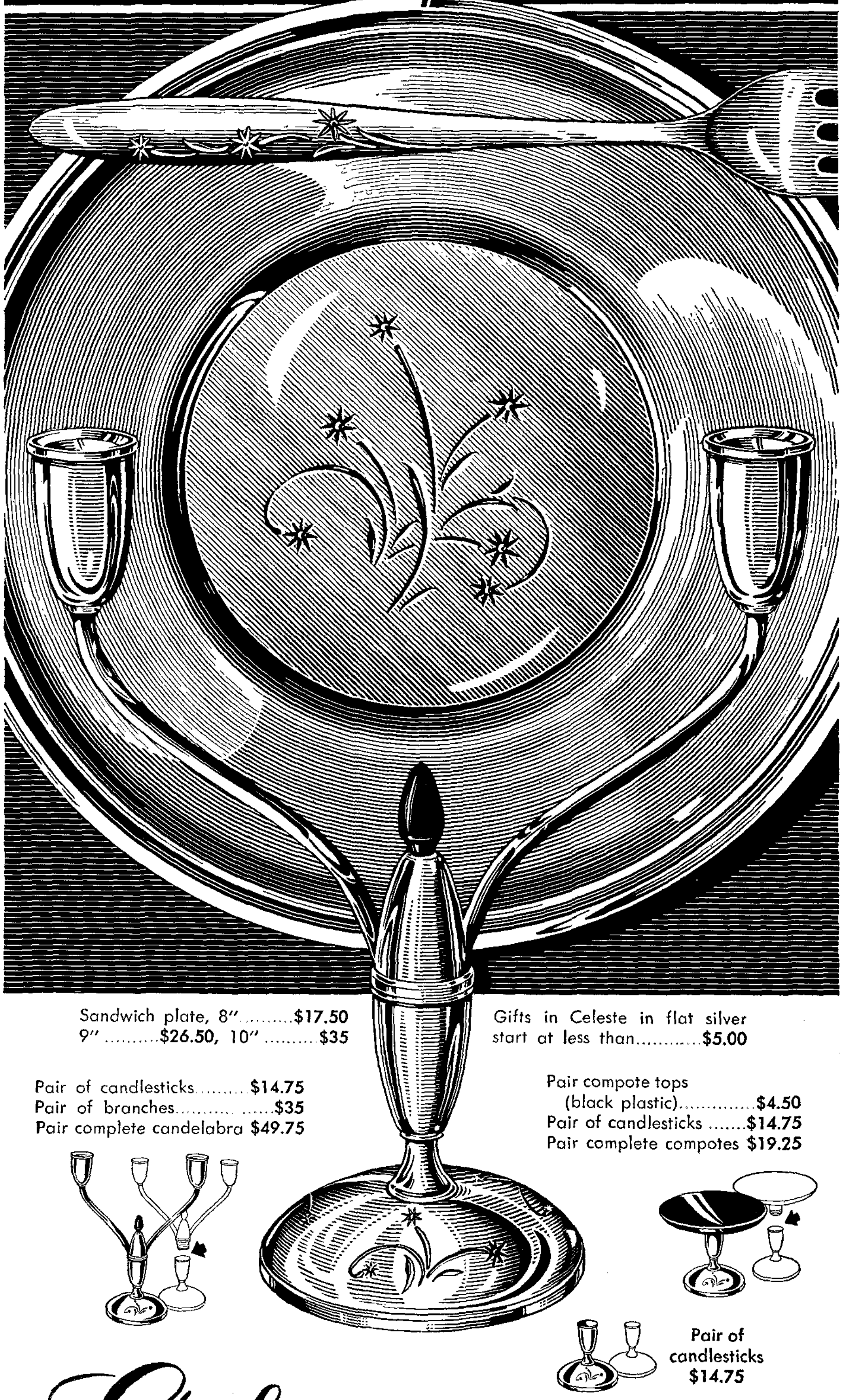
thus disconnected from the home planet, the flier grows uninterested in survival and falls into something like a trance, staring with apparent concentration at his instruments or out his window. Skin divers, Dr. Trumbull told me, undergo a counterpart of the breakoff phenomenon in what Jacques-Yves Cousteau, the French writer and underwater explorer, has called "the rapture of the depths"—a beckoning power that more than one diver has heeded, with fatal results. Colonel David G. Simons, now chief of the Space Biology Branch of the Aero Medical Field Laboratory, in Alamogordo, experienced the breakoff phenomenon in 1956, when he made his famous balloon ascent to an altitude of a hundred thousand feet. In describing the sensation to me, he likened it to the grip of a daydream. Judging only by his own experience, he said, he doubted whether the breakoff phenomenon would trouble any space traveller who managed to keep occupied. "When I was busy—and if ever anyone was busy, for thirty-two hours I was, what with making observations and reading dials and maps—I wasn't bothered by breakoff," he said. "But when I was tired and took a short break, I did feel that peculiar sense of detachment."

EVEN if the grand objective of a man in space is not attained for a long time to come, many of the scientists on the project are convinced that their work will bring about some fairly immediate benefits on earth. Animals that are to be catapulted into space in the near future, for instance, will have instruments attached to their bodies that will send back data on their physiological reactions, and these instruments—very possibly like those that were attached to the late Laika—may have their medical uses here and now. Heart action, brain waves, changes in both deep and superficial reflexes, and a wide variety of other information will be recorded, and the effort to develop instruments for this purpose, in the opinion of General Ogle, is hastening the improvement (the miniaturization, for one thing) of many appliances used in terrestrial diagnostic procedures. Moreover, he said, devices that will eventually be used for transmitting data from spaceships may soon be used to send information to centralized hospitals, where panels of specialists can diagnose difficult cases no matter how far away the patients are. "Maybe they'll save the life of an Ozark woman whose hill doctor is stumped," General Ogle remarked. Another doc-



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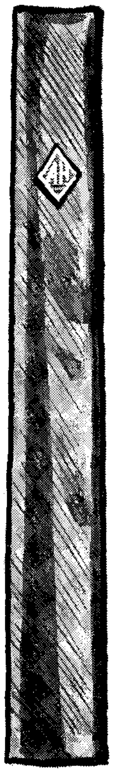
tor general, Don Flickinger, who is director of Life Sciences for the Air Research and Development Command, told me that wired monkeys, mice, and rats have already been rocketed and ballooned to high altitudes, though within the earth's atmosphere, and these, he said, may one day furnish leads for cancer research. He was particularly interested in the fact that certain black mice, dispatched from the Holloman Air Force Base, have white streaks in their fur where cosmic rays hit it. The black fur has never grown back, and this interests the General. "The white streak isn't just an ordinary burn," he said. "It represents a deleterious transfer of energy from ray to rodent, and it produces a basic alteration in cell function, though the cells continue to live. Well, what the cancer-research people are doing, to put it in basic terms, is to find out all they can about what influences and stimulates and changes the cell. We're hoping—and they are, too—that our black mice will contribute something to the answer."

Another study that has been speeded up by the man-in-space program is that of the stress hormones, like adrenalin, which accelerate our mental processes and quicken our reflexes. Fear triggers the flow of adrenalin, and adrenalin thereupon intensifies some of the side effects of fear—a faster heartbeat, for instance, and a tendency of the blood to clot. Now some scientists are calculating that if a man were to be given small doses of the stress hormones, he might develop a tolerance for them, and the dangerous effects of anxiety would be brought more or less under control—an achievement that, an Air Force physiologist told me, would benefit people here as well as out in space. "Certainly a space man is going to get the quakes," he told me, "but no worse than those poor wretches who were tossed to the lions in ancient Rome. A fellow can get just so scared and no more." As various medical discoveries give us increasing control over the nervous system, General Flickinger said, it may become possible to predict human performance under pressure. "This question is a dilly," he said. "To tackle it, one has to deal with the whole spectrum of personality, from a genius to an African Bushman, say—a simple fellow with a stomach that tells him he's hungry and eyes that tell him when the sun goes down. We know right now that if the heart does this and the cerebral cortex does that, then, as a functional organism, a particular fellow can do this



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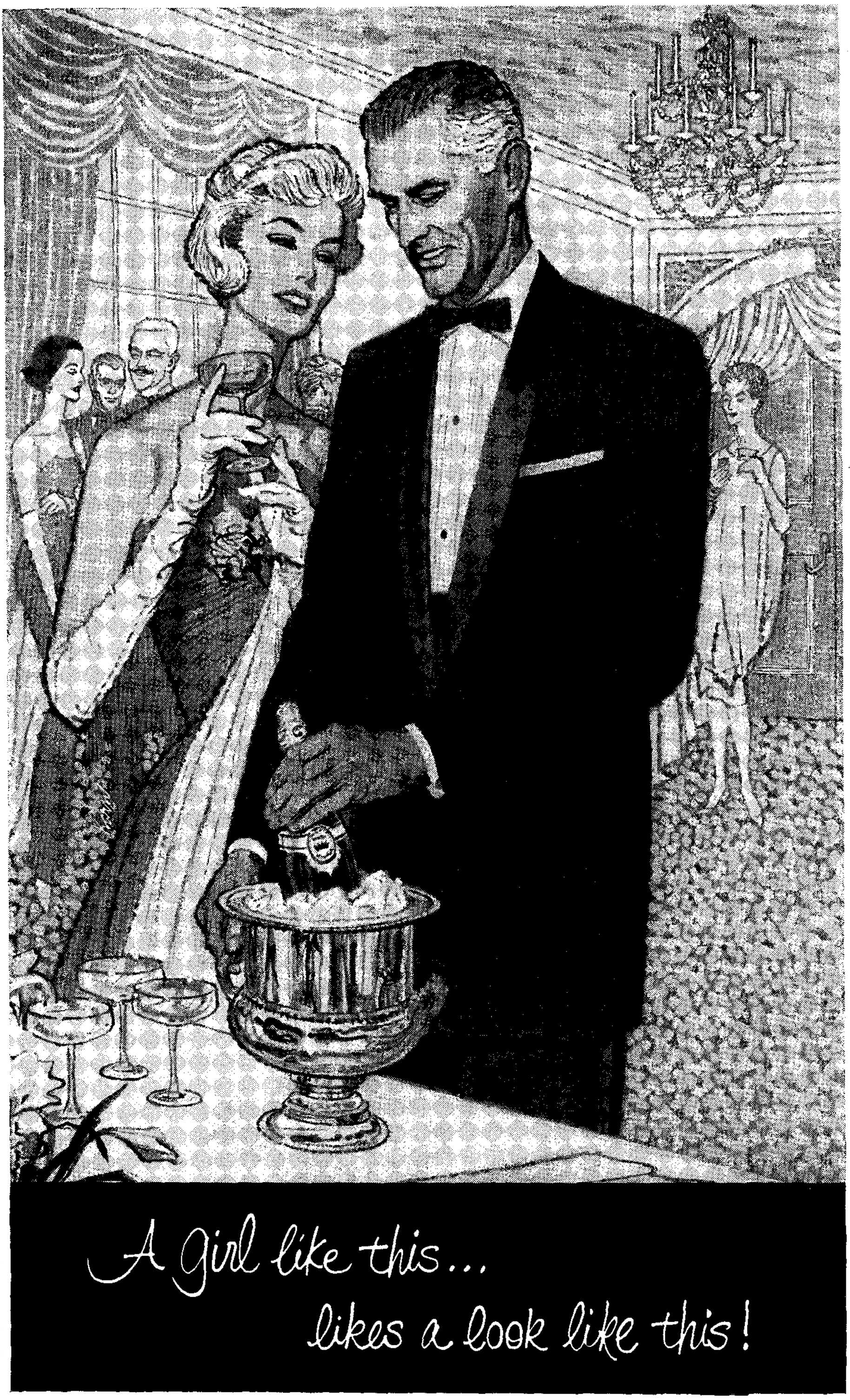
and that. But to translate this into terms of human performance, of what he *will* do when the chips are down—that's something else again. It's possible that I will have a hand in picking our first space operator, and in any case he'll surely be someone who has passed all the tests and who has a record of behaving well under stress. But how he'll behave once he gets up there—well, all we can do is hope."

INTERESTING though the terrestrial by-products of space research may be, the experts are concerned principally with the big prize. They want a man in space, and nothing less will do. Some of them have even begun to wonder exactly why. Some laymen are intrigued by the idea that space stations might have a military value, but not many scientists. In fact, Dr. Lee A. DuBridge, president of the California Institute of Technology, speaking at the Second Symposium on Basic and Applied Science in the Navy, held a few months ago in San Diego, dismissed the whole idea. If any military commander looks forward to launching missiles from Fortress Moon, Dr. DuBridge said, "Well, more power to him! He'll find the temperature a bit variable—boiling water by day, dry ice by night. And the days and nights are each two weeks long! He will find the lack of air, water and any appreciable or usable source of energy a bit inconvenient. And he will be bothered by the logistic problem of shooting his materials and supplies and weapons and personnel up there in the first place. Why shoot a load of explosives plus all auxiliary equipment two hundred and forty thousand miles to the moon, then two hundred and forty thousand miles back to hit a target only five thousand miles away? I'll guarantee to shoot a thousand missiles from the U.S. to any point on earth while our moon man is waiting twelve hours, more or less, for the earth to turn around and bring the target into shooting position. Finally . . . a bomb projected on a zero-angular-momentum path from the moon to the earth will take just five days to get there. . . . And we will hope the bombardier can figure correctly which side of the earth will be *up* by then."

To Dr. Edson, the assistant to the director of Army Research and Development, the exploration of space presents itself not as a potential means of mutual annihilation but as a chance—perhaps our last—to perpetuate the race. His position is that if we can no longer take to the hills, perhaps we can take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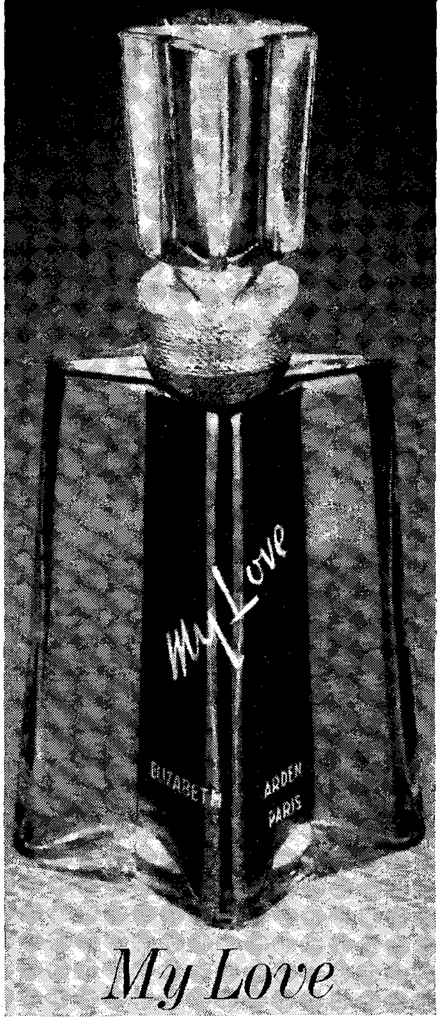

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to the planets. "In olden days," he told me, "a defeated people could always find a new green valley in which to start life afresh, but that is hardly feasible today. I see but two approaches to our plight. One is to reduce human destructiveness through some international plan. The other is the old one of finding a new green valley, of expanding the range of human habitat, and this can be done only through astronautics. People sense that the race is in peril, and this, I believe, is a powerful, if unstated, reason for the widespread interest in space and space travel."

Colonel John Paul Stapp, chief of the Aero Medical Laboratory in Dayton and the man who, a few years back, rode a rocket sled at nearly the speed of sound, suspects that "survival euphoria" may be at the bottom of it all—a desire to win out over the near-death that a space journey would involve. "The Chinese say that narrow escapes are like cutting off the Devil's tail," he told me, and I was not surprised when I learned later that he has already volunteered to go into space if and when the time comes. A colleague of his had a less adventurous approach. "Live, intelligent individuals have got to go up or we won't get the information we need," he said. As for General Ogle, he told me that the urge to send a man up is largely explained by half a sentence from the President's Science Advisory Committee's "Introduction to Outer Space," a White House document issued last spring: ". . . the thrust of curiosity that leads men to try to go where no one has gone before." Then, perhaps visualizing a man in space with an algae garden and a still unknown defense against weightlessness, he invoked another quotation, this one from Einstein: "The fairest thing we can experience is the mysterious. It is the fundamental emotion which stands at the cradle of true science. He who knows it not and can no longer wonder, no longer feel amazement, is as good as dead."

—Daniel Lang

•

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—*Chambers's Twentieth Century Dictionary.*

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

NOVEMBER 6

NO election in recent times—certainly no "off-year" election—has changed the whole look of national politics as this one has. It is hard to think of any aspect of public policy that will be unaffected by the news that came in Tuesday night. It is even harder to think of any public man who stands today quite where he stood a week ago, whose power or reputation has not been enlarged, diminished, or in some other way altered. It is possible that everyone is reading a bit too much into the news and that too many people are proclaiming the ends and beginnings of eras; if that is so, then that is in itself a new development, for the normal thing here is to belittle change and to say that it all means more of *la même chose*. One doesn't hear that today. What one does hear is that life will be very strange with Senator Knowland in the newspaper business, Senator Bricker in the railroad business, and no strong voice to be raised in behalf of Chiang Kai-shek or in the moods and tenses of Robert A. Taft. (Had Senator Knowland been elected Governor of California, he would, to be sure, have spoken from a far-off place, but he has a voice that carries, and many ears here are tuned in on Sacramento.) The Right Wing of the Republican Party, which only five years ago was believed by many sober men to be in effective control of the country, has been shattered. It will be spoken for in what was once its stronghold—the United States Senate—only by Barry Goldwater, of Arizona, who can be counted on to keep the faith and who might be a most able spokesman if it were not that, in point of fact, he hardly ever speaks.

The next two years promise to be unlike anything known in recent history. No President since Andrew Johnson, who inherited the job as a coalition Vice-President, has ever been called upon to work with a Congress as hostile as the next one is certain to be, and it may be that it was the sheer extent of the Democratic victory that made Mr. Eisenhower, at his news conference Wednesday morning, seem more bitter and resentful than he has ever been in the past. It was one thing for him to have to deal with a Democratic majority of two or three in the Senate and thirty or so in the House; it will be quite another for him to have to work with a legislative branch in which the opposition party will be within a handful of votes of being able to override any Presidential veto. The experts here maintain that it will still be theoretically possible for a coalition of Republicans and Southern Democrats to control the Congress and—when the will of both groups coincides with that of the President—to form an Eisenhower majority. From the look of things at the moment, though, it scarcely matters whether this is true or not. The Southern Democrats currently have almost nothing in common with the Republicans, and it remains to be seen whether any substantial number of Republicans will go out of their way to form alliances helpful to the President. He now labors even more heavily than before under the restraints of the Twenty-second Amendment, which prevents him from succeeding himself. The far likelier prospect now is that there will be a coalition of Northern Republicans and Northern Democrats, led by the latter. The Northern Democrats are almost a simple majority in the Senate by themselves, and the strength they have displayed in this election will, it is believed, tend to make the surviving Republicans gravitate toward them, rather than toward the Southerners, a gravitation encouraged by the fact that several of the winning Republicans, such as Kenneth Keating, of New York, and Hugh Scott, of Pennsylvania, are ideologically indistinguishable from Democrats. If a stalemate is to be avoided, if the payroll is to be met, if taxes are to be levied and collected, if bills are to become acts, something in the American system will have to give.

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In the roster of men who have been regarded up to now as figures of national importance, Senator John Kennedy, of Massachusetts, is the only one who seems to have been relatively untouched by the week's events. Before Tuesday, Senator Kennedy was a promising contender for the Democratic nomination for President in 1960, and he was expected to win reëlection in Massachusetts by a large majority; he is still a promising contender, and he did get a large majority. It can be argued that the emergence of Nelson Rockefeller changes the prospects for Senator Kennedy by giving the Republicans a potential candidate who could match the attractions—a pleasing appearance, a gracious manner, money in the bank, and a personality that seems to exclude altogether the possibility of meanness or slyness or crookedness—that Senator Kennedy for a time seemed to have a patent on. The argument may be valid, but at least Senator Kennedy has neither lost much nor gained much, and he is just about the only national figure of whom this can be said. The President has lost a great deal. His party won significant and unanticipated victories only in three states—New York, Arizona, and Pennsylvania—and in the first two of these he was requested by the candidates not to intervene on their behalf. The Vice-President also was requested to make himself scarce in Arizona and New York. The loss of California to the Democrats and the gain of New York by the Republicans are severe embarrassments to Mr. Nixon, and deprive him of the expectation, which at one point seemed entirely reasonable, of an easy nomination two years from now. Nelson Rockefeller is far more of a threat to Mr. Nixon than he

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is to Senator Kennedy, because Mr. Rockefeller for the next two years will be the outstanding symbol of Republican victory, while the Vice-President will have to take his share—and probably a lot more than his share—of the blame for Republican defeats. Bets at even money are already being made that the Vice-President is through and that the 1960 Republican nomination is Mr. Rockefeller's. The argument is powerful. Mr. Rockefeller is squarely in the tradition of Wendell Willkie, Thomas E. Dewey, and Dwight Eisenhower, all of whom had the look of victory and New York backing, and all of whom triumphed over men who, like Mr. Nixon, had nothing but the inside track and a record of party service. People betting on Mr. Rockefeller say that the bets are off if the anti-Rockefeller people prevail on the President to retire in Mr. Nixon's favor before 1960.

It is not only the candidates and potential candidates, however, who will find life in 1959 not at all what it was in 1958. A good many people who weren't and aren't running for anything will be playing a different role from this point on. In October, Carmine DeSapio could be regarded as an evil genius or a shrewd strategist—and in any event as a man to be taken seriously in national politics. Today, there is almost universal agreement that he is none of these; there is even a fairly widespread feeling that he has shown himself to be a first-class bungler. If he is lucky enough to go to the next Democratic convention as boss of the New York delegation, his counsel will be less respected than that of the Governor-elect of California, Edmund G. Brown—or that of the Governor-elect of New York at the Republican convention. A much more interesting case is that of Senator Lyndon Johnson, of Texas, who has been greatly admired for his skill in leading the Senate Democrats for the last four years, during which time they had a slim majority, sometimes of only one vote. Senator Johnson showed great tact and political resourcefulness in his difficult job. That job, though, is not the job he will have from now on. Almost any drill sergeant could lead the Democrats in the Eighty-sixth Congress. Moderation, which has been Lyndon Johnson's watchword, may be needed more than ever, but it will not be a virtue required for Democratic success. There will be no need for craft or guile or cleverness on the part of the Democratic legislative leader; with sixty-two votes, it will be

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necessary only to have a Party whip efficient enough to round up fifty or so for every roll call. Senator Johnson excelled at dealing with Republicans and at soothing Southern sensibilities; these gifts are now hardly needed at all, and the very possession of them may lessen the majority leader's influence in his own party. As a politician of uncommon abilities, Senator Johnson may create a new role for himself—indeed, he must have been at work on such a role before the election, for he was ready yesterday with a twelve-point program for the next Congress—and prove that he can be a dazzling figure even when his job is only that of piloting a steamroller. If he fails to do so, the *de-facto* leadership may be wrested from him.

IT came as something of a surprise on the afternoon before Election Day when the White House announced that the President would hold a news conference the morning after the votes were in. Normally, Mr. Eisenhower seizes on occasions like this to excuse himself from a meeting with the press. But he went ahead with the conference, and it was one of the most remarkable of his career. He seemed a hurt and angry man and a President who was not yet in a mood to accept, as eventually he must, this latest expression of the will of the electorate. In 1954, when he warned that a Democratic Congress would lead to "chaos" and "cold war" in government—and when the voters nevertheless gave him a Democratic Congress—he said later that the words he had used in the heat of the campaign had perhaps been poorly chosen, that some of his best friends were Democrats, and that he was sure everything would work out fine. In yesterday's news conference, there were one or two notes of conciliation, but they seemed of little importance in their general context, which was one of vast annoyance and of deep misgivings about the future of the Republic. The people, he thought, had acted foolishly, capriciously, ignorantly, recklessly. He had gone to the nation with the truth—the documented truth ("as a matter of fact, I gave quotes. . . . I was taking them out of a sort of historical record")—and "apparently that didn't make any great impression." He said that if there was any "disenchantment" with the administration, he couldn't imagine what it was or why it existed. "I do not see where there is anything that these people [who voted for Democrats and who had voted for him in

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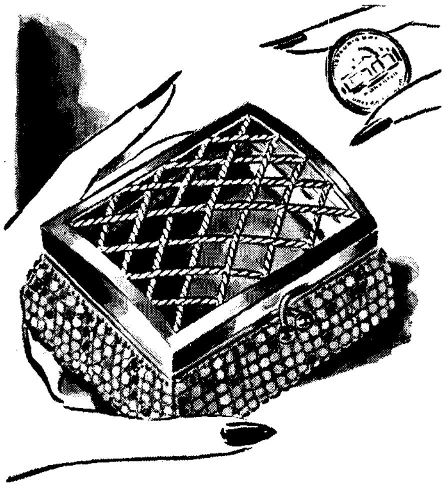
large numbers two years ago] consciously want the administration to do differently. And if I am wrong, I'd like to know what it is." Yet, time and again, he talked as though he had a pretty good hunch, a working assumption, as to what "these people" are after. They are out to raid the Federal Treasury by electing known "spenders." In reply to question after question, he spoke as if nothing had been at stake in the election, and as if nothing in the future will be of importance, except the size of the national debt.

This in itself was an odd thing for the President to dwell upon. He has always been a man easily scandalized by talk of the national debt, but he has not, either in his own campaigns or in his conduct of the Presidency, made it the central issue. He has generally attached more importance to sound administration, to high moral purpose, and to an effective foreign policy than to the size of the budget, which has mounted in his time—to eighty billion dollars this year, with a twelve- or thirteen-billion-dollar deficit—as it did before his time, and he has made the same platitudinous observations as other men on freedom's being too valuable to be measured in mere dollars and cents. The thing he seems to set most store by—a vigorous diplomacy, global in scope and backed by American military power—is the thing that fattens the budget and whose cost he has had very little luck in reducing. Moreover, he has himself recognized that the cost of carrying a public debt has to be judged in relation to the value of what has been bought with the principal sums; agents of his administration have often urged on our allies—particularly those in need of great economic development—the view that what in private relationships might seem criminally usurious interest rates may not be excessive if the borrowed money adds to a nation's wealth. But none of this was heard yesterday. He said that he would devote his last two years of public service to fighting off the big spenders, and that it had even occurred to him to get some laws passed reducing the fixed parts of the budget—interest charges and so forth. He said that he hoped to make further cuts in defense; asked how this would be possible with guided and ballistic missiles entering the operational stage, he said that missiles, if they ever came to anything, would replace other weapons, which he did not identify, and that these others could be eliminated. "And if that is not true," he went on, "then I will



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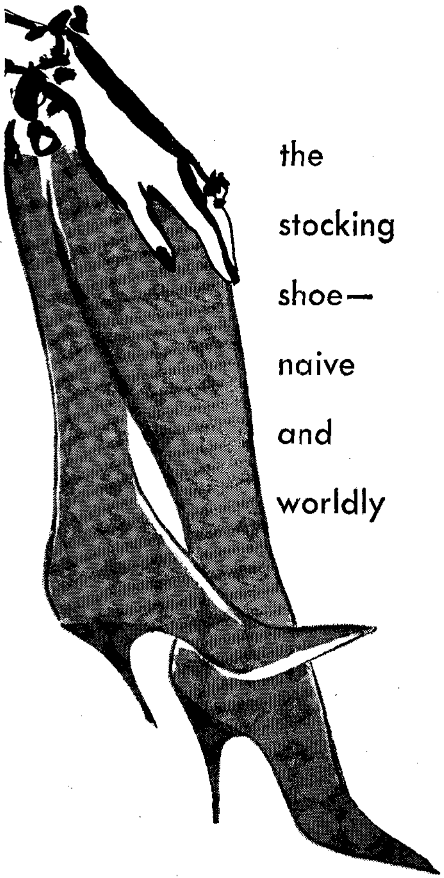

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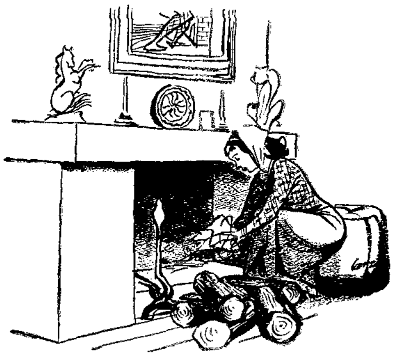
tell you we better go into a garrison state, because there is no other way to meet the expenses." He was in a bleak, almost black mood, and the opposition victory that he might have regarded as a challenge to his well-known powers of conciliation and compromise he seemed to regard as a catastrophe not only for his party and his administration but for the whole American future. Did he expect, then, to lose his fight? No, the enemy had driven him into tight corners before—at Kasserine Pass and in the Bulge—and in time he had fought his way out.

The President's performance becomes more mystifying when one reflects on the probability that there will be no battle at all. Except now and then in a news conference, he has shown no interest in carrying a fight to Congress, and he has never, in fact, done so. He always yielded gracefully to the Republican Eighty-third Congress, and to the Eighty-fourth and Eighty-fifth Congresses, which were Democratic by inconsiderable margins. It seems hardly likely that he will turn militant in his last two years; if he does, he will have slight hope of victory. Moreover, he cannot engage Congress in a contest over the budget until he has met and mastered his own administration, for it is always in the executive branch that the urge to spend is the greatest. On the really large federal projects, the instinct of most congressmen most of the time is to say no. The executive branch under Mr. Eisenhower has been true to type, and there is not much doubt that all over Washington today there are Republican officeholders rubbing their hands in glee at the thought of the bunch of heavy spenders due in here on January 7th. Indeed, this very afternoon, a delightfully springlike one, while passersby could observe the President's bagman scooting after golf balls on the back lawn of the White House and the golfer himself only half hidden behind a clump of bushes, reporters who troubled themselves to do so could dig up any number of new spending projects



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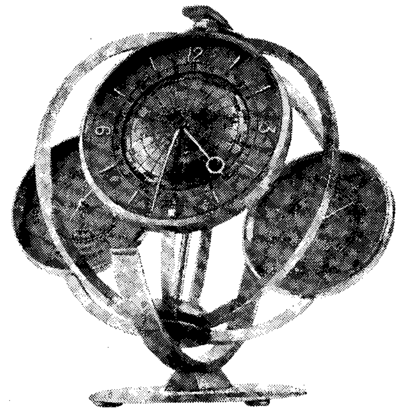

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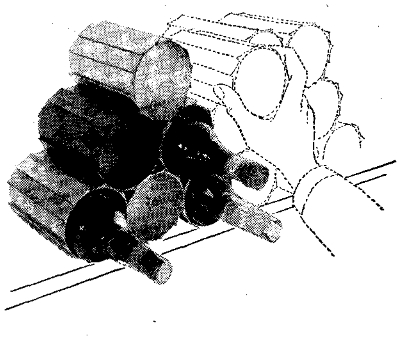

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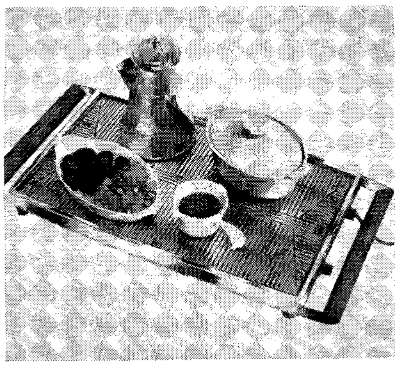

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under rapid construction. In the State Department alone there were several. The texts of two speeches scheduled for delivery tomorrow were released, and both pleaded for more money, not less. In San Francisco, C. Douglas Dillon, Under-Secretary of State for Economic Affairs, will recommend the outlay of an unprecedented billion dollars a year by the Development Loan Fund, which makes soft loans, repayable on easy terms in local currencies, to underdeveloped nations. In New York, the Ambassador to Spain, the Honorable John Davis Lodge, will tell some travel agents meeting at the Commodore that the administration is "now considering with our Spanish friends the possible loan of a substantial sum of pesetas—derived from the sale of United States surplus agricultural products financed under our aid program—for the improvement and expansion of Spanish tourist facilities. This loan, if finally agreed to, would be used primarily for expanding hotel facilities, in order to accommodate an increased number of tourists." Today, also, there was an announcement that a decision is soon to be reached on the proper amount of capitalization for the Inter-American Bank, which is to be set up by the Inter-American Economic and Social Council early next year; the figure is expected to be somewhere between two hundred million and three billion dollars, for which, of course, this country will be responsible for a large share. On Monday next, the President and Mr. Dulles go to the Seattle meeting of the Colombo Plan powers, which include practically all our friends and allies in Asia, and some authoritative and rather gay spokesmen at the State Department said that while, naturally, they couldn't be sure of what the President would say (presumably they will write his speech this weekend), it would be fairly surprising if he went empty-handed, and it would not be at all surprising if he went with some such generous offer of assistance as he made at the United Nations sessions on the Middle East last summer.

A few things, anyway, seem not to have changed.

—RICHARD H. ROVERE

•

> These three—Stengel, Lopez and Tebbetts—probably would have to be ranked forelations, and what else is spring most in the art of public retraining for?
> —*The World-Telegram & Sun.*

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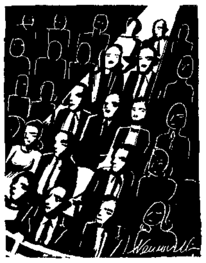

IN "Home Before Dark," Jean Simmons, portraying the wife of a gelid pedagogue, is busy trying, with quiet desperation, to adjust herself to life with her New England family after being cooped up in an insane asylum for about a year. She has her work cut out for her, since the family includes not only her chilly spouse but a nagging stepmother, to say nothing of a well-arranged stepsister for whom the pedagogue has a furtive yen. Obviously, Miss Simmons' relatives are pretty bleak, but fortunately there is also in residence a wise and sympathetic boarder who is a colleague of Miss Simmons' husband. As you can see, we have here all the ingredients of a radio serial, but Miss Simmons maintains her dramatic balance even when the going is sticky, and after two hours of calorific emoting, she almost has us convinced that what we have been watching has not been an utter waste of time. Considering the fact that there isn't very much more to be said in the movies about lovelorn wives—to whom Lord knows how many millions of feet of film have been dedicated—she deserves congratulations. But it is rather too bad that Eileen and Robert Bassing, who wrote the script, didn't get just a little more substance into the thing.

Expensively mounted, "Home Before Dark" was directed by Mervyn LeRoy, and in the cast supporting Miss Simmons are Dan O'Herlihy, as the despicable husband; Mabel Albertson, as the annoying stepmother; Rhonda Fleming, as the flashy stepsister; and Efrem Zimbalist, Jr., as the kindly boarder. Of the group, Mr. O'Herlihy is the most effective, but even he is too severely confined by the script to be entirely plausible.

"MY UNCLE," a French film written by Jacques Tati (in collaboration with Jacques Legrange), directed by M. Tati, and starring M. Tati, is not as funny as some of his previous efforts, but it has some fairly droll sequences. In this one, M. Tati,

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once again playing the character M. Hulot (of "M. Hulot's Holiday"), sets out to demonstrate the idiocies of modern gadgetry. The gadgetry appears in the fully mechanized home of M. Hulot's sister, and a contrast is drawn between this mad electronic world and the carefree life to be found in an old-fashioned Paris suburb. In his excursions into the streets, M. Hulot is accompanied by his engaging nephew (Alain Becourt), who strings right along with his notion that the modern world is too much with us. I guess one of the troubles with M. Tati's latest enterprise is that once the foolishness of up-to-date contrivances is established—which is done here very briskly—there aren't many possible variations. Another handicap is the familiarity of the theme, which was explored to such rewarding purpose in René Clair's "A Nous la Liberté" and Charlie Chaplin's "Modern Times." But M. Tati is still a fine pantomimist, and even when he isn't at the top of his game, it's a pleasure to watch him artfully bumbling about.

—John McCarten

•

THE CLOUDED CRYSTAL BALL

[*From "The Next Hundred Years," by C. C. Furnas, 1936*]

If you could by some device convert matter into energy you should get an enormous yield of the order of 250 billion calories per gram, but such a thing could happen under very restricted conditions in atomic transformation. If man could only induce matter, any kind of matter, to explode into energy then he would have a power house that really is something. Half a pound of matter, says Professor Aston, would contain enough energy to drive a 30,000 ton vessel from New York to Southampton and back at 25 knots. Can the atomic physicists show us how to tap that reservoir profitably? The last word has not been said yet but do not buy any stock in an Atomic Energy Development Company. You will certainly lose.

•

(c) The term "alcohol" and "alcoholic beverage" shall mean alcohol and alcoholic beverage as now defined by law.

(d) The words "club," "night club," "road house," "restaurant," "hotel," "dining-car," "Pullman Car," "Club Car" and "boat" shall respectively mean club, night club, road house, restaurant, hotel, dining car, Pullman Car, Club Car and boat as now defined by law.

(g) The terms "beer," "liquor" and "wine" shall respectively mean beer, liquor and wine as now defined by law.—*From the Indiana Alcoholic Beverage Law, as passed by the 1945 General Assembly.*

The term "Solon" shall mean sage, or wise guy.

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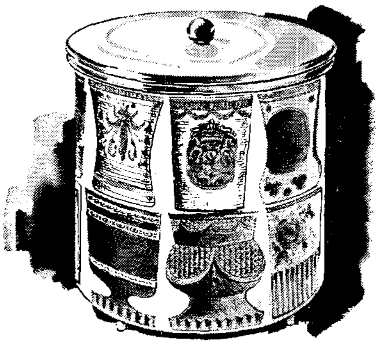

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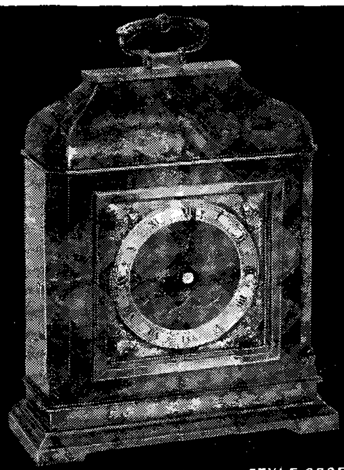

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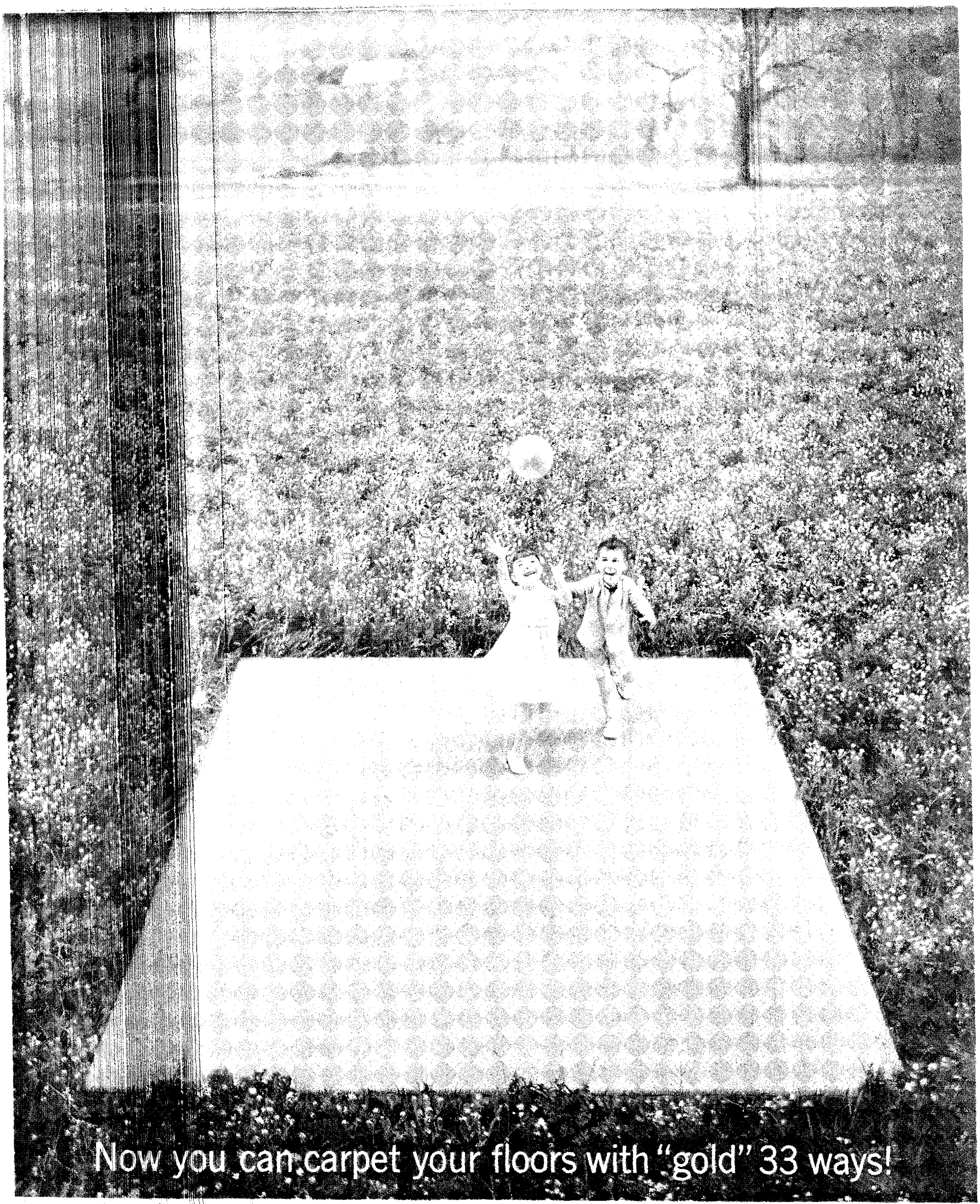
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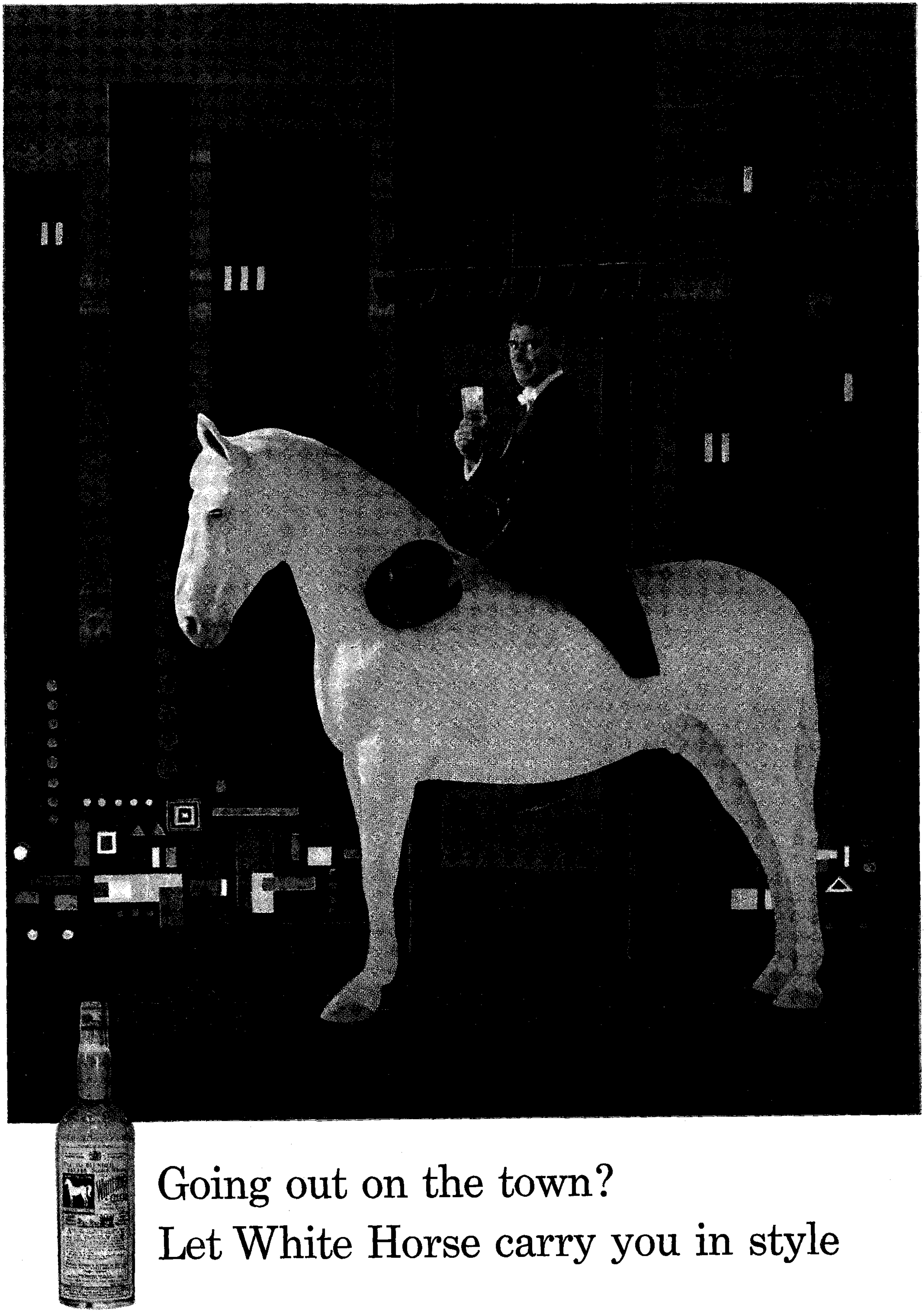

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THE LAMP

ARTHUR DOUGLAS took the afternoon newspaper into the library, switched on the green-shaded student lamp, and sat down in his comfortable brass-studded red leather chair. Before starting to read the paper, he looked around the room and experienced the warm glow of pleasure that it always gave him. It was a good room; it was restful and inviting, and the bookshelves that rose up three walls acted as a magnet—people always seemed to gravitate toward the books, and to take pleasure from them even without touching them. In fact, if the room had any drawback at all, it was that it was *too* appealing; it had originally been intended as Douglas's study, but it was so much more attractive than the living room that people congregated there, and it had finally been accepted that "Arthur's room" was where everybody went after dinner. Marie, his wife, often took her lunch in there, with the curious excuse that it was easier than eating it in the dining room or the kitchen.

Douglas had just opened his paper when he heard the front door of the apartment click open and slam shut, and then the unmistakable, rubber-heeled steps of David, their ten-year-old son, coming down the hall. In a moment, David was in the doorway, red-cheeked and with his hair plastered against his forehead by perspiration. He was holding in his hands a large, wobbling lamp.

S
P
Judith Shahn

"How do you like?" David asked, grinning. "It got first prize in shop!"

"Why, that's wonderful," said Douglas. "Let me see it."

David brought the lamp to him, and Douglas examined it in silence. The base was cylindrical, about twelve inches high and six inches wide. From a distance, it had appeared to be made of metal, but, looking at it closely, Douglas could see that it was wood that had been covered with aluminum foil. The foil was wrinkled, and in some places torn.

"I had an awful time with that foil," David said. "I had to use a special glue, and it kept sticking to everything, and then it would get all gooked up."

"I can see," said Douglas. "But you did a good job." He held the lamp at arm's length and looked at it, and the top section rattled. The shade, which was screwed to a lyre-shaped fixture bracketing the light bulb, was decorated with silhouette cutouts of ships and airplanes. "Did you do the shade, too?" Douglas asked.

"Well, sort of," David replied. "I didn't make *it*, but I made the decorations and put them on. But all the rest of it I made myself." He laughed. "Except, of course, the cord and the bulb and that bracket thing. Sir had those around the shop, and he told me how to put them on."

"Well, I think it's just fine," Douglas said. "I'm very proud of you." He handed the lamp back to David.

"No—you keep it," David said. "It's yours."

There was a short pause. "Oh, no," Douglas said. "I couldn't, really. After all, you got the prize with it. You ought to keep it. But thank you anyway."

David took the lamp from him slowly, and held it for a moment before speaking. "I kind of made it with this room in mind," he said.

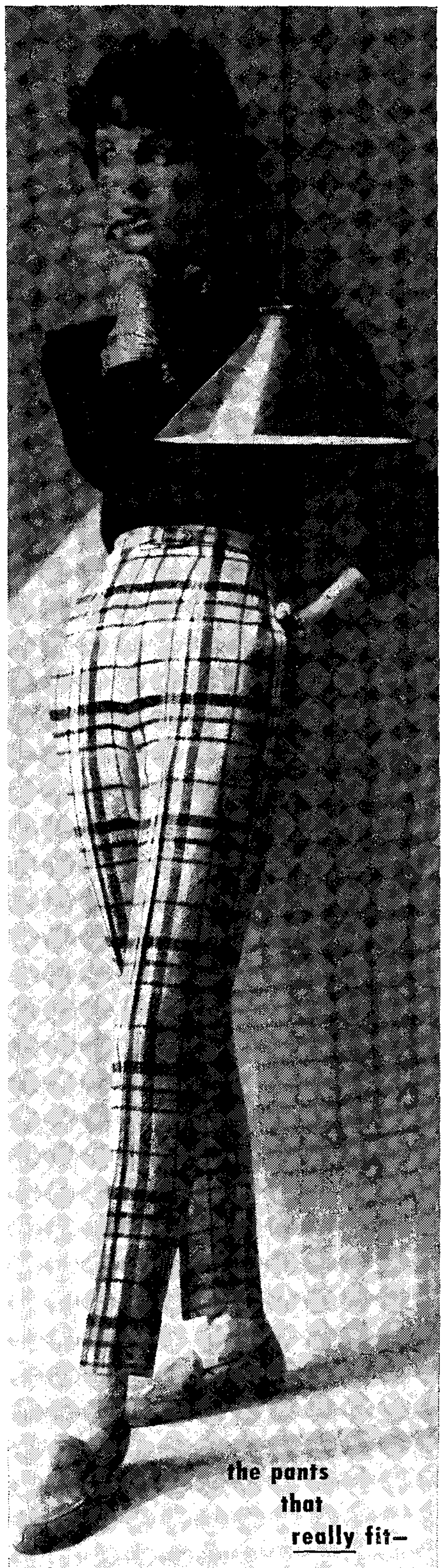
Douglas swallowed. "Well, I must say that's very nice of you, but look around—we haven't got *room* for any more lamps. Besides, it's too— too special to be used in here. I'm terribly flattered, but I'd feel wrong about accepting it. I really mean that."

David thought for a while. "O.K.," he said, and turned and went out of the room.

"Thank you anyway," Douglas called after him.

"O.K.," David said, from down the hall. He went into the kitchen, and Douglas could hear him as he showed the lamp to his mother.

DOUGLAS opened his paper again, then put it down. He tried to remember all the things that David had made in school, and the uses to which they had been put after they were brought home. The first thing he had made was a pipe rack—a frame with holes drilled through the top and bottom, none of the holes being big enough to take any of Douglas's pipes. But he had kept it on his desk for a while, and put pencils in it. Then there had been bookends, made of stained wood and having a jigsaw cutout of a bucking horse glued on each one; they were all right except that they weren't heavy enough to hold any but the smallest books in place. They were now in a closet, with the Christmas-tree ornaments. Next, there had been the mahogany-stained bowl, which David had made as a feed bowl for his dog, only



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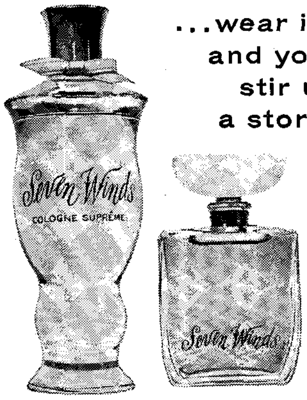

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to find out that it cracked when soaked in water. The crack had been glued together, and the bowl used to hold matches, but David had been angry and depressed. "The whole thing is a flop," he had said. "Nothing I ever make turns out to be any good."

I wish I'd been able to do something about that lamp, Douglas thought. But we *couldn't* have used it in this room, and if we just put it here for a couple of days, he would have felt worse when we gave it back to him than if we'd never taken it at all. If I can really make it seem that for him to have it is a reward—something he has won—maybe he'll feel better.

Douglas brooded about the matter through dinner, and then, when he and Marie were in the library with their coffee, he said, "I think I'm going to have a little talk with David."

She looked up from the needlepoint design she was sewing. "Why?" she asked, surprised. "What's he done?"

"He hasn't done anything wrong," Douglas said. "I mean about his lamp. I'm afraid I hurt his feelings when I told him we couldn't use it in here."

"Oh," she said, and went back to her needlepoint. "I didn't know he'd even thought of putting it in here."

"Yes. I hated to turn him down."

"Well, I don't think you need worry," she said. "He was gay as a grig when he brought it in to show to me."

"Still and all," Douglas said, rising, "I think a little talk won't do any harm."

DAVID was in bed, with a stack of comic books in his lap. A portable radio, tuned not quite to a station, blared tinnily on a table on one side of his bed, and on the other side, next to the window, stood his lamp. It gave a brilliant light—Douglas estimated that there must be at least a hundred-and-fifty-watt bulb in it—and its glare threw long shadows into the corners of the room. The window curtain, stirred by a gust of wind, draped a filmy tentacle around the shade, and the lamp clattered and rocked slightly.

"Look out for that curtain," Douglas said. "It'll pull the lamp over if you're not careful."

David reached out and disengaged the curtain, then straightened the top of the lamp. "I've got to fix this tomorrow," he said. "She's come a little loose."

Douglas sat on the foot of the bed. "Look, David, there's something I'd like to talk to you about," he said. "Do

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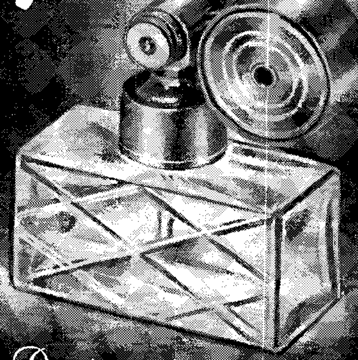

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you want to kill that music for a minute?"

David turned off the radio and looked at him questioningly, not knowing what to expect. "What?" he said.

"It's about the lamp," said Douglas. "It's a fine lamp, and I would like nothing better than to be able to use it in my— in the library."

He paused, and David continued to look at him.

"Now, here's what I'm getting at," Douglas went on. "Even if we *could* use it in the library, it would be wrong to, because it's something you worked very hard to do. It's something that you won first prize for, and it's something that belongs to you—that you ought to keep, like a medal. Do you see what I mean?"

"Oh, sure," said David. "I think you're right. I like to have it here." He looked at the lamp. "Do you notice how the foil shines in the light?" he asked.

Douglas looked, and saw that the light accentuated the wrinkles in the foil so they looked like raindrops running down a window. "Yes," he said. "It's very good-looking. And you'll be able to enjoy it in here. Do you see what I mean?"

"Oh, sure," said David. "I think it looks better here."

"Good," said Douglas, and he stood up. "I just wanted to make sure you understood, that's all."

"Oh, sure," David said, again.

Douglas rumpled the boy's hair, said good night to him, and went out. In the library, he picked up a magazine and sat down in his red chair. "I got it straightened out with no trouble at all," he said. "Everything's fine."

Marie didn't look up from her needlepoint. "Good," she said. "I'm glad."

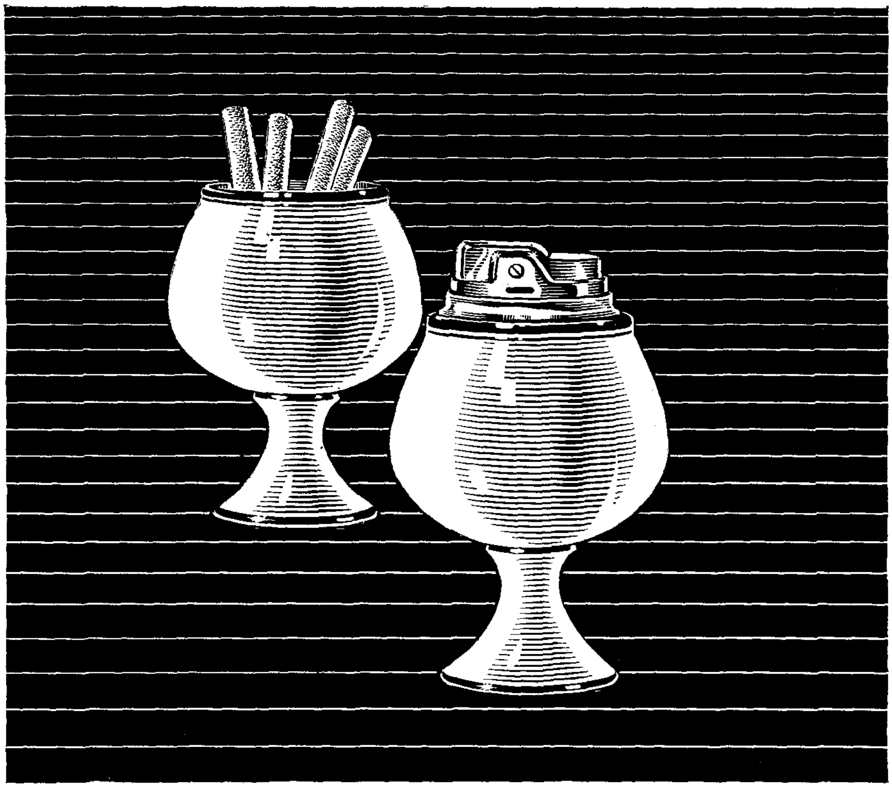
IT was sometime after midnight when Douglas was awakened by Marie. "Arthur!" she said loudly. "*Arthur!* Something's burning!"

He sat up, wide awake, and smelled a strong, rubbery odor of smoke. He swung out of bed, fumbled for his bedside light, and pressed the switch, but the light did not go on. "Turn on your light!" he said to Marie, and heard the clicking of her switch in the darkness.

"It won't go," she said.

"The goddam fuse is blown," he muttered. He stumbled across the room, stepping on his shoes and falling against the dressing table. "I'll bet it's that light of David's. I'll bet anything in the world. . . ."

He heard Marie behind him as he



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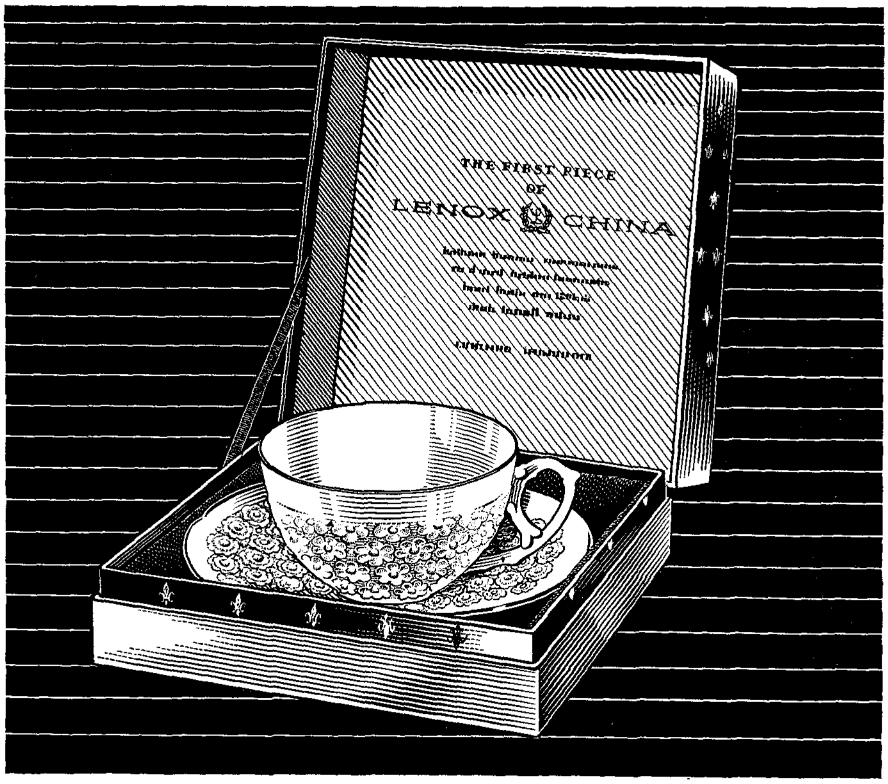

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ran into the hall, groping through the darkness to David's room. He opened the door, and saw the window framed in the evil red glow of burning curtains. The smoke was thick and searing. "David!" he shouted. "David! Wake up!"

Marie screamed, and there was a rustling on David's bed, and then Douglas grabbed the boy blindly and picked him up and propelled him out of the room. "He's all right!" Douglas said. "Get some water from the kitchen!" Then he turned back, saw the lamp silhouetted in the glare, and ran and grabbed it by the top and flung it across the room. It burned his hand, but he felt it come apart and heard the plug come out of the wall socket, so he knew it could do no more damage. He took the blanket from the bed, and with it he pounded and ripped at the glowing remains of the curtains. Marie came into the room with a flashlight and a pitcher of water.

"Here," she said. "The light's on in the kitchen. David's getting more water."

Douglas poured the water on the curtains, and drenched them again with the water that David brought, and finally all that was left of the fire was the sour smell of smoke.

"What did it?" Marie asked. "Was it the lamp?"

"It certainly was," Douglas said. "God damn it, if they've got to make the kids build these things, I wish to Christ they'd show them how to do it *right!*" He was trembling, and his hand burned. "Come on," he said. "Let's go to the kitchen and get another fuse." As he and Marie started for the kitchen, he was aware that David was walking silently ahead of them.

Douglas put in a new fuse, and then they all went back, and he flicked on the overhead light in David's room. The ceiling above the window was blackened, and the paint on the frame had dark-brown bubbles in it, but beyond that there was little damage. Across the room, where Douglas had thrown it, was the lamp. The shade was burned, and the top section had come off, but the base was more or less intact. Douglas picked it up and examined it, and something heavy rattled inside. He looked at David. "What's that?" he asked. "What's in there?"

"A pipe," David said tonelessly. "The wire ran through it."

Douglas saw that the top of the base was seared and black, and that the light cord, which had fallen out, was fused together at the end. He deduced that

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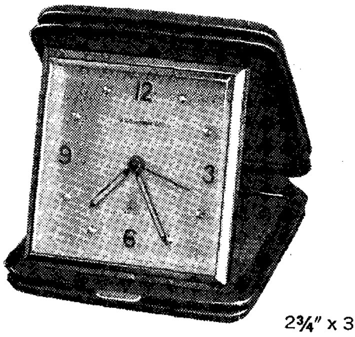

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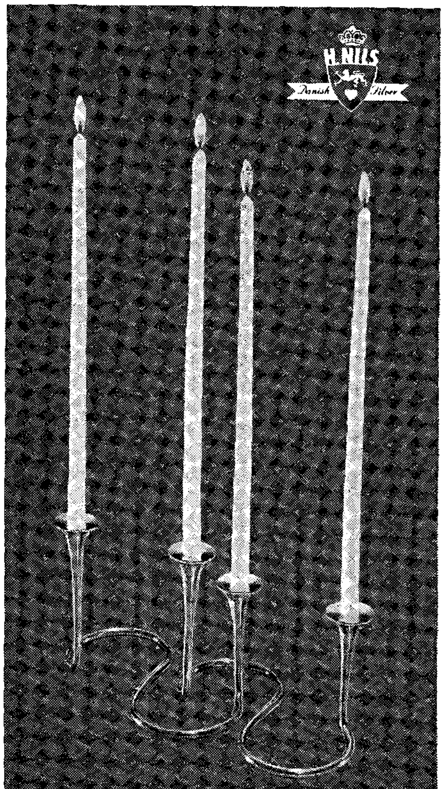

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the connection had come loose up by the bulb and that the wires had worked together and made a short circuit.

There was a silence, and then David picked up the charred remains of the shade and looked at it. "I guess it's just another flop," he said. "I'm sorry."

"*You* have nothing to apologize for," Douglas said. He cleared his throat. "I'm the one who should be sorry. I didn't mean to shout like that."

David shrugged. "I guess you were right, anyway," he said.

"Look," said Douglas. "It isn't as bad as all that. It just worked loose." David shrugged again, and Douglas went on, "I'll tell you what we'll do. Tomorrow, we'll take it to the electrical store and we'll get the man there to make a really tight connection for it. Then we'll get a new shade, and put some more decorations on it, and the whole thing'll be just as good as ever. Better, even. How about that?"

David thought for a while, and then again he shrugged. "O.K.," he said, and climbed into bed.

THE next day was Saturday. After breakfast, Douglas took the remains of the shade off the bracket, and, David carrying the base and Douglas carrying the top assembly and the cord, they went to the electrical store. They put the pieces of the lamp on the counter and waited for the owner to come out. When he did, he brought with him the insides of a miniature portable radio, which he was tinkering at with a small screwdriver. He looked at the wrinkled, battered lamp base, and then at Douglas.

"We'd like to get this fixed," Douglas said. "The top came off."

The man put his screwdriver over one ear and, with his free hand, picked up the light cord, and then the socket. "You mean it *blew* off," he said. "You had a lousy connection there."

"I know," Douglas said tightly. "That's why we'd like a good one."

The man picked up the base, rattled it, and peered into the small hole in the top. "How you expect to get the tube out?" he said. "You can't put the socket on unless you can screw it to the tube."

"That's what we're here for," Douglas replied. "That's what we'd like you to do."

The man rattled the base again, and put it down. "It wouldn't be worth it," he said. "I'd hafta take the whole base apart to get the tube out, just so's I could screw the socket onto it. Better you should get a new lamp." He took the screwdriver off his ear

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and adjusted something in the radio.

"The top wasn't screwed onto the tube," David said, in a small voice. "It was just stuck on."

"And that's why it come off," said the man. "You gotta screw it on tight, but there's no way you can do it without you take the whole lousy lamp apart. You'd save a lot of money if you'd just buy a good lamp."

Douglas picked the pieces up from the counter. "Thank you very much," he said, and turned away.

David followed him out of the store. "What are you going to do now?" David asked when they reached the sidewalk.

"I'm going to take this apart myself," Douglas replied. "And I'm going to put a connection on there that *nobody* will be able to break. Come on." He walked back to the apartment so fast that David had to trot to keep up with him.

FROM the tool drawer in the kitchen Douglas took a hammer, a screwdriver, and a knife. He sat down at the kitchen table and, with David watching silently, picked up the base of the lamp. "All right," Douglas said. "Here we go."

With the knife, he scraped the base until most of the foil was off and the slats underneath were revealed. "So far, so good," he said. "Now for the next step."

Marie came into the kitchen, her arms full of grocery bags. "Isn't there somewhere else you could do that?" she asked. "I'm going to be starting dinner here pretty soon."

"Dinner?" Douglas said, without looking up. "We haven't even had lunch."

"You may have forgotten, but we're having people for dinner tonight," she said. "I've got to get the casserole started before I do anything else."

"Well, this won't take long," Douglas said. "Just till we get at this pipe, or tube, or whatever it is we've got in here."

He was aware that David was holding his breath as he put the tip of the screwdriver between one slat and the top and gave it a tap. Nothing happened, and Douglas tapped harder and then pressed down, and the slat split down the middle, with a sharp crack. There was a silence.

"That's all right," David said, at last.

"I can fix it," said Douglas hurriedly. "I can glue it together."

David said nothing, and Douglas

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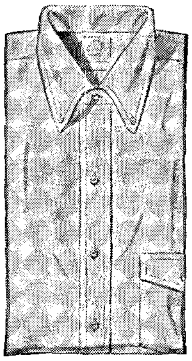

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worked carefully with the screwdriver, trying to pry the broken slat loose. But the glue was as strong as the wood, and Douglas succeeded only in splitting two more slats before he had made a space big enough to let him reach inside and take out the pipe. "I'll get some more wood and make new slats," he said. "It'll be stronger that way than if I try to patch these." He looked at the pipe. "Now," he said. "The wire went through this, and up into the socket. Right?"

David nodded. "Uh-huh," he said. He was looking at the lamp, but his voice sounded detached, as though he were talking about something else.

"You know, I really mean it," Marie said. "I'm going to need the kitchen in almost no time."

Douglas rose and began to gather up the tools. "Come on, David," he said. "Help me take this stuff into the library, will you?"

David picked up the base and the top. "Look, Pop, why not forget about it?" he said. "It really isn't worth all the trouble."

"Not on your life," said Douglas. "We're going to fix this lamp if it's the last thing we do."

They went into the library and set the pieces down on the coffee table. "Now, let's see what we're going to need," Douglas said. "I guess I'd better make a list." He took a pencil and a piece of paper, and said, "First off, a new pipe. With threads. Then wood, and glue, sandpaper, foil . . . Now. Is there anything else?"

"The shade," said David.

"Of course. A shade." Douglas finished the list, put it in his pocket, and said, "We're off."

As they went past the kitchen, Marie said, "David, don't forget you've got clarinet practice to do. You didn't do any yesterday, and you're way behind on the week."

David stopped. "I guess I'd better do that," he said to Douglas. "I'll see you when you get back."

"All right," said Douglas. "Whatever you say. I may be gone a long time."

IT took Douglas two hours to get everything he needed, and by the time he got back to the apartment Marie and David had had lunch and David had gone to the movies with a friend.

"I'm sorry we couldn't wait for you," Marie said. "But I had no idea when you were coming back."

"That's all right," Douglas said. "I'm not going to have time for any

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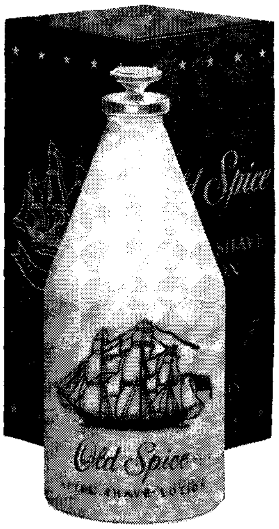

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lunch anyway. I want to get this thing finished so he can use it again tonight."

He took the materials into the library, spread newspaper on the floor, and got to work. He found that without David watching him he was able to concentrate much better, and he took great pleasure in sandpapering the new slats until they fitted with the old ones, and then smoothing the whole base down to a finer finish than David had originally given it. It was not an easy job, and he admired David for having been able to do it at all. He made sure that the fixture and the wiring were as tight as possible, and then he put on two layers of foil, rolling it carefully and keeping the glue spread evenly, so that when he was finished the lamp looked like a machined-metal cylinder. As an added touch, he put a piece of green felt on the bottom, instead of the foil that David had stuck there.

Douglas had bought a plain white lampshade. For decorations, he had got decalcomanias of various flags, and he applied these in a scattered pattern all over the shade. He was putting on the last one when David came into the room.

"Hey, Pop, you should have seen that picture!" David said. "There was this guy, and he had invented a truth serum, only it wouldn't work on weeds, so when the monster weeds tried to take over the earth, he had to get the Cat Girl to help him. Only she was—"

"How do you like the lamp?" Douglas interrupted, holding it up for David to see.

"Hey, that's pretty good," David said. "Anyway, *you should have* seen this Cat Girl. She was all over hair and claws and whiskers—you should have *seen* her whiskers—and when this guy asked her to help him against the monster weeds, all she could say was 'Meow.' Then, when they—"

"Here," said Douglas, handing the lamp to David. "It's all finished."

David took the lamp without looking at it. "So then you should see what happened," he said. "Next, they got a—"

"Look—I'm sorry, but I can't hear it all now," Douglas said. "It's late, and I've got to clean up and get changed. O.K.?"

"O.K.," David said, and he went down the hall to his room, carrying the lamp upside down.

WHEN Douglas had bathed and changed, he went into the kitchen, where Marie was cooking David's supper. "Anything I can do to help?"

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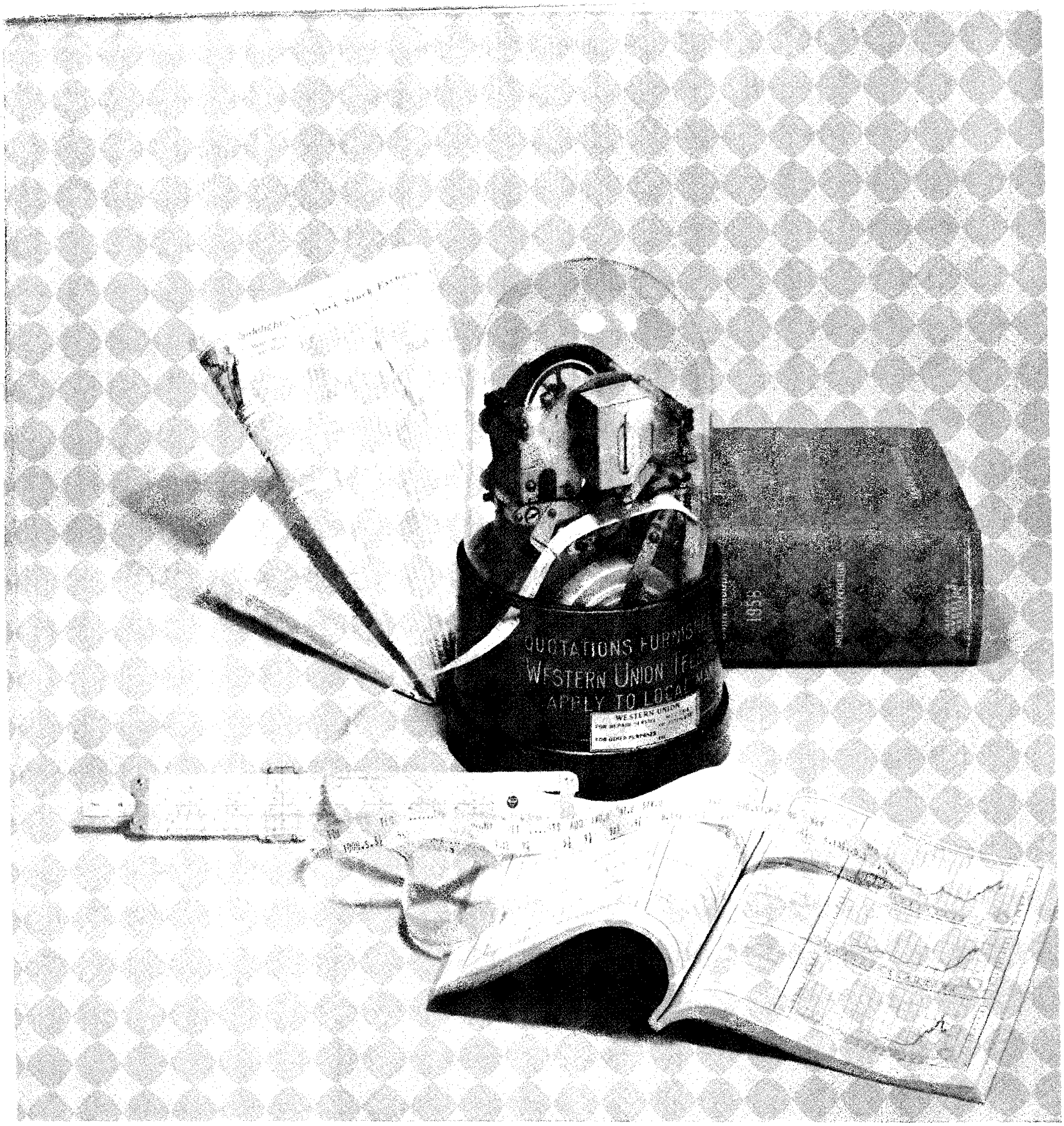
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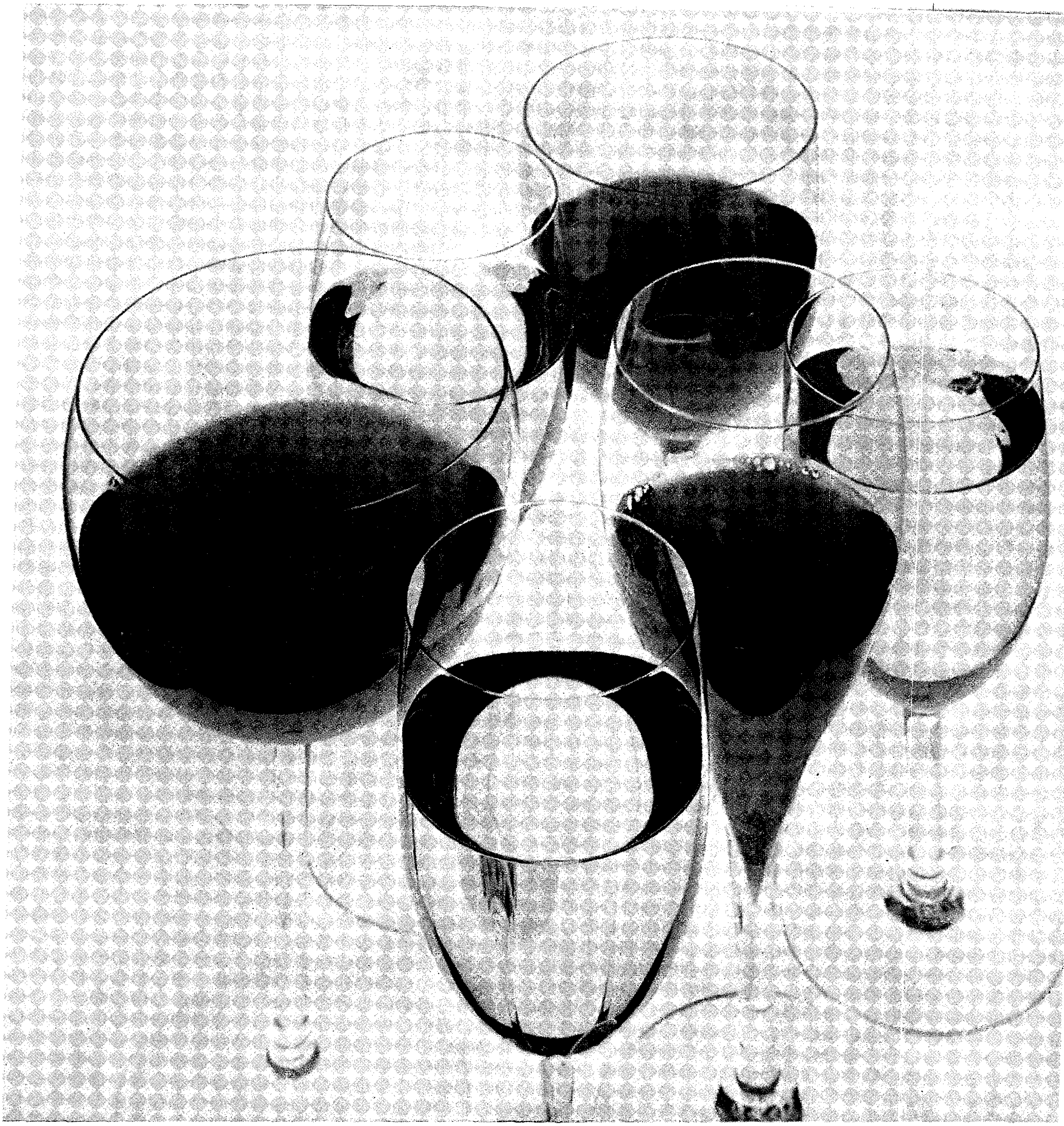

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"Yes, please," she said. "Tell David his supper's ready, and then get out the ice and the cocktail things. And if anybody wants me for anything, I'm in the tub."

"Right," said Douglas. He went to David's room, knocked once on the door, and opened it. "Supper's ready," he said.

"O.K.," said David. He stood up. He had been reading a comic book at his bedside table, by the light of a battered old lamp, with a bulb-browned shade, that had been in his room for years. The new lamp lay in a corner, unplugged, on top of a pile of guns and broken plastic models.

"Hey!" said Douglas as David started out of the room. "Aren't you going to use your lamp?"

David looked at the lamp in the corner. "Oh," he said. "Sure." He went back, and picked up the lamp and set it on a shelf, and plugged it into a wall socket. He turned it on to make sure it would work, then turned it off and left the room and went into the kitchen. Douglas heard him ask, "What's for supper?"

For almost a minute, Douglas stood in the room, looking at the lamp in the darkened corner, and then he went over to it. He had put his hand on the switch to turn it on, when he stopped. "No, I guess not," he said to himself. "I guess there's really no point." He took a deep breath, and turned and walked out of the room, closing the door behind him.

—Nathaniel Benchley

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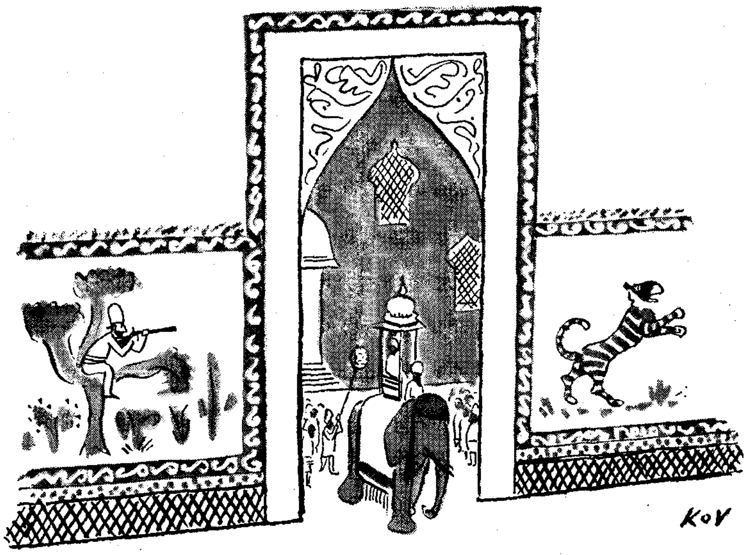
THE LAST DAYS OF THE MAHARAJAHS

II—TIGER SHOOT



OF the five hundred and fifty-five hereditary princes in India who were dethroned by the New Delhi government when the nation became independent a little over a decade ago, the one I've come to know best is His Highness the Maharao Rajah of Bundi, since I have twice been a guest at his palace—the first time to attend a marathon houseparty he threw to celebrate his thirty-seventh birthday, and the second for a more restful visit. Bundi, where His Highness still has fifty thousand acres of his own under cultivation, covers an area of something like twenty-two hundred square miles, and used to be one of the princely states in the Rajputana, or Rajasthan, Agency, now part of the new State of Rajasthan, bordering on West Pakistan; about three hundred thousand people make up its population, and twenty-one thousand of them live in the city of Bundi, the ancient capital of the state. The terrain varies, but the wilds of Bundi are a fair example of what big-game hunters still call "typical Rajput country," meaning ranges of steep, thorn-covered hills rising above jungle-covered flats. It is also tiger country.

His Highness's standing is summed up more or less adequately in the 1956-57 edition of *Who's Who in India*, which lists him in straightforward fashion as Colonel H. H. Harendra Shiromani Deo Sar Buland Rai Maharajah Dhiraj Maharao Rajah Bahadur Singhji Bahadur, M.C., A.D.C., Maharao Rajah of Bundi. "A lot of those titles refer to heaven and glory and so on," he explained with some embarrassment when I asked him what it all meant. "Simply tradition." But part of it, he admitted, has more realistic significance. He won the Military Cross in Burma during the war, and he is now aide-de-camp to the President of India. (For a while, after the war, he was honorary aide-de-camp to King George VI.) He has been married for twenty years and has two nearly grown-up children, plus a lot of other responsibilities that he takes seriously, but he still seems like a very young man, almost boyish—an observation that would probably offend him slightly. Perhaps the youthful impression he conveys can be traced to the fact that, for all the dignity of his position, His Highness has gaiety. Not that it is immediately apparent, for he has a generally reserved manner. Mayo College, at Ajmer, where he was educated, was staffed by British masters, and they may have taught him to repress his spirits because a certain amount of stuffiness was considered the right thing for a ruler, or he may have developed self-control on his own, in order to be as much like his forefathers as possible. To judge by what I have read of these gentlemen, gaiety was not one of their outstanding characteristics. Courage, yes; toughness and pride and honor, certainly, and in large quantity; but if they had a sense of either humor or gaiety, I have never heard of it.

The palace currently occupied by His Highness is a mile or so outside the city of Bundi, near Phoolsagar, or the Lake of Flowers, for which it is named. It was built just after the war, when its owner returned from the Burma campaign and decided that he wanted quarters more practical than his antiquated ancestral palace, which still clings to the side of a cliff in the city. His Highness's birthday party was an elaborate affair lasting six or seven days—I never could figure out just when it was officially supposed to end—and I was invited to it even though I had never laid eyes on him in my life. Three other women, also invited guests, with whom I went up to Bundi by overnight train from Bombay, had never met him, either, and if we all looked slightly perplexed and ill at ease on the train, we had reason, for we were being imported, en masse, to help fill out the crowd. The three women with me on this collective blind date were Ruth, who is English and an old friend of mine, and who lives in Bombay; Indira, another old friend, who is Indian and also lives in Bombay; and Betty, a Scot, whom I'd never seen before. The pertinent thing we four had in common was an acquaintanceship with Graham, an Australian free-lance photographer who travels around India taking pictures on order—of factories and parties and mountains and wildlife. It was he who, representing the Maharao Rajah of Bundi, had organized our little group. It had all been a very last-minute arrangement. One morning only a couple of days before, he had rung up Ruth's house, where I was staying during a brief visit to Bombay. Since Ruth was out at the time, I took the call, and Graham asked if she and I would like to go to a prince's birthday party, complete with tiger-shooting, in Rajputana. He said he was sure we'd have a good time, and suggested that we try to think of some other women who might like to go along. "It's really going to be something," he continued, "because it just so happens that His Highness's birthday coincides with Holi. You know about Holi, of course—the national holiday when everybody goes around dousing everybody else with orange-colored powder and pink water, and having a wonderful time? It's a fertility rite, I believe, but we needn't go into that. At any rate, His Highness throws this big party every year at his palace near Bundi, a most beautiful town. I go there whenever I get the chance, whether I've got a job to do or not. There'll be maharajahs all over the place," he added.

I said that I'd love to go, and that I imagined Ruth would, too, but that I was somewhat puzzled by the setup. "Does this Maharajah leave the guest

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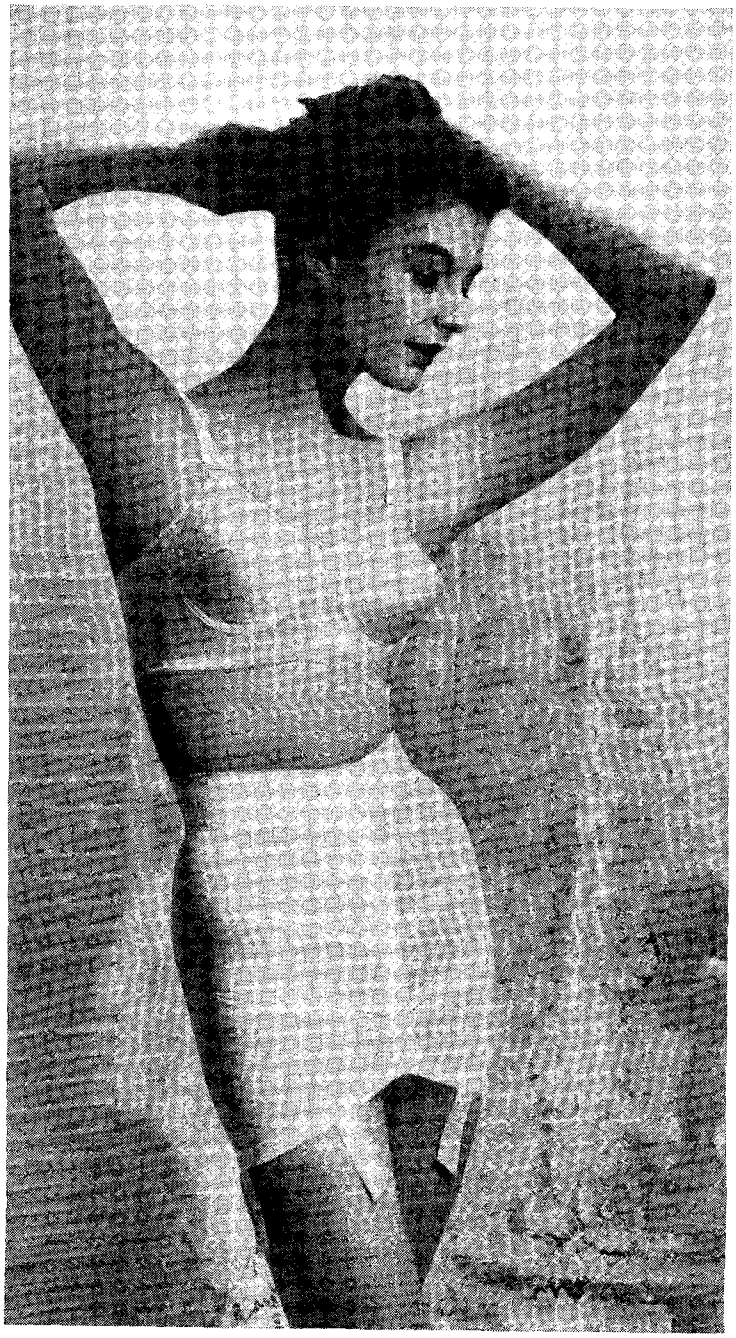

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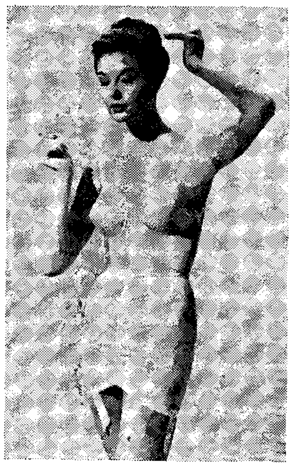

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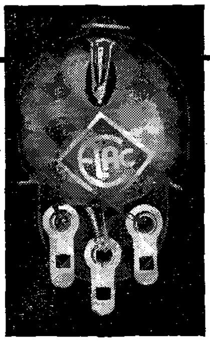

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list to you?" I asked. "I mean, after all, it's his party, and you wouldn't expect him to want a lot of strangers around. I do want to go, you understand, but it does seem odd."

Graham assured me that it wasn't at all odd, really. "His Highness invites a lot of his friends and relatives, of course," he said. "But it's a big affair, and he's always faced with the problem of having too many men and not enough women. That's why I'm not supposed to ask the husbands of any of the ladies I invite. You see, some maharajahs' wives are in purdah and don't go to parties, and he's worried about the photographs he wants me to take. The tiger shoot should be easy enough, but how can I make a nice picture of the birthday dinner if there's nothing but a lot of men in black coats sitting around the table? We need women to dress the party up, so he's asked me to find some. It's happened before. His Highness leaves it to me because I go back and forth so much. He wants these big turnouts to *look* right. He's like that."

At the time, this made sense in a cockeyed way—the way many things seem to during a hot spell in Bombay, even though they might seem very strange in, say, New York, whatever the weather. When Ruth came home, I told her about the invitation, and after calling her husband at his office she said she thought she'd go, too. But then, when we had let Graham know that he could count on us, we fell to wondering why *we* should have been picked out. Surely, if one wants to dress up a table with women for a photograph, the thing to do is to look around for pretty young things. I wish to cast no aspersions on Ruth's beauty or mine; I am sure we are a credit to our sex and our husbands. But the fact remains that Ruth has three grown-up children and that I, too, have a family, and while we are doubtless perfectly charming, we simply are not glamour-girl material. As for Indira, although she always looks lovely, she doesn't set out to be a siren, either. (By the time we arrived at Bundi, she was already pining for her husband and children, from whom she had been separated for only eighteen hours.) The story was the same when we met Betty on the train—pert and piquant and all that, but she nevertheless turned out to be the mother of a boy in boarding school.

After the four of us had settled ourselves in connecting compartments of a sleeping car that would take us to Kotah, the nearest station to Bundi, and

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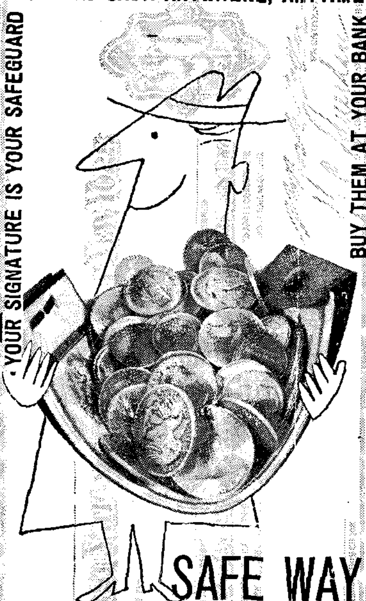

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the train had begun hooting its way through the outskirts of Bombay, Graham dropped in for a cup of tea. He was slightly downcast because a young girl—"as pretty as a fashion model"—who was to have joined us had backed out just that morning; it seemed that her boy friend had taken an obstructive attitude. "Oh, well, Graham," Indira said, trying to cheer him up, "there'll be at least two pretty girls on hand. Norma and Jacqueline are coming, aren't they?"

Graham said yes, Norma and Jacqueline were coming. "Tomorrow morning, by plane," he went on. "Mac's piloting, and Flo's coming along, as well. It's not His Highness's plane—not *our* Highness's, that is—but a Navion belonging to the Nawab of Bhopal. Mac flies for him, too. Bhopal won't be at the party, but he's letting us use his plane for the duration."

None of these names meant anything to me, so I just sat and sipped tea and listened, trying to catch up. But Ruth, who I was sure was just as lost as I was, said, "Well, I'm certainly glad to hear that. I always hate a birthday party without at least one plane." Graham replied gravely that, of course, there'd be other planes there, too.

LATE the next morning, we arrived at Kotah, a fairly large and up-to-date town, set in the same kind of flat-lying country, with sharp, mesalike uplands in the distance, that I had been watching from my compartment window for some hours. At the station, we were met by a correct, solemn young man in India's modern warm-weather costume—light trousers and a bush shirt. Graham hailed him in the manner of an old friend. "This is Shambhu Nath, one of His Highness's A.D.C.s," he explained to us. "His Highness has another A.D.C. named Shambhu Singh, so I call them Tweedledum and Tweedledee." Shambhu Nath smiled obligingly, and led us off to a station wagon and a small truck that were guarded by two smartly dressed drivers wearing orange turbans—the predominant color of the Bundi flag. Our bags were loaded onto the truck, we clambered into the station wagon, and the caravan started off for Bundi. Once we were out in the country, we encountered very little traffic but an increasingly large number of peacocks. Peacocks are sacred in Rajputana. Since nobody would think of molesting them, they wander at will, like cows, which are similarly privileged. They are quite a hazard to drivers, for they are neither

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agile nor quick off the mark, and it never occurs to them to get out of the way until what seems to be just a bit after the last possible instant; sometimes one will take off straight at an approaching car and—as there is rather a lot of peacock, especially when it is on the wing—you feel as if you are heading right into the middle of a phoenix or a dragon. Still, I never saw one of the birds actually get hit.

We crossed what looked to me like an absentee river, though Graham remarked that he could not recall a time when it had been so full of water. He and Shambhu agreed that it had been a very good year for the crops. Soon we passed a deserted customs post, and Graham announced that we were in Bundi. We were riding, as we had been for some time, along the flat floor of a wide valley enclosed by ranges of hills that looked like walls. The road was paved and modern, stretching like a gray ribbon over tan ground that was strewn with chips of slaty rock. Although there was vegetation all about us, including an abundance of tall neem and mango trees, the valley reminded me of desert country, for most of it was covered with thorny and gnarled bushes so uniformly brown and leafless I thought they must be dead. (In New England, they would have been.) According to Shambhu, though, I was completely wrong. That brown scrub, he said, was as strongly alive as the barley crops we saw rising green above an occasional irrigated patch of land; indeed, it was more alive—or at least tougher, for it had to rely entirely on its own resources to survive. I contemplated the bare, leafless, stubborn vegetation for some miles before I woke up to the fact that we were riding through a jungle. Like most Westerners, I have always thought of a jungle as a welter of tangled, creeping plants and

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year-round juicy greenness, and it is hard for me to remember that in India during the dry season (things are very different when the rains come) a jungle is a curiously tidy place, with a clean and comparatively barren floor, and enough space between the trees to reveal quite a bit of the interior. You can even see some of the denizens of an Indian jungle, and they can see you. As we rolled along, several langur monkeys lolloped out toward the road to examine us more closely.

The city of Bundi cuddles in a narrow cleft between two spurs of a mountain, some of it pouring out and downward in a jumble of scattered houses, and some of it climbing steeply part way up one of the spurs and then dying off abruptly against a wall of rock; when I first got a glimpse of it, I was reminded of Naples or one of those hillside towns in Greece. Our driver detoured around the center of the city and took a well-paved road that ran along the side of the unpopulated spur, then up over the crest and down the other side into a U-shaped valley where it was hemmed in by jungle, except for a stretch that skirted a lake. "That's Phoolsagar Lake, and Phoolsagar Palace is just up ahead of us," Graham said. "Shambhu, could we stop the car on that rise, so the ladies can get a good look at it?" Shambhu spoke to the driver, and the station wagon halted. Lying between two hills, the palace and its sprawling grounds were surrounded by a wall, in which a gatehouse, manned by a couple of guards, was the only visible opening. The palace itself, standing at the end of a canal, was entirely, and dazzlingly, white. Despite the walls and the guards, it did not remind me of a fortress, as some Indian palaces do; instead, it had a relaxed and peaceful beauty, and it made me think of knights in armor and tournaments and fluttering pennons.

"His Highness built that palace," Graham said. "There was a little shooting box here before, I believe. As you can see, he changed it all over. Practically the whole thing is new. He started work on it— Well, when did he start, Shambhu?"

"After the accession—after he came back from military service in Burma. Around 1946, I think it was," Shambhu said.

Driving past the gatehouse, we approached the palace by a driveway running parallel to an oblong lawn that was bounded on two sides by covered walks, like cloisters. Their walls were painted a cool green, and nearby was a

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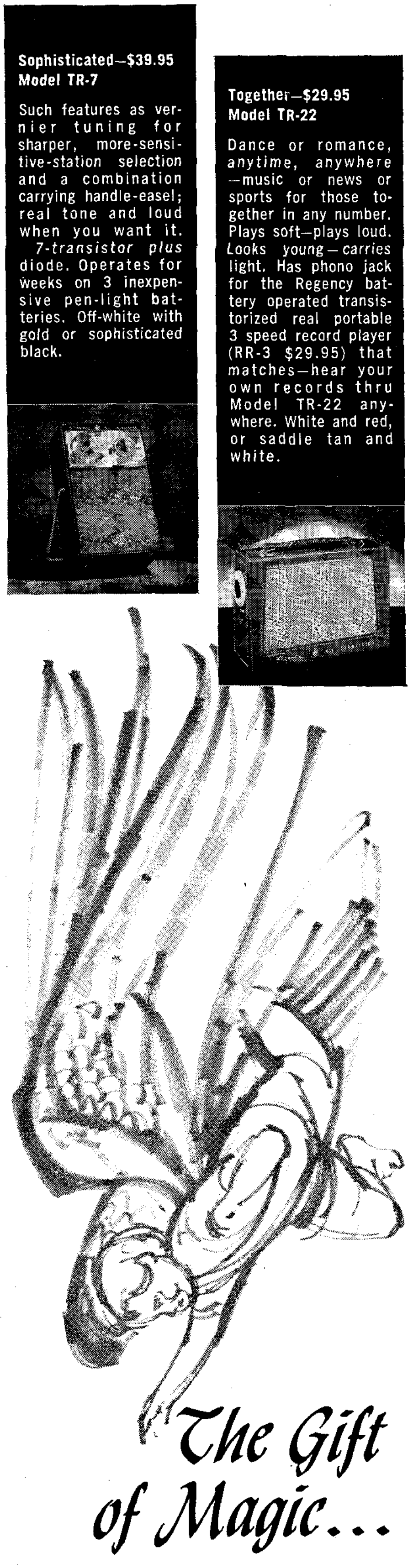

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pool fed by a stream of gently splashing water, brought in underground, Graham said, from the canal beyond. Rising out of the pool, which was framed by ranks of tall red and yellow cannas, was a piece of white stone statuary, which some kingfishers were using as a roost when they weren't diving for fish. We exclaimed in admiration, and Shambhu Nath smiled a little absently, as if he had often heard such cries before, which, indeed, he had. He may first have heard them in 1949, when a squad of M-G-M people spent ten days at Phoolsagar Palace, taking shots for the picture "Kim." And since then, of course, there have been many guests, many houseparties.

At the entrance to the palace, we four women got out and, leaving Graham *to see to the unloading of his* photographic gear, followed Shambhu along corridors and around corners until at last we reached a high-ceilinged, shuttered, cool drawing room, where we perched on the edges of chairs and waited with all the trepidation of girls on their first day at boarding school. The room itself, I think, was mainly what got us down. It was hardly what one would call cozy. There was a profusion of mirrors, vases of flowers, crystal chandeliers—all that sort of thing—as well as a life-size portrait of His Highness in princely regalia and haughty mood. Most overwhelming, though, were the photographs—a formidable array of them, on every table and mantel. Splendidly framed in silver and facing every which way, they were all of British royalty, and all were autographed, save for one in which little Prince Charles was shown peering into a pram at Princess Anne.

A door opened, and there, unmistakably, was His Highness. We all stood up, with a wilted rustle of skirts that had travelled a long way, as he entered the room. Slender and lithe, handling himself like a track or tennis champion, he looked far younger than the thirty-seven he was about to become, but he was in full command of the situation. Smiling slightly as Graham, who had come along just in time, presented us, one by one, he was polite yet withdrawn as he acknowledged the introductions. I felt that although he looked at each of us in turn, we didn't really register on his vision—that while he was perfectly willing to be amiable, it would be up to us to take the initiative. After I got to know him better, I realized that this impression was not entirely accurate—or, rather, that it was an oversimplification. His Highness did care a lot about

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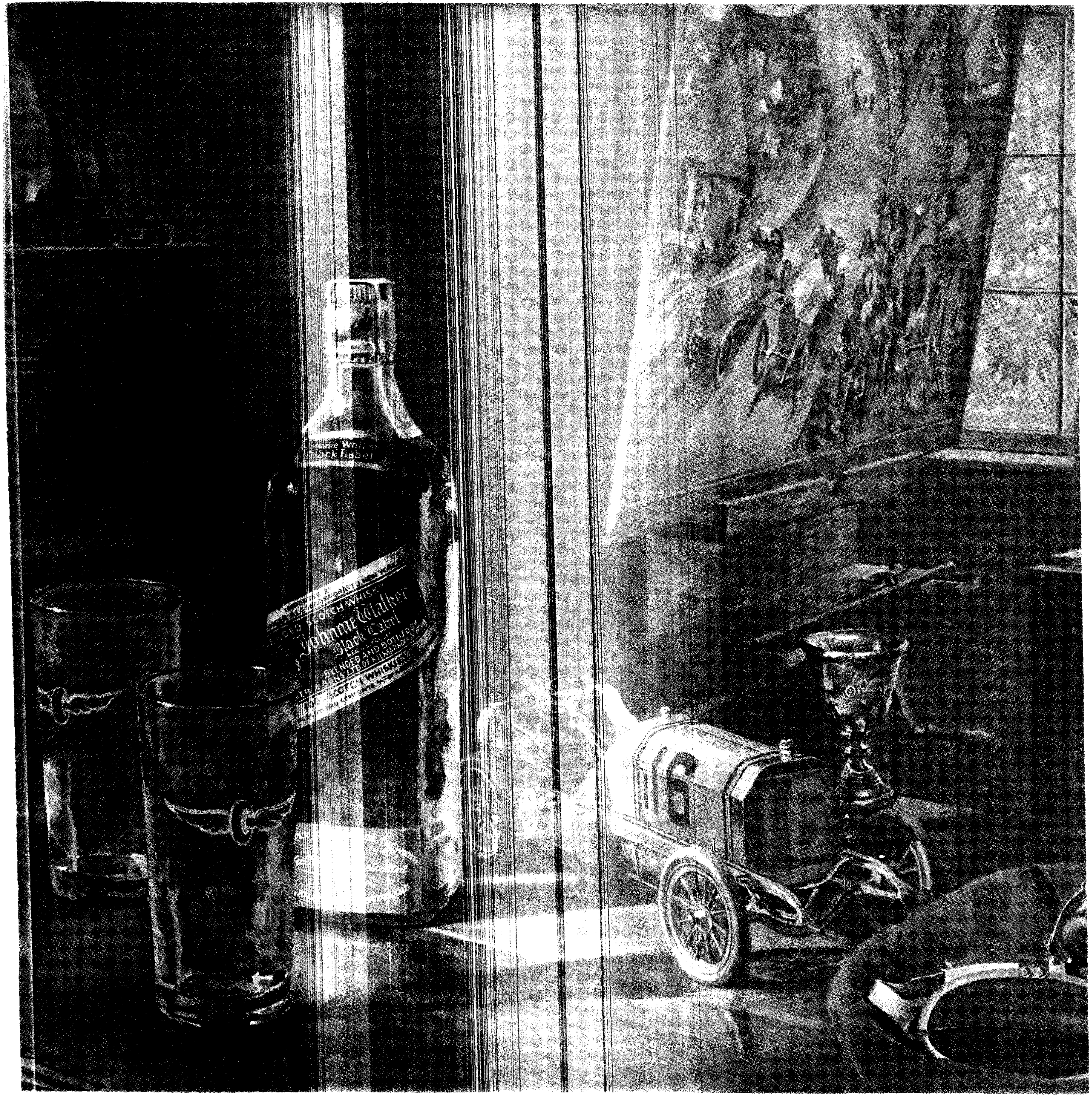

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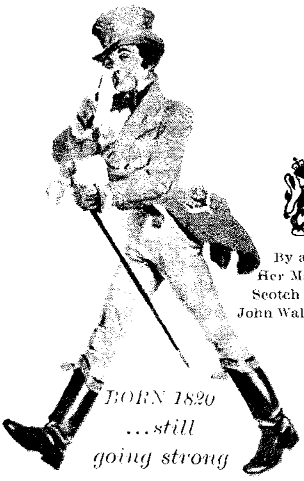

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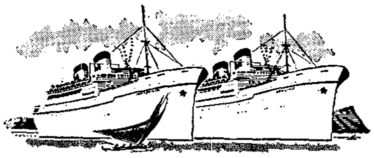

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his birthday party and wanted to do his best to make it a success; it was just that he had come to wear a reserved manner as a sort of armor, which he found difficult to throw off at a moment's notice.

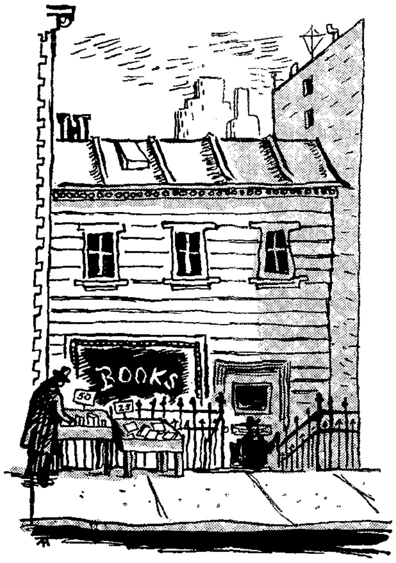
In any case, the armor proved impenetrable for the time being. Indira made the first stab at it by asking, "Which day is your birthday? Tomorrow?"

"My Indian birthday has already taken place," His Highness said courteously. "My Western-style one is the day after tomorrow."

"The same day as Holi," Indira said.

"The same day," His Highness agreed. "Please sit down, everybody."

We sat. A servant brought orange juice and Coca-Cola. Conversation did not sparkle, exactly. It reminded me of the first half of so many parties in London—and of some in New York, too. "How beautifully cool it is in here," Ruth said, and we all chimed in to say that it was, indeed, beautifully cool, and then His Highness explained that opening the windows at night and closing them in the daytime was what did the trick, and we all nodded in wonder at such an ingenious procedure. A couple of men appeared in the doorway, and Shambhu Nath tiptoed over and began whispering to them, now and then glancing in our direction. It developed that they were allocating sleeping quarters, and after we had finished our drinks, we were led away to them. Ruth and I were separated from Indira and Betty and escorted by a servant down a corridor, past the great snarling head of a tiger and the more peaceful visage of some antlered animal, then up a flight of stairs and along a veranda to a suite with the name "Auchinleck" painted over the door. On the wall



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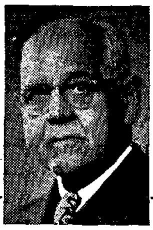

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outside hung a Rajput painting of a highly decorated elephant carrying a black-mustached, black-whiskered king and an attendant or two in a bejewelled howdah. The king, I was later informed, was His Highness's grandfather—His late *late* Highness, the A.D.C.s called him, to distinguish him from His Highness's father.

Ruth's husband had insisted that she take along their family servant Kanji, *on the theory that he would come in* handy at the palace, since the local servants would be so busy with the party. Kanji had ridden from Kotah to the palace in the cab of the truck, and now we found him waiting for us in Auchinleck. Ordinarily a pleasant, smiling young man, he looked scared stiff. He appeared to me to be very neat in white shirt and trousers, but to Ruth's eyes he clearly lacked something. "Perhaps we should have bought him a turban," she said thoughtfully. "Well, it's too late now. Kanji, would you take our dresses down and press them, please? We'll be wanting a couple of them for dinner."

Kanji loaded up his arms with dresses, then hovered uncertainly at the door. Ruth interpreted his hesitation without difficulty. "Well, go and ask where the ironing board *is*, for heaven's sake," she said.

With a great sigh, Kanji went out. A few hours later, we found the dresses, still unpressed, back in our wardrobe, and Kanji looking chastened and miserable. All the available ironing boards were in constant use by the palace servants, he said, and they wouldn't let him get near one. Ruth declared that since he had failed us, we would have to beg the palace people to do our pressing. This threat of humiliation at once stirred Kanji to more positive action; he disappeared, and returned presently with an ironing board that he had stolen from the palace laundry, and thereafter kept it in our quarters. Throughout our stay, he was a very unhappy boy. Our evening drinks, for instance, were brought in not by Kanji but by a lofty, orange-turbaned bearer, with the bareheaded Kanji following him as an abject appendage. I think Ruth was right; a turban would have helped.

Before lunch that first day, Ruth and I examined our accommodations. They were certainly ample—a big bedroom, a big dressing room, a big bathroom—but even so, we found, they constituted only half the suite. The other half, separated from ours by a locked door, turned out to be occupied by Graham, who invited us to come around and look over

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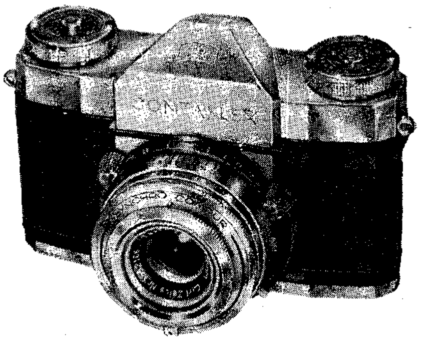

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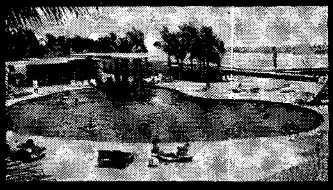

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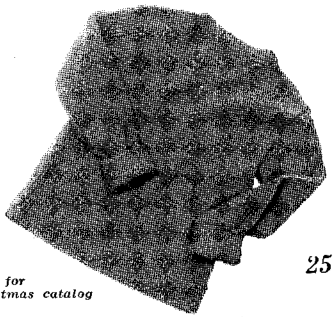

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his domain as well. Ruth is keen about housekeeping and has decided opinions on the subject; our setup seemed fine to me, and I thought it did to her, too, until we got to Graham's. Then, looking around his living room, she said, "You can tell no woman had a hand in all this." On a desk was a lamp whose base was a naked lady made of some kind of metal, and on a glass-topped table lay another naked lady, of marble. I thought that these were what she was talking about, but she said she didn't mean that kind of thing, exactly; it was more a matter of little signs like not enough hangers, and lamps that, regardless of their design, were inconveniently placed. "I don't imagine Her Highness can have had much to do with it," she added. "What do you think, Graham?"

"Oh, she probably wouldn't have," Graham replied. "After all, she's in purdah. As a matter of fact, I doubt if she would have anyway. This palace isn't very big—only about thirty-five bedrooms—and building it was His Highness's idea. He wanted something more manageable than the Old Palace, where he grew up. So I expect he planned it all. He likes doing that sort of thing."

"Oughtn't we to suggest calling on Her Highness?" Ruth asked. "Or wouldn't that be correct?"

Graham was vague. He said he believed that female visitors did sometimes meet her, but he wasn't sure; he thought it would be best to just feel our way along.

Ruth asked about mealtimes. "Lunch will be pretty soon now," Graham said, "and for dinner the usual thing is to gather at about nine and have a few drinks. Then dinner is served when His Highness feels like ordering it—sometimes in an hour, but it might be three hours or more. Depends on how amusingly the evening goes."

This didn't startle us, because in Bombay late dinners are the rule, too; as in Spain, people do their serious eating well on toward midnight, when it's cooler. In the end, because the arrangements were so flexible, and because even if there had been a dinner gong we probably wouldn't have been able to hear it, unless a servant came walking around with it like a ship's steward, we learned to wait until we were summoned for the session of preliminary evening drinks.

THAT first afternoon, Shambhu Nath called for us at lunchtime, and we went down in his wake. He led

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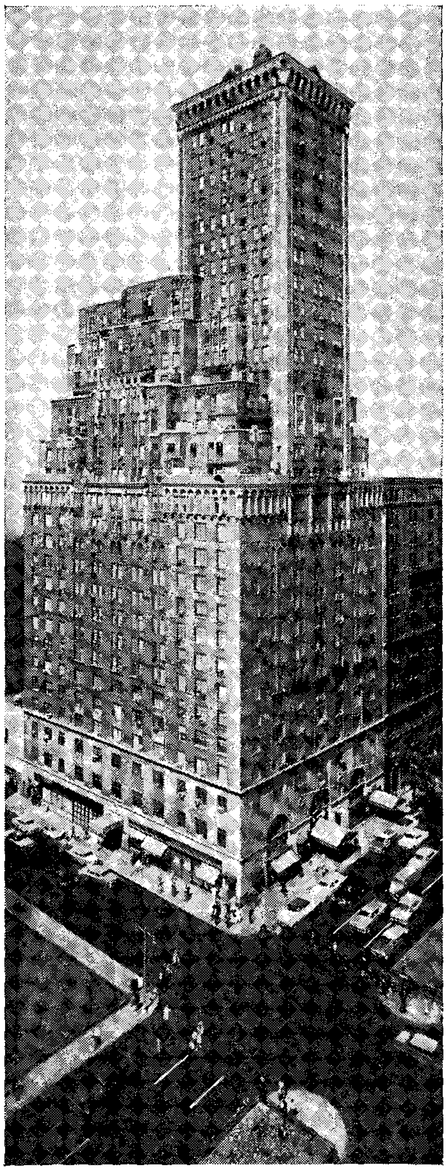

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us to a drawing room we hadn't seen before—less formal and smaller than the mirrored salon we had met our host in. Here the photographs were all of His Highness's relatives—maharajahs with brides, maharajahs with children, and maharajahs just sitting for their portraits. But I did not notice these details immediately, because the room was full of live maharajahs and I was being introduced to them—all the way around a wide circle. There were the Maharajah of Bikaner and the Maharajah of Rewa, referred to, respectively, by our host as "Cousin Bikaner" and "Cousin Rewa." There were various relatives of the Maharajah of Jodhpur, but His Highness himself was not present, being only a small child. These names were comparatively easy for me, because they were familiar in a geographical sense, but others I never did get straightened out, especially when they belonged to princelings who didn't stay the whole course.

Again, conversation did not sparkle—or at least it didn't where we women sat, sipping sherry. The men fared better. In little knots—in corners, or on settees, or in chairs arranged in groups—they conversed with something approaching genuine enthusiasm, mainly, I gathered, about firearms. Most of the talk was in English, as it usually is among educated Indians of these princes' generation. Now and then, somebody would send a servant out to fetch a rifle, and when the weapon appeared, it would be passed from hand to hand. But among us women silence prevailed. It wasn't that we didn't try; we did. It wasn't that we were too lofty to talk about shooting, either; the men just didn't seem to expect us to contribute. They didn't need us; they were quite happy by themselves. But there were a few exceptions, who saw to it that we were not neglected completely. Here and there, a male sat with a woman on each side of him, and for a while the Maharajah of Bikaner, a good-looking young man with a mustache and prominent brown eyes, actually exchanged remarks with me.

To start the ball rolling, I asked, "Did you drive down from Bikaner?"

He replied that he had, and went on to tell me how many hours his party had been on the road, and where the road was good and where it was bad. (Oh, yes, it was *just* like an English party, I reflected.) He said that this was the first time he had seen this new palace, and that he liked it very much.

"I once knew a woman who had visited your palace in Bikaner, as your

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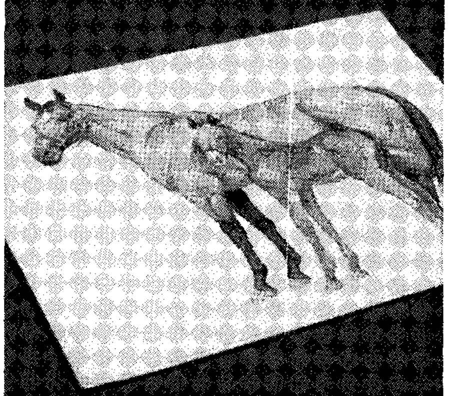

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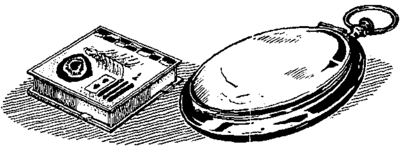

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father's guest," I said. "I remember she thought him a remarkable man."

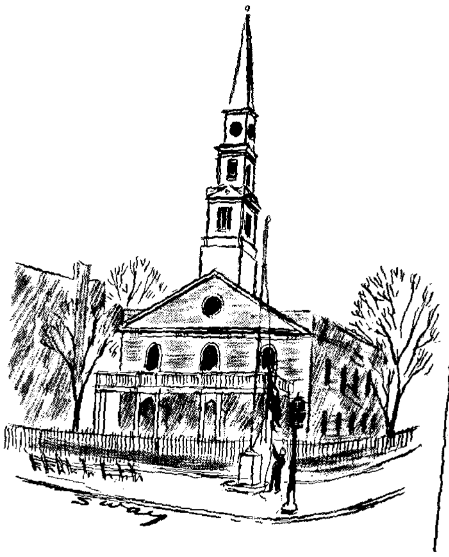
"That was my grandfather, I expect," said His Highness. "I mean, if she was there quite a while ago, because my father didn't reign very long before he died. *There's* my grandfather," he added, pointing to one of the photographs—of a maharajah encrusted with honorary orders.

Betty leaned over from a faraway chair and said, "Your Highness, I've heard such a lot about your father."

"My father, or my grandfather?" His Highness began. "My father didn't reign very—"

There was a stir at the door, caused by the arrival of the four guests who had flown from Bombay—Mac, a youthful former pilot with the Royal Air Force; Florence, an Englishwoman visiting in India; and Norma and Jacqueline, the two attractive young girls that Indira had spoken of. Well, I thought, now, perhaps, the princes will sit up and take notice, and the party will jell. But in this I was pretty much mistaken, although when Norma settled down next to His Highness of Bikaner, he did show a certain mild reaction—rather as if someone had just brought in a new and improved rifle. Norma said that she was interested in flying and was hoping to get her pilot's license soon, but when His Highness asked her, with apparently genuine interest, how many flying hours she'd had, she didn't seem to know or care, and the subject was dropped. Norma asked His Highness if he had driven down from Bikaner, and he replied that he had, and described the condition of the roads, and she said she had heard so much about his father, who must have been a wonderful old man.

"That was probably my grandfather," said His Highness. I stopped a



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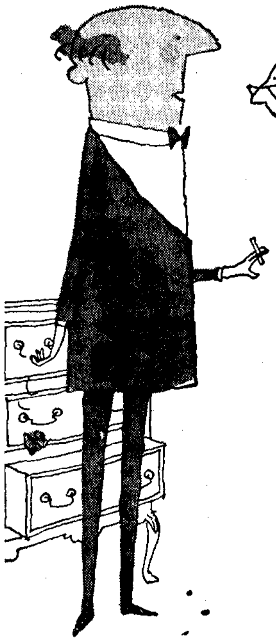

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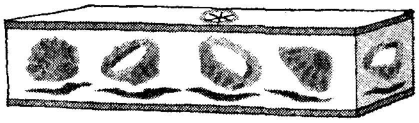
"These shells are rich and flaky," she said. "My husband *loves* them. Fills them with caviar, cheese or spreads—and for dessert he puts dabs of ice cream in them."

The gentleman smiled indulgently. "Some days," said the lady, unhappily, "he stays home. Just sits in his room, crooning happily over those little Canapé Cuplets..."



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passing waiter and asked for another sherry. His Highness asked for Coca-Cola, and explained that he never drank alcohol. Coca-Cola was his vice, he said, smiling faintly. Betty, still doing her best from her remote outpost, said they did keep the room wonderfully cool, didn't they?

This time it was Norma who changed the subject, with an abrupt mention of the imperial sand grouse of Bikaner. She couldn't have done better, for this is a unique bird, well known to sportsmen, and His Highness plunged happily into a discussion of it, like one finding himself home at last after a brief but perilous journey. I edged away and talked for a while with Florence, who told me that, according to Mac, we were going on a tiger shoot next day. I was glad to hear of at least one item on the agenda, because I was beginning to feel baffled about what to expect next. Later, I discovered that when in doubt consult an A.D.C., but I hadn't yet realized this, and anyway the A.D.C.s—three in all—were sadly harried young men. When they weren't busy on some major project, such as arranging for transportation to and from shoots or supervising preparations for a dance, they offered cigarettes around and supplied lights. I assumed that they must also be busy in the kitchen now and then, placating the cooks when His Highness put off a meal for several hours, but in this I was dead wrong; the palace cooks, I was given to understand after a day or two, were used to an uncertain schedule. But that first afternoon I watched the time slip by, and I worried. The poor cooks, I thought—or, for that matter, His poor Highness, if they had happened to make a soufflé. Yet there was our host, casually hefting firearms and discussing their merits with five or six male guests as if nothing in the world mattered but trigger guards and firing pins.

Ultimately, however, the signal was given, and we trooped into the dining room, where a buffet lunch was spread out on a long table—Indian food at one end and English at the other. As so often happens in India, the Europeans went for the Indian food, while the Indians gathered about the European dishes. Guests at buffets generally have a way of shaking down socially, and the guests at this lunch were no exception. I drew for lunch companions three members of the Jodhpur contingent—a tall, vigorous-looking old man named Ratan Singh, and his two sons, Lakshman Singh and Mohan Singh. They talked, with an enthusiasm that verged

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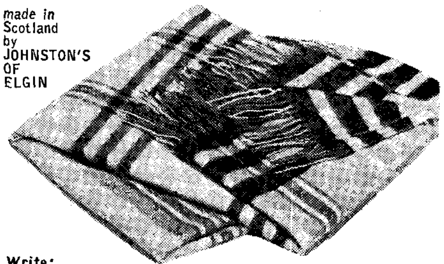

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on the poetic, about tiger shooting, and now and then I made what I hoped was an appropriate remark. I was momentarily distracted from the conversation when I caught our host's eye as he was crossing the room, and for an instant I thought I detected in that grave, handsome countenance a trace of feeling, a spark of mirth. But no, I decided; it could not be. I turned back to Mohan Singh, who was observing that a tiger has very little sense of smell. "No! Really?" I said.

INDIRA wanted to see the Old Palace—she had been hearing about its carvings for years, she said—so after lunch she buttonholed Graham and asked him if he could fix up a sightseeing tour for our group. He said that he would if he could get a car, but that he wanted to lie down for a while first. We made a date to meet him at three-thirty in the smaller drawing room, but when Indira and I turned up, he was not there. A minute or two later, His Highness of Bikaner rambled in, and we all talked, drowsily, of various things. "If I'd known all you ladies were going to be here, I'd have brought my wife," said His Highness. "She might have refused to come, though, because one of our children is just getting over the measles."

"Her Highness of Bundi is in purdah, isn't she?" Indira asked.

Bikaner nodded, and Indira looked perturbed. A very progressive woman who studied in England and married out of her caste, she feels strongly about such matters. I braced myself for her next remark, which I felt would almost surely be tactless, and was relieved when Graham came in just in time to forestall it. "I'm sorry, but I fell asleep," he said. "And now, I'm afraid, it's too late for the Old Palace. I really *am* sorry, but never mind—we'll go tomorrow."

"There's a shoot tomorrow," Indira told him.

"Well, then, the next day," Graham said indifferently.

"They're all thinking about nothing but tigers around here," Indira said to me as we walked toward her apartment. "They couldn't care less about carvings." She and Betty had each been assigned a room on the ground floor, overlooking the pool, and for a while we lounged on the veranda in front of her quarters, watching the kingfishers make their dives into the pool and talking about lizards, which, she confessed, terrified her. I remarked that this must be an awkward phobia to have in

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India. "It is," she said. "I think it's the way lizards look at you. They see right *into* you. Well, I think I'll ring for tea—want some?—and then have a rest before dinner." I decided against tea and started toward my staircase, but I had taken only a few steps when a piercing scream stopped me in my tracks. Indira, drawing her window curtains, had found herself staring into the eyes of an enormous lizard sprawled on the sill.

Ruth was reading on her bed when I got back to our rooms, and I lay down on mine, planning to read, too. Instead, we talked. It was very quiet in Auchinleck, and outside as well. Whatever the maharajahs were up to, it had taken them elsewhere. Ruth guessed that they were checking up on the kills.

"What do you mean, 'kills'?" I asked. "Have they been shooting today?"

"No," Ruth said. "But His Highness's wardens have tethered buffaloes in various places around the countryside in the hope that tigers will come and kill them. In other places they've tethered goats. Goats are for panthers, not tigers. You have to go out and check up on all these tethered baits every now and then, to see what's what and where your tiger is. Or your panther."

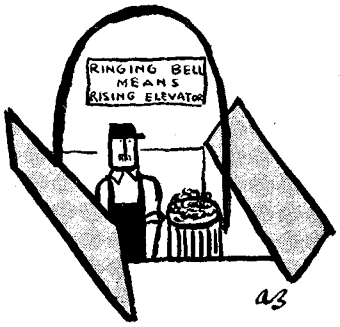
"Where on earth did you learn all this?" I asked. "You didn't know a thing about tigers this morning."

Ruth said that she'd just kept her ears open at lunch.

"Well," I said, "how do the tigers find these buffaloes—by their sense of smell?" Ruth looked blank, and said she supposed so. "Impossible," I said. "I happen to know that a tiger has practically no sense of smell. I kept my ears open at lunch, too. Furthermore, it's the only jungle animal of which that's true. But tigers do have very keen hearing. How are we expected to dress tonight, do you think—formal or informal?"

"Dinner's black tie, Graham told me," Ruth said.

At nine o'clock, an A.D.C. came to fetch Graham and us, and following in the emissary's footsteps like Wenceslas's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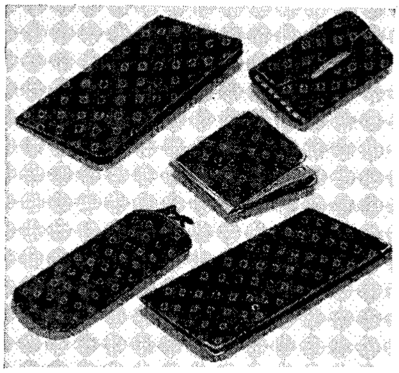

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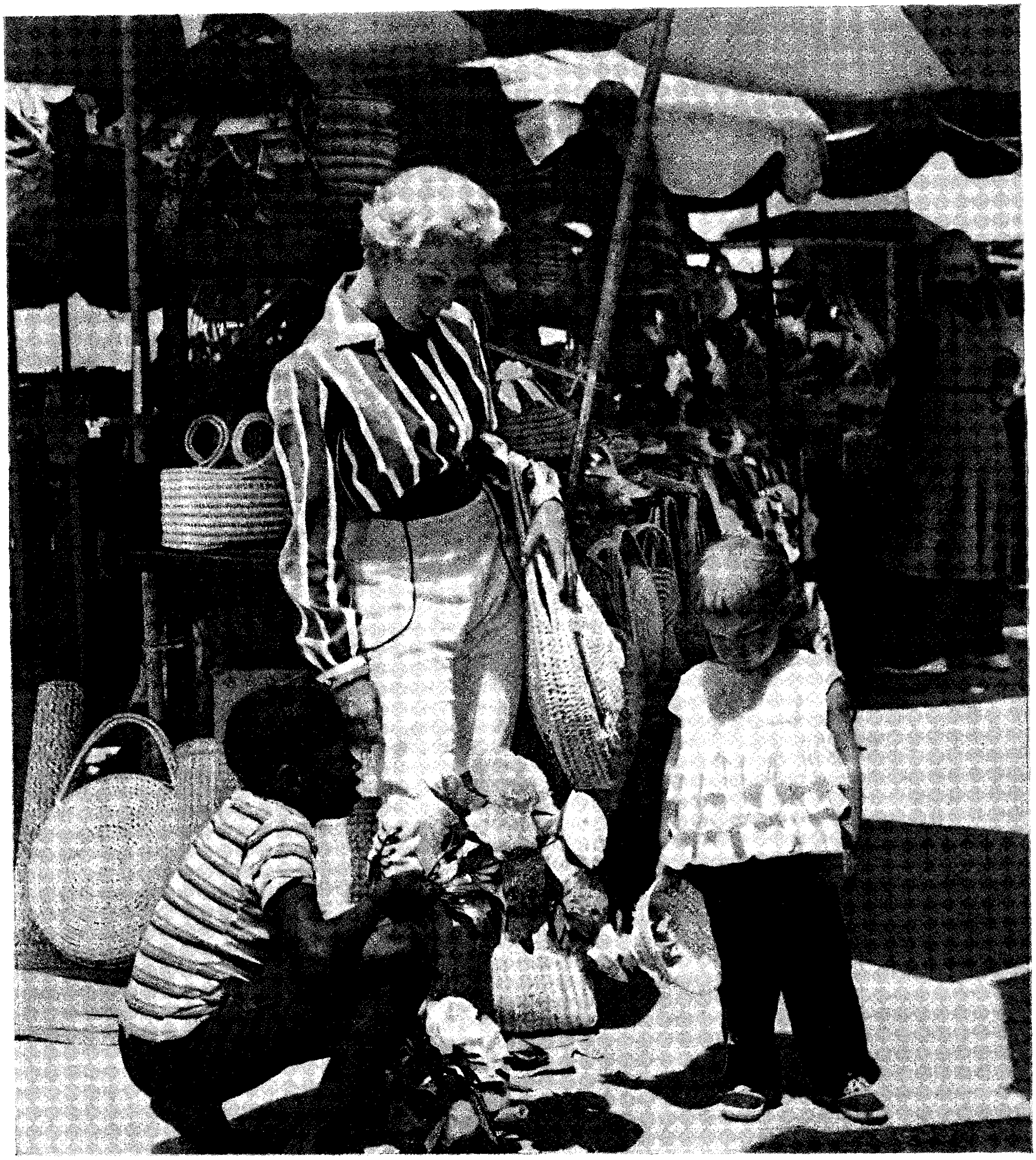

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page, the three of us trooped downstairs together to the grand drawing room—the one with all the British royalty. It looked very elegant by chandelier light, and so did everyone in it. The princes and their attendants wore the national dress of India—high-collared black coats and white trousers—as did several non-Indian guests, including a Belgian diplomat named Louis, who had flown his plane down from Delhi that afternoon. We all gazed admiringly at an Indian girl who had come with him and was wearing a simple, dramatic yellow-and-black sari. She looked absolutely marvellous.

"Her name's Manjeed," Graham whispered. "She's a Sikh."

A Sikh? But in my mind Sikhs were great burly men who never went to barbers; somehow I had never stopped to realize that there must be Sikh women. Apparently, Ruth had shared my blind spot. "I miss the beard," she said.

I MANAGED all right at dinner. Definitely, things were beginning to look up. My companions on either side were comparative chatterboxes, and I was able to discuss in an informed, if limited, way, not only tigers and panthers but game birds—imperial sand grouse, plus duck-shooting at my sister's place in the Adirondacks. However, the bulk of the talk was tigers, tigers, all the way. I had the happy idea of asking the expert on my left about the method employed in Rajasthan for locating tigers. He told me that His Highness maintained a patrol of game wardens who reported every day on what tiger was where, and that on special occasions like this they set out buffaloes and checked up on them periodically. Usually, after killing a buffalo, the tiger eats its fill, goes to sleep nearby, and then returns later for another meal. While the hunters wait near the corpse, beaters spread out through the jungle. At the appointed time, the beaters wake the tiger by making a lot of noise, and drive it along past the guns.

I asked if any kills had been reported yet, and my left-hand expert shook his head. "Then nobody actually knows where we're going tomorrow?" I persisted.

"I believe that in this case His Highness does know," the expert on my right volunteered confidently. "He has his eye on one particular tiger about forty miles from here. His wardens know practically every step that tiger takes. It's in good territory for a

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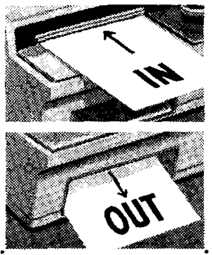

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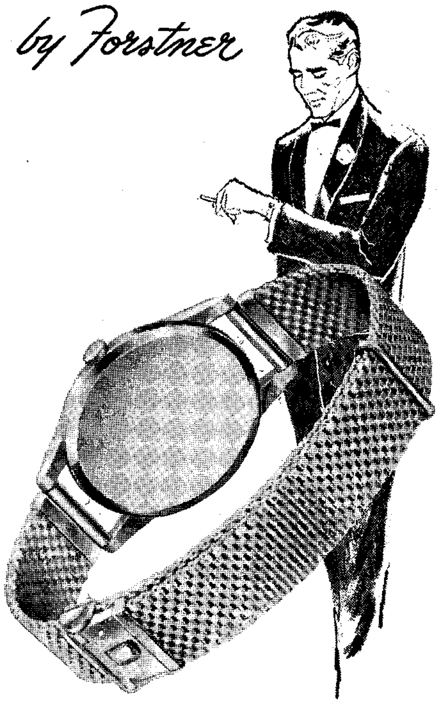

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This was good going, I thought, and in an emergency I could always return to the Adirondacks for inspiration, and tell about the deer drives there. As things turned out, though, I was able to save the deer drives for future use, because we all went to bed early, so as to be fresh for whatever the morning might hold in store. Ruth and I had a little chat with Graham in his suite before turning in. Graham goes to most of the social functions in Bombay and takes photographs for the local papers—innumerable shots of guests shaking hands with dignitaries in reception lines at the Taj Mahal Hotel; biting firmly into chicken Tandoori at banquets; standing around, all dressed up, with glasses of lemonade (Bombay is dry), as if they loved lemonade—and whenever Ruth and I run into him, we ordinarily gossip about people in that city. Tonight, however, things were rather different.

"You haven't met His Highness's daughter—the Princess Kitten," Graham said. "Too bad she's away right now. She loves shooting. Shot her first tiger last year. It may not have been very big—I haven't the figures on it—but after all she was only fourteen at the time, and she got it with a single shot. Pretty good, that."

We agreed, like the experts we were, that getting a tiger with one shot was not bad for a girl of fourteen. After a pause, I said, "His Highness of Rewa has shot hundreds of tigers in his time. I believe he's lost count."

"The one we're going after tomorrow may be a man-eater," Ruth said. "Man-eaters help you to tot up more points."

"Tigers walk miles in a single night," I said. "Not like lions. Lions are lazy and don't mind being kept in zoos."

"Tigers can jump jolly high when they have to," Ruth said. "His Highness of Bikaner was sitting in a tree *machan* once and—" She stifled a yawn, and with that we said good night to Graham and went to bed.

In Bombay, crows usually woke me in the morning. In Bundi, it was doves. That first morning in Phoolsagar Palace, Ruth and I sat in bed listening to their cooings, drinking tea, and watching the occasional orange turban of a bearer pass below a window that looked out on the veranda. But not for long. Since we weren't sure when the shoot would begin, we soon got up,

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dressed hurriedly, and went downstairs to reconnoitre.

Standing beside the pool, Ruth gazed pensively at the water and said, "His Highness asked me to jump in last night."

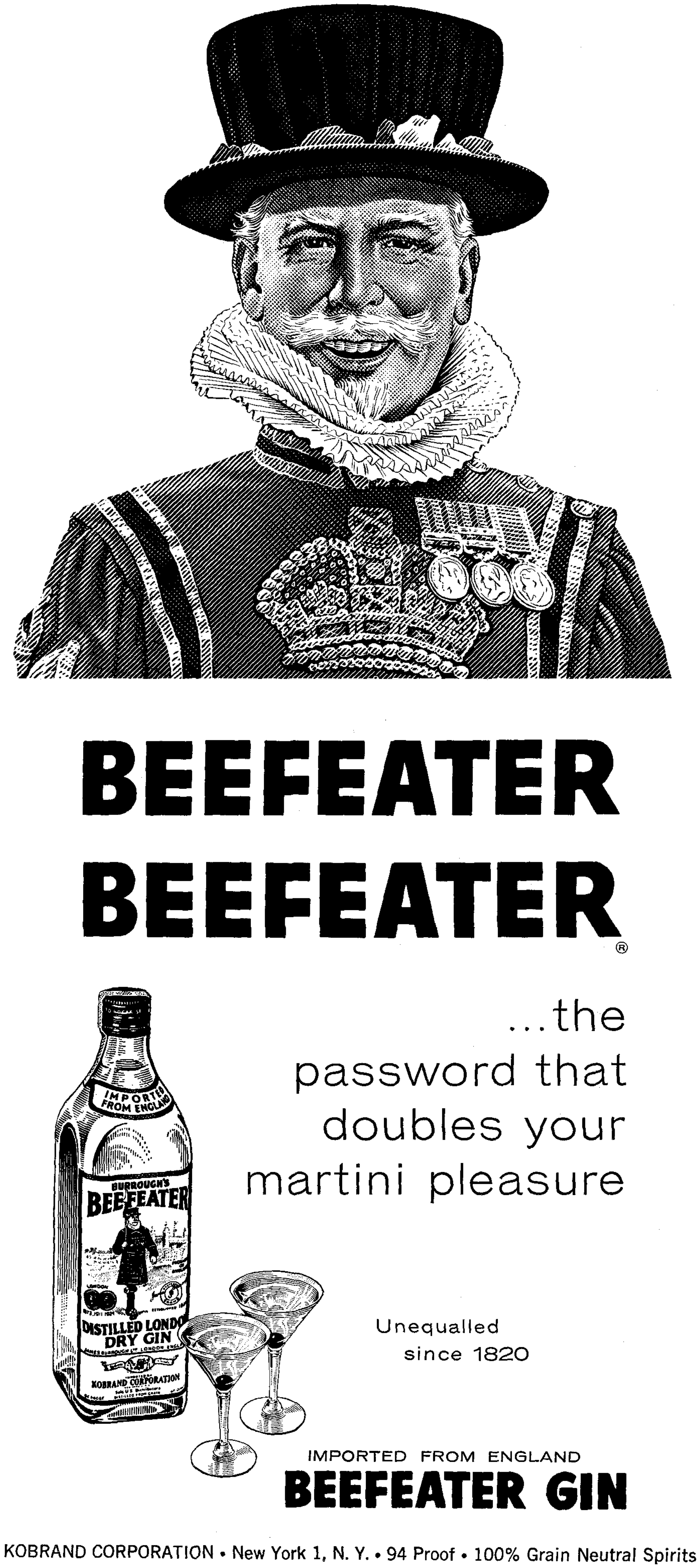
"He did?" I said, startled. "Good Lord, why? And which Highness?"

"Bundi himself," Ruth replied. "He just said rather wistfully that it would be nice if I did. He said that somebody always jumps into the pool sooner or later."

After a while, Indira joined us, and then an A.D.C. came along and shifted us to a courtyard outside the big drawing room—a pleasant place, with a terrace, a lawn, and a fountain. Some of the men, dressed in khaki or jungle green, had already gathered there, keyed up and eager to be off. I asked Lakshman Singh, one of the two brothers from Jodhpur, "Has the tiger killed?"

"Not yet, as far as we know," he replied. "But he's nearby."

Betty had now found her way to the courtyard, and she asked an A.D.C. the same question. He said we were waiting for Mac, who had got up early to fly over the region chosen for the shoot and see for himself. His Highness was suspending operations pending Mac's report. We might go at any minute or we might not go until after lunch. It all depended on whether the tiger had killed. So, in a mood of lazy suspense, we just sat in easy chairs on the terrace, waiting for Mac. Shambhu Nath came around with a notebook and asked if any of us wanted to go to the shoot by plane. Ruth said she'd rather go by car, but I said I'd like very much to fly. Shambhu jotted that down in his notebook and moved on, but before long he came back and told me I couldn't fly, after all; there was no space left in the planes. I accepted my lot philosophically; I was



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not so accustomed to flying to tiger hunts that reaching them by any other means was out of the question. Now we were back at the previous afternoon's game of tossing conversational topics to the gentlemen and having them shot down like clay pigeons. Bikaner, however, was an exception. I eavesdropped while he told Ruth about a tiger he had shot the year before. "There he was, coming right at me," His Highness was saying. "I picked up my gun—"

Plainly doing her best, Ruth interrupted to ask, "What kind of gun?"

His Highness checked himself. "Tiger-shooting gun," he said. "Well, I picked it up—"

WORD suddenly went around that we were about to leave. The A.D.C.s stopped lighting cigarettes and *raced this way and that.* With the rest of the ground travellers, Ruth and I were shepherded to the front entrance of the palace, where we filed into some cars that were waiting there. I landed in the back seat of a station wagon, next to Mohan Singh and right behind Ruth; Shambhu Nath was sitting up front, next to the driver. We set off in the conventional manner, which is to say along the road, but after a while the driver, at a word from Shambhu Nath, made a right-angle turn and headed *directly* into the trackless jungle. At first, I thought we were probably just taking a short detour around a washout or something. I soon saw, however, that we weren't circling at all but plunging straight ahead—on and on, jogging and bouncing over the rocky jungle floor, with the other cars strung out behind. I leaned forward and whispered to Ruth, "What's up?"

Ruth whispered back, "This is Shambhu Nath's own part of the country, and he knows a short cut. Routine procedure, apparently."

Mentally, I relaxed. Physically, relaxation was impossible. Sometimes, as we lurched along, I was thrown into Mohan Singh's lap, and sometimes he was thrown into mine. For a while, we followed a dry river bed that seemed to be mostly boulders. As the car hurdled one of them, Ruth toppled right out of her seat.

"Oh, sorry!" Shambhu said. "But we're almost there—nearly at the airstrip."

Soon, we rolled up out of the river bed and reached some faint wheel tracks, and before long, sure enough, there was the airstrip ahead of us. The planes had not yet arrived; indeed, according to Shambhu Nath, who was

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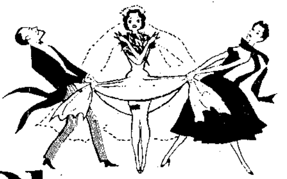

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very informative when he had time, they had not yet taken off from the palace airport. Their passengers were having lunch first. In anticipation of their arrival, however, a large crowd of countrypeople—beaters, with their wives and children—had assembled at the airstrip, and in the meanwhile they were willing to take some interest in us. The men wore brilliant-colored turbans and ragged shorts or dhotis, the women full skirts and blouses—they reminded me of Navajo women—and the children nothing very much at all. We stared back at them, and both sides grinned in a friendly manner. After a long conversation between sundry arbiters of our fate, it was decided that we need not wait there for the others. I found myself paired off with Lakshman Singh, who led the way to the bank of a big river—a genuine one, with water in it—which he identified as the Chambal. As we walked toward it, he told me about a very close call His late Highness of Jodhpur once had while shooting tigers in Udaipur.

"By the way, has our tiger killed yet?" I asked.

"Yes, he has killed," said Lakshman Singh. So that, at least, was settled.

We reached a nice cool cave on the riverbank, and an attendant spread a rug on a flat rock in the entrance. I sat down on it and began to mop my face. A moment later, the attendant said something in the vernacular to Lakshman Singh, who, in turn, said to me, "Come on." In unquestioning obedience, I rose. The attendant picked up the rug, and we went on along the riverbank. "Bees," said Lakshman Singh. "There were bees in that cave."

"I see," I said. "Bees."

Pretty soon we found another cave. My companion smiled in a satisfied manner. "No bees here," he said. "Only crocodiles." He pointed downstream to where some crocodiles were, indeed, sunning themselves. The rest of the car passengers began arriving, and so, I was glad to observe, did a picnic lunch, carried by any number of servants. It was a very elaborate one—wicker hampers, china plates, silver knives and forks. We had just finished eating when somebody cried, "The planes! The planes!"

Crawling out of the cave, we saw three mosquitolike objects high above the river, and as we watched they circled and dropped out of sight in the direction of the airstrip. We headed for it, too, and by the time we got there, the planes, neatly lined up abreast, were entirely surrounded by the beaters and their families. Our host was busy giving directions

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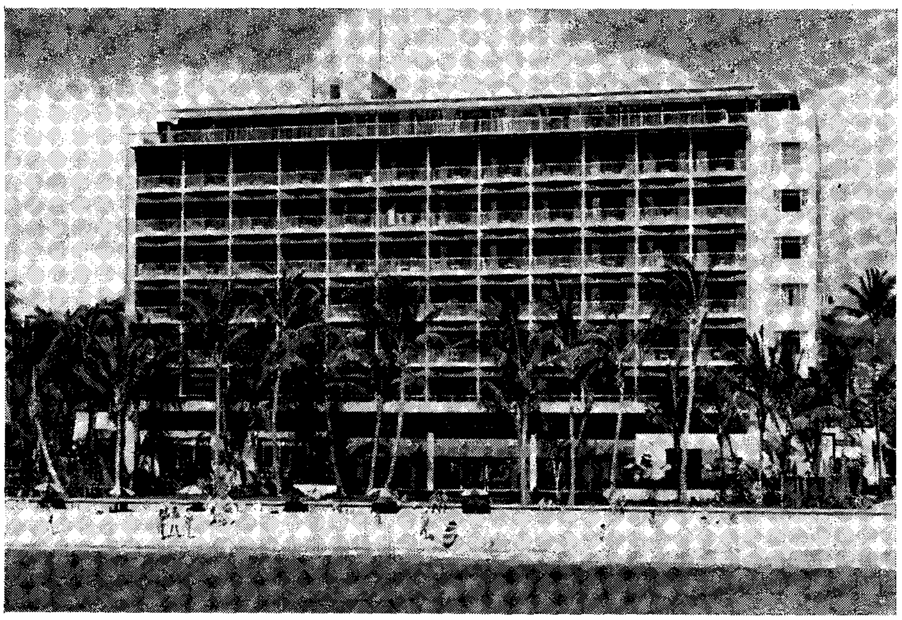

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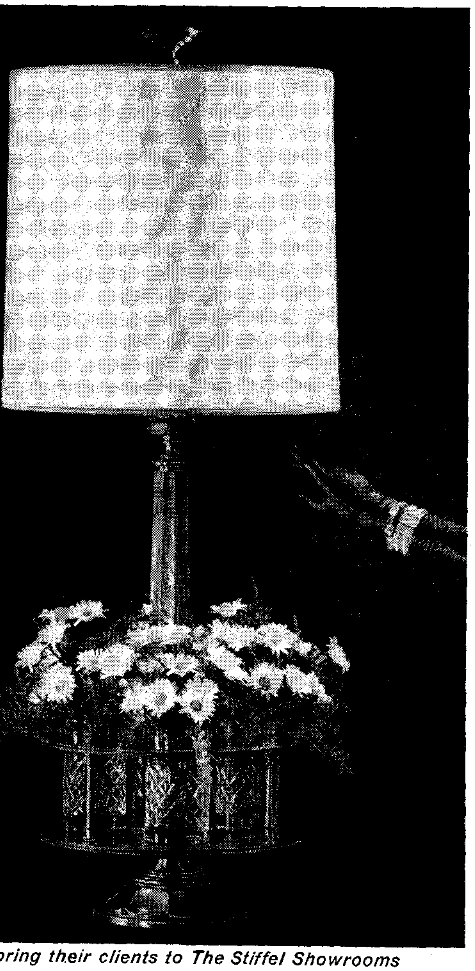

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to his A.D.C.s; like them, he was wearing a jungle-green bush shirt and slacks, and a broad-brimmed hat. Everybody seemed to be bristling with rifles.

We all piled into whatever cars were handiest and were driven away. Finding myself in a jeep with four experienced tiger-shooters, I asked, just to show that I belonged, "Has it killed?"

"No," replied one of my companions, a man with a big mustache.

So there we were; in any case, I decided to stop fretting. We were again driving straight through the jungle, but it wasn't at all bad in the jeep. Besides, this trip didn't last long; after perhaps a quarter of an hour we halted, with the rest of the vehicles, close to the rim of a sharply carved-out valley.

Climbing out of the jeep, I wandered about until I had corralled my three female companions from Bombay. Then we stood around—just women in a man's world, waiting to be told what to do next.

The man who told us what to do next—or, rather, what not to do next—was His Highness of Bundi. He walked up and stood looking at us for a moment. Sadly and slowly, he shook his head. "Ladies," he said, "I'm sorry, but really, ladies, you can't go after tiger in those clothes. They'd show up."

Imagine our not knowing! Downcast and ashamed, we stood silent—Ruth and Betty in white shirts, Indira in mustard slacks, Florence in something gay that had been hand-woven by the natives of Bengal, and I, although my slacks were properly olive drab, wearing a checked shirt with a bit of red in it. Yet perhaps it wasn't only our attire, for Jacqueline and Norma, who were correctly dressed in khaki shorts and khaki topees, and even Manjeed, the Sikh girl, who had borrowed a tiger-shooting outfit from His Highness's own wardrobe, were culled out, too, and put in our dejected little group, while the men with their rifles moved

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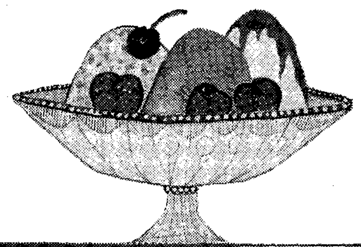

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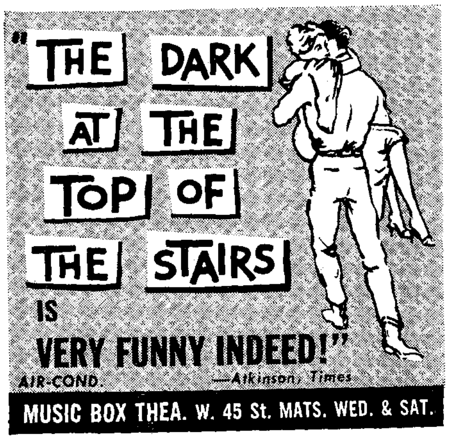
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off into the valley. Then, all of a sudden, His Highness relented. Out of the throng of hunters stepped a man with a bristling, pointed mustache, who walked back to us and said, "His Highness has decided that all you ladies may come along—to a certain point—and that you will be under my supervision. He has asked me to tell you ladies that you simply *must* be quiet during the beat. You must not talk. You must not even whisper. And another thing—you must not move. You must sit absolutely quiet. You must not so much as turn your heads, because a tiger has exceptional powers of vision. Do you understand?" We nodded and murmured "Yes," whereupon our mentor instructed us to follow him.

Presently, the men up ahead halted and conferred, and we lingered a safe distance behind—brilliantly plumaged but cowed. The conference, it turned out, was to make a final disposition of forces. His Highness of Rewa, with appropriate attendants, was posted down the slope from the cars, at a point overlooking heavy jungle. The Maharajah of Bikaner was assigned to a position on the other side of the valley and closer to the valley floor. Our host stationed himself on the far side of the valley, too, near its upper end. With our mustached escort and a couple of other men, we were sent to the very top of the valley, on the near side, just beyond a seasoned bunch from Jodhpur. The beaters were well down the valley, waiting for the signal to go to work.

Doing our best to tread lightly, we proceeded over rock rubble and dry, thorny undergrowth to a *machan*, or blind. Most *machans* are built in trees, but ours was on the ground—a screen of bamboo stalks interwoven with twigs and leaves. In it were several neatly buttonhole-stitched openings, and by kneeling or sitting or squatting we could peer through them and get a splendid view of the valley, spread out before us like a stadium. We had a fine sense of isolation. Little cushions scattered about on a picnic rug made the place very comfortable, and, all in all, I began to feel better about our *gaffe* in the matter of clothes. Graham, with his camera, showed up from somewhere and stationed himself high on a rock above us, in full sight of any tigers in the valley, but, of course, he was dressed for it. Then, to our surprise, Louis, the Belgian diplomat, straggled into the *machan*. Like Graham, he was disguised against tigers and had no need to lurk behind the screen, but lurk he did. Waiting for tigers bored him, he

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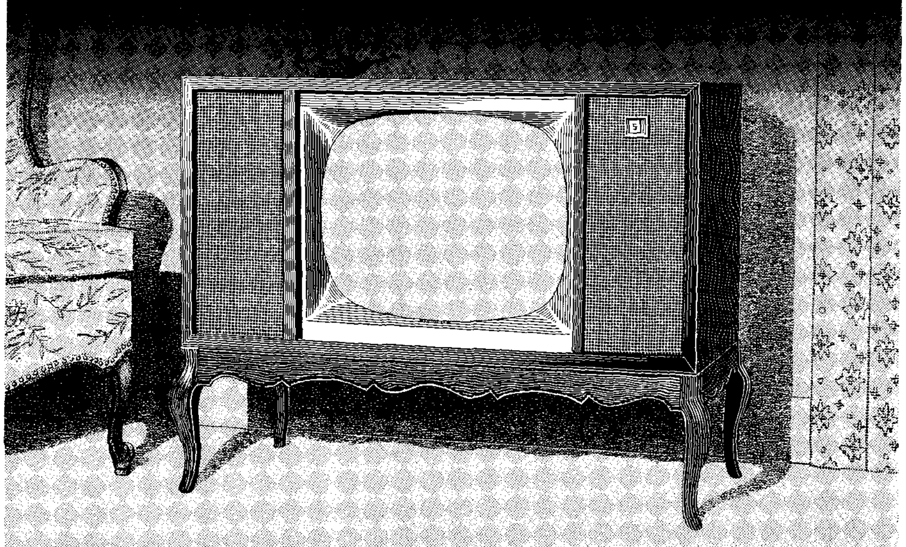

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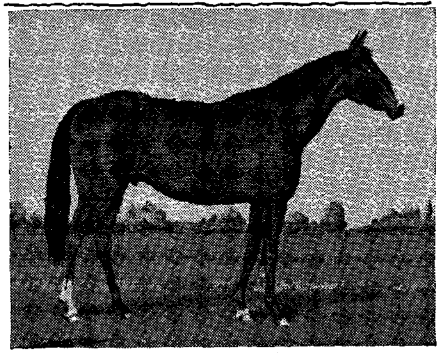

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said, and he stretched out on the rug and fell asleep. The Jodhpur veterans down the valley from us didn't need a *machan* and didn't have one; they sat motionless on a series of rocky outcroppings some distance away.

I crouched behind Norma at one of the peepholes and stared and stared over her shoulder. The jungle verdure was so dry that the stratifications of the valley's steep opposite side were almost naked to the sun, while the few trees growing on its narrow floor did not obscure the ground. In a clearing around one of the trees was a large, dark, motionless object. The buffalo, I thought—the tiger *had* killed. I was just about to poke Norma when the object stood up and switched its tail.

Really, we behaved very well. We didn't say a single word; that is, the women didn't. The men, however, conversed at length; perhaps it is only the female voice that alarms tigers. Time went by with the speed of a glacier; we had been crouching there for at least three-quarters of an hour when Florence reached up to push back a strand of her hair. Our guardian with the mustache was on to it in a flash. "Keep your hand still!" he cried, waving an admonitory arm furiously.

Then, suddenly, from the other end of the valley, came a sound like the wailing of banshees. The beaters were beating. They thumped on drums and blew horns and banged on tin plates and fired off guns, all the while ululating and shouting. ("What were they all shouting, anyway?" I asked Shambhu Nath later. "Oh, you know," he replied. "Telling the tiger not to be such a coward, to come out and fight—that sort of thing.") Once the beaters started their din, the whole jungle woke up. Birds made little rushes from branch to branch, keeping a prudent distance ahead of the invasion. Langurs moved faster, though they didn't seem to be really in rout, either; they maintained their dignity, sometimes running rapidly, but now and then pausing to turn and stare back in dowagerlike disapproval. Hares and peacocks hurried past us. Then, after one last hare, the jungle was still. It was then that I heard a new sound—neither loud nor of long duration, but a muted rumble, as if from a giant's stomach. It was a tiger's roar if ever I had heard one. Still, it seemed to come from the wrong direction—from *behind* the beaters. Surely, though, that was impossible, I told myself, and I continued to stare past Norma's motionless shoulder at the deserted mountainside. Another fifteen minutes

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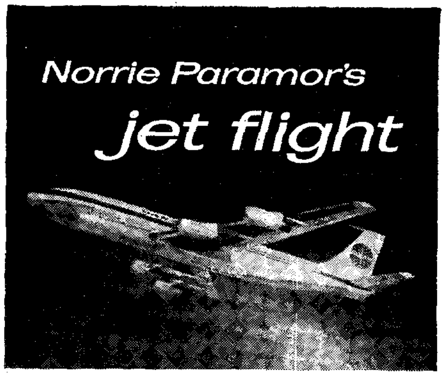

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brought many of the beaters into sight, making their way along the sides of the valley. Apparently, our guardian deduced from their manner that the tiger had got away, for he suddenly lost all interest in us, and, unrebuked, we rose to stretch our aching muscles. I tried to get him to explain what had happened, but he was as taciturn now as he had been talkative while waiting for the beaters to begin.

On the way back from the *machan*, the women, finally undammed, chattered. One of them insisted there had been no tiger at all. Another agreed that this was true, but said there *had* been a bear—in fact, three bears. On the contrary, said a third; not only had there been a tiger but it had come so close to the *machan* that she had actually smelled it—and she described the smell vividly. My sturdy claim to having heard the tiger roar met with no more general acceptance than any of the other versions of what had happened.

As we reassembled at the cars, it was clear that the participating males were ruffled, and equally clear that they were trying not to show it. In little knots, they stood around or sat on the ground, rehashing the fiasco. We all drove back to the airstrip, and there we waited while the beaters were paid off in a lot of bulky, impressive-looking cash—bags and boxes full of it had been brought along for the purpose—and while each of them talked over the events of the day with His Highness. Indira joined me and said, "Wouldn't you like to change places with me and fly back? You really ought to see Bundi from the air, and now that I've done it once, I think it's your turn."

Though I demurred politely at first, I didn't need much urging, and installed

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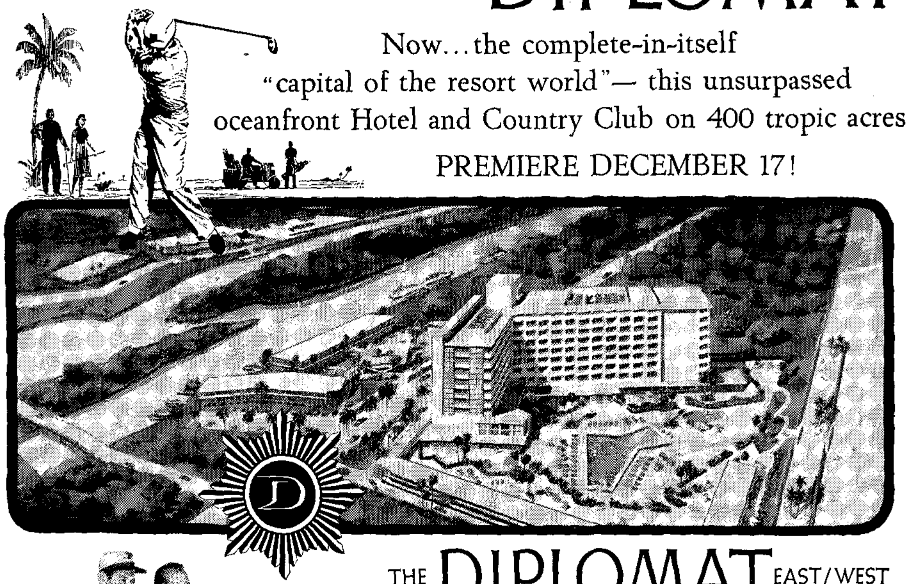

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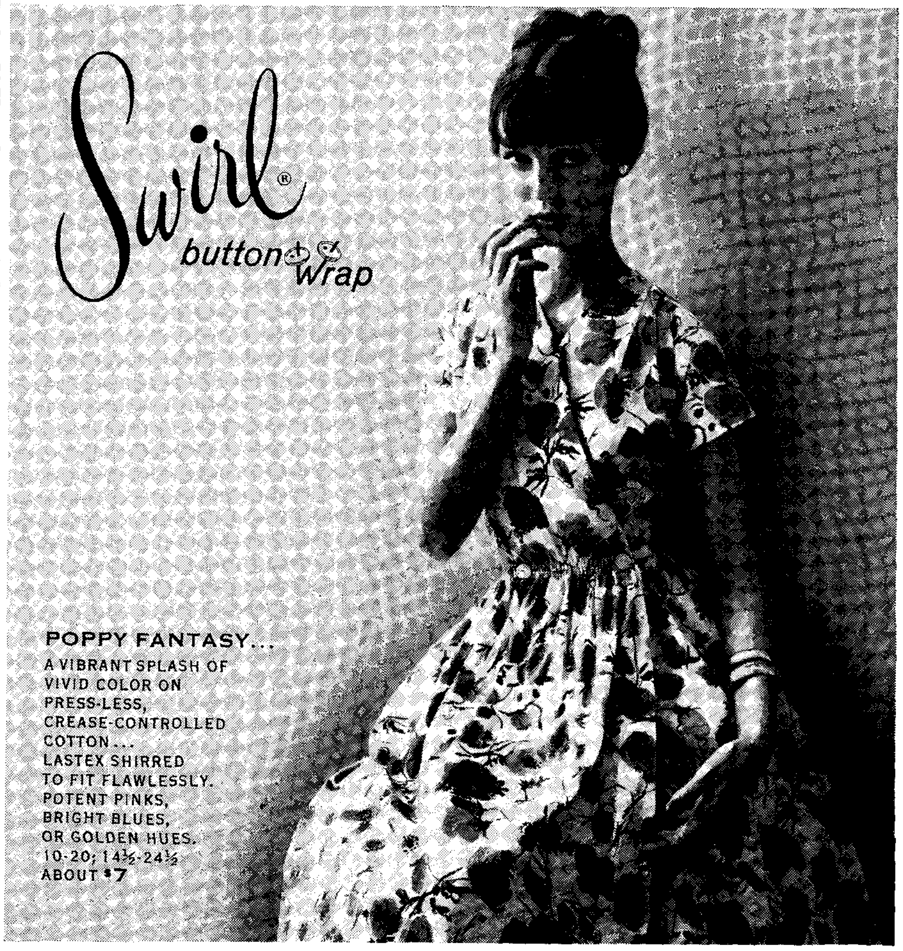

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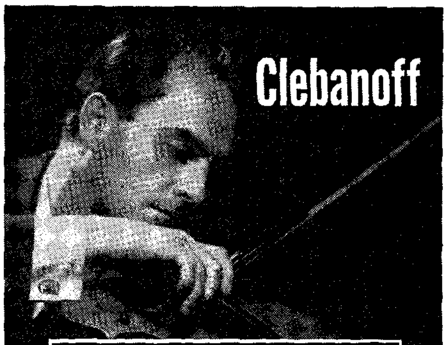

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myself in Indira's seat in the rear of Louis' plane, where Jacqueline presently joined me. Then Manjeed climbed into the front with Louis, and Mac came over to spin the propellers for us and give Louis some last-minute directions. "Circle around and wait for His Highness to get off the ground, then follow him in," he said.

It was just before sunset when we took off. We rose into a sky that was a more intense blue than it had been all through the parched day, above jungle land that looked greener than I would have believed possible. Our soap bubble circled and dipped happily, out and about and back over the airstrip, with its waiting cars and bright-topped crowd of beaters. One by one, the two other craft lifted, and then His Highness led us in a dancing journey across the sky—over rivers and dark hills and stretches of sand; over the city of Bundi, where even the Old Palace looked like a place for toy soldiers to live in; over Phoolsagar Palace, white among its trees, white above its lake.

"HOW was it that we didn't get the tiger?" I later asked His Highness. I was sitting beside him in a jeep as he drove it from the airport to the palace; in the back were his cousins and a lot of rifles.

"Well," he said, "Cousin Rewa was supposed to take it, and the beaters drove it straight past him, but he didn't shoot when he had the chance—out of politeness, he claims. He thought Cousin Bikaner might like the chance. He expected the tiger to cross the valley to Bikaner's side, and, to be sure, most tigers would have done that; they usually zigzag when they're being driven. In the meantime, I had ordered the beaters away from behind the tiger and up on the hillsides, to keep it from getting out of the valley. But then it was clever enough to turn around and go straight back down the valley—a most unusual maneuver. Rewa should certainly have shot as soon as he saw it, and not left it for Bikaner. It was right there in front of him. We all saw it. You ladies didn't, because it didn't get far enough up the valley, but I understand that you heard it roar. It's bad for the morale of the villagers, you know," he added. "All that work for nothing. They were disappointed. I told them *exactly* how it happened."

A little nervously, I glanced back over my shoulder at His Highness of Rewa, to see how he was taking all this, but he showed no sign of embarrassment or pique; looking calm and cheerful, he

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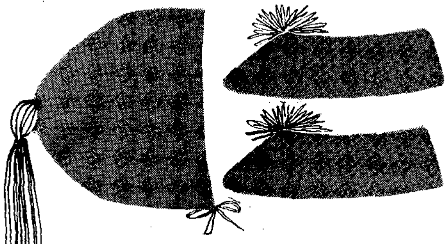

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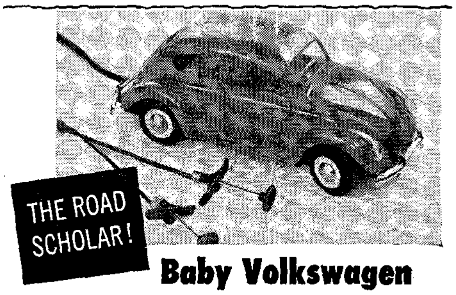

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sat listening to His Highness of Bikaner, who was as chatty as ever.

It was getting dark when, with the guards slamming to attention, we drove through the gate to the palace. Massed flowers in the garden sent out strong gusts of fragrance, the way flowers in India always do at dusk, as if they were sighing with relief at the first breeze. And I, too, sighed with relief. With my first tiger shoot behind me, I was now on firmer ground—at least conversationally.

—EMILY HAHN

(*This is the second of a series of articles on India's deposed princes.*)

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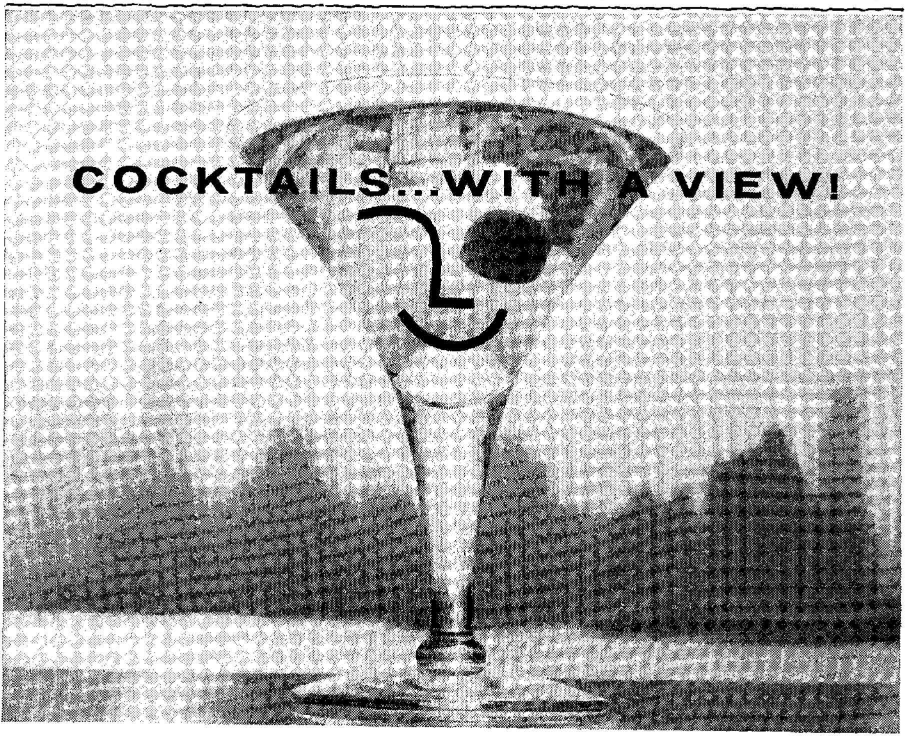

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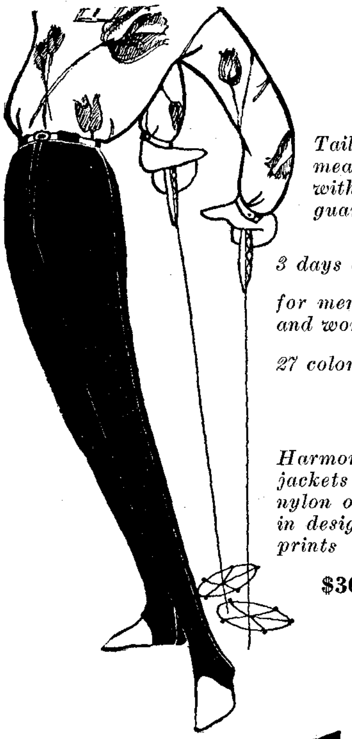

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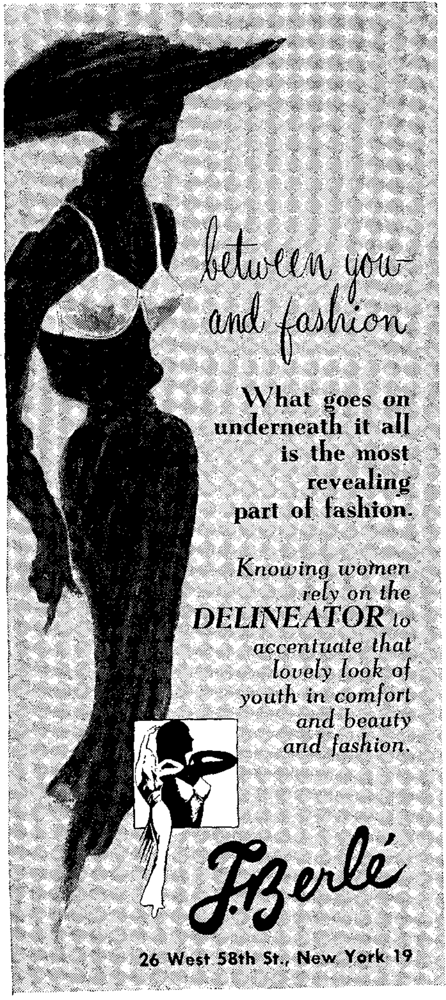

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THE hoopla over Macy's centennial has touched off recollections of my own career at that grand old store. In the depression summer of 1931, about twenty of us between our junior and senior years in college were hired by Personnel, at twenty-five dollars a week. We were known as the Summer Training Squad, and our mission was to learn the business from the ground up, with the expectation that some of us might return after college. In my case, it was from the basement up, since they started me out there, as a contingent. ("Contingent" is—or was—department-store parlance for a kind of seasonal shock trooper. He is sent in where the crowding is heaviest.) I began in Garden Supplies, rapidly graduated to Hardware, then to Electrical Goods, and finally rose to Men's Bathing Suits, on the second floor—bypassing the street floor, which was the only one air-conditioned in those days.

In addition to selling, our little band of collegians was on call at any hour of the day for lectures, conferences, demonstrations, aptitude tests, and other folderol arranged by Personnel as part of our merchandising education. One morning, after an invigorating seminar, our chaperon and mentor, Mrs. Sheppard, asked for volunteers with experience in theatricals. I foolishly raised my hand, and found myself entered in Macy's Sweeps.

The Sweeps were held early in the morning, before the opening of the store. The volunteers were divided into two-man teams, each team dressed up to resemble a horse and labelled with the name of one of the store departments. The departments competed with each other in weekly sales contests, and the Sweeps had been devised as a dramatic way of announcing the results. The horses were supposed to finish in the same order as the departments in the previous week's sales derby, but we were to make the race look as authentic as possible, so that the assembled salesclerks could capture the genuine thrill of rooting in a winner. I became the rear end of the filly Garden Supplies, which was in hot sales competition with Small Domestic Rugs and Women's and Misses' Better Dresses. We were slated to finish third, but my front man allowed his competitive instincts to carry him away, with the result that we finished first, in a glorious burst of speed. The surprised clerks in Garden Supplies cheered wildly, but their triumph was

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cut short by a chill voice over the P.A. system announcing that we had been disqualified.

After that humiliating episode, I resolved to do no more volunteering. But the frustration of selling Men's Bathing Suits in July was too much for me, and I yielded to the persuasion of a colleague named Bob when Mrs. Sheppard requested two volunteers for a research project at Macy's Long Island warehouse. I rather fancied myself in the role of researcher. On the appointed day, Bob and I showed up at the warehouse in our best summer suits, sharpened pencils in our pockets.

ALONG with the Louvre and Chicago's Merchandise Mart, Macy's warehouse in Long Island City must surely be one of the largest structures in the world. Bob and I walked several blocks trying to find the main entrance. Once there, we looked hopefully on the directory under the "R"s, but no Research was listed. We decided to head for Personnel. No one there seemed to be expecting us, but a man named Davis finally took some interest, though he seemed puzzled when we mentioned the word "research." After several calls to Thirty-fourth Street, he succeeded in reaching Mrs. Sheppard. "It's all right," he reassured us. "You're in the right place." He picked up the phone again. "Is that you, Mulligan?" he said. "Well, I have two research assistants for you. Come and fetch them. Thirty-fourth Street wants us to check the prepacks. They've been getting a lot of complaints."

In a few moments, Mulligan appeared, a wiry fellow in a gray shirt and work pants. He greeted us laconically, and motioned us to come along. We followed him down a series of interminable aisles and ramps to another part of the building, where, above a stone floor, massive iron shelves held literally acres of sealed cartons, of every size and shape. These were the prepacks. A prepack, we learned, was an article bought at the main store from a floor sample and delivered to the customer, from the warehouse, in its original factory-sealed carton. Macy's customers were complaining about the condition of some of the prepacked articles they had received, and Macy's, in its usual zealous manner, had determined to discover the source of the trouble. Mulligan pointed to a shelf, stacked with cartons. "Start here," he said abruptly. "Take down ten or so, open 'em up, and make a note of what you find. Then keep going down the

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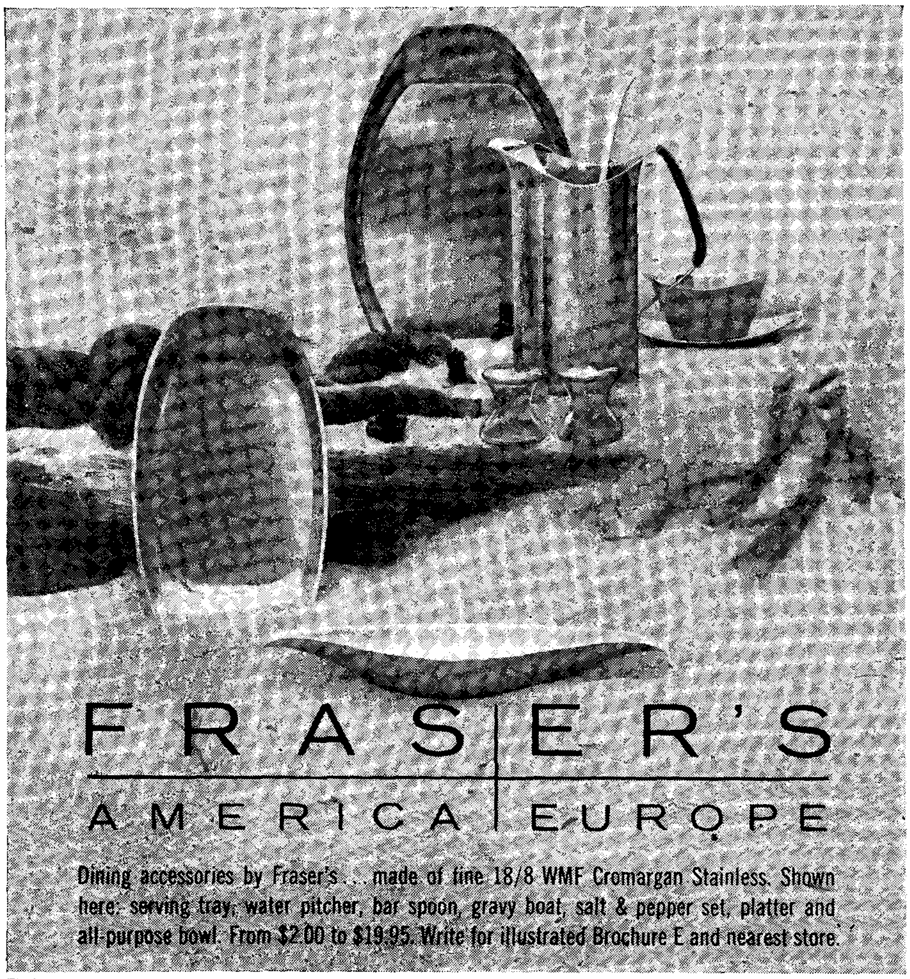

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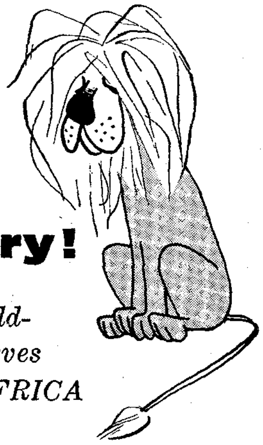

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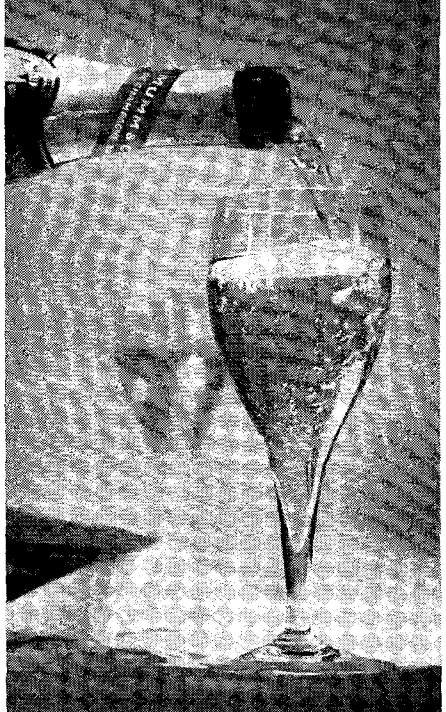

CORDON ROUGE AND EXTRA DRY
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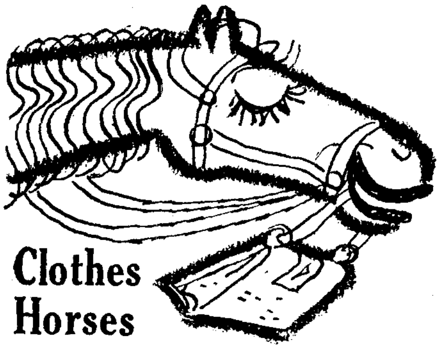
aisle, sampling each batch. I'll be back to see how you're making out." He started to turn away, apparently had an afterthought, and looked us up and down, as if seeing us for the first time. "Here," he said in a kindlier tone. "Give me them coats and ties. I'll put 'em in the office. You'll not be needing 'em in this particular work." He headed for a nearby hand truck, stepped nimbly aboard, and off he went.

The first stack proved to be clothes hampers—hundreds of them, mostly made of tin or wicker, with plastic tops. We opened about ten cartons. All seemed in perfect condition. We made a note in our log and moved along to the next lot. More hampers, of a slightly different shade, also perfect. About this time, Mulligan cruised back into view. For a minute, he watched us, critically, and then he stepped off his truck. "No, no," he moaned softly. "Not so gentle. Remember, them prepacks go from here to Delivery, where they put 'em on the trucks. You can bet them drivers won't handle 'em so ladylike. Now, watch."

He climbed a ladder to the top of one of the shelves, reached for the nearest carton, and pushed it over the edge. It plummeted to the stone floor. Stepping down agilely, he pounced on his victim, kicked it, and pushed it savagely across the floor until it hit the wall with a thud. "Now let's see," he said. He ripped open the carton, snatched out the hamper, and peered at it closely. It wasn't even scratched. "All right," he growled. "They pack them Number Fours pretty good—but let's try the Sixes." He moved to the next stack, and in a twinkling had knocked three more cartons to the floor. Getting into the spirit of the thing, Bob and I each claimed a carton for our own and began kicking, punching, and gouging it. "All right, boys," said the panting Mulligan, finally calling a halt.

We began the autopsy in a fever of anticipation. "Aha!" said Mulligan. Sure enough, the side of one hamper had been dented in the melee. "You see," he said triumphantly. "Sloppy packing—Number Six Hundred and Forty-two Green. Get that in the report. Now carry on." And he rode off on his truck.

We took the hint, and after that there was no holding us. We went through an entire Olympic Games with those cartons, including shot-putting, hockey, soccer, and lacrosse. When we had finished with the hampers, we started on lampshades, but they proved disappointingly durable, possibly because of



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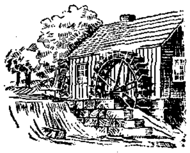
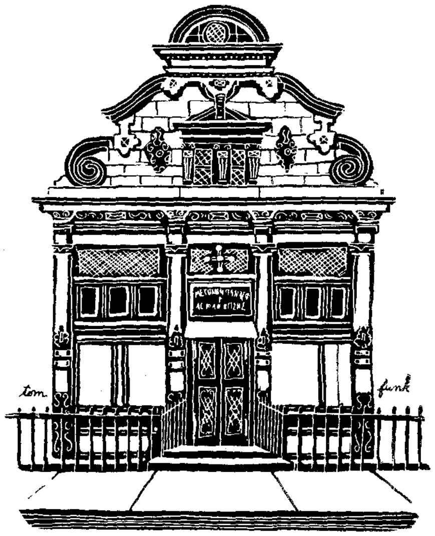


their light weight. We next turned our attention to wastebaskets made of some composition material. They came in sickly pastel colors that did not appeal to us, and they chipped nicely. But our supreme triumph was with enamelware. These attractive pots, pans, and casseroles came in smaller cartons, better adapted to projection, and we added football, basketball, and volleyball to the athletic repertoire. When we found an easy-to-heft object, we sometimes widened the sampling, to insure a more accurate result.

During the next several weeks, our passion for research led to the annihilation of some hundreds of dollars' worth of brand-new merchandise. Our technique was completely objective. We played no favorites among the manufacturers. Each day, we would tot up the casualties and move on to the next victims, leaving a pile of bruised objects in our wake. Some cartons and their contents showed stubborn resilience and could be returned to stock. But we were careful not to repeat the whitewash of that first morning, and saw to it that the porters always had plenty of debris to carry off to the special area where the horrible examples of faulty packaging were accumulating.

One day, when we were practicing forward passes with some vitreous china, Mr. Davis, of Personnel, appeared on the scene. "Glad to see you're keeping busy, fellows," he said affably. "I came by to tell you that Mrs. Sheppard called from Thirty-fourth Street. She says that although you're excused from attending the seminars over there, you're expected to turn in a final report on your research project."

The knowledge that we would eventually have to give an accounting placed a mild restraint on our boyish enthusiasm. We reflected more on the results



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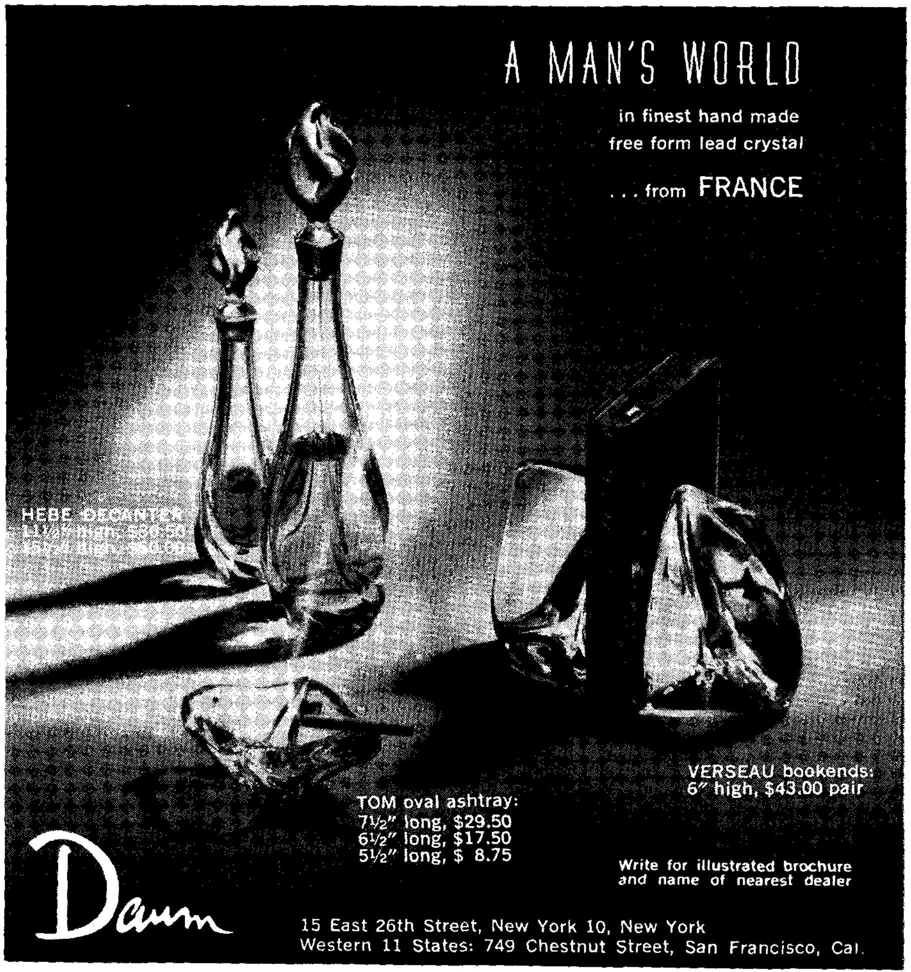

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of our mayhem, and even learned something about the elements of good packaging. If an object was too tight in its container, it was highly susceptible to outside shock or jounce; if too loose, it was similarly vulnerable. On the other hand, if it fitted neatly, it could absorb almost any amount of punishment without becoming cracked, chipped, or staved in.

IT was an active summer. At coffee breaks, we used to race each other down the aisles on hand trucks or rolling ladders, and we relaxed during lunch period by playing in the softball game held daily, weather permitting, on the enormous flat roof. When, in due course, we finished our assignment, turned in our report, and went back to college, our superb physical condition put to shame those athletes who had spent the summer sedentarily roping calves or building roads.

After graduation, neither Bob nor I returned to Macy's. He went to work for a baking company in Cleveland, and I became a reporter for a wine-and-liquor journal. But from time to time I still stalk Macy's basement with a faintly proprietary air, and whenever I see a truck delivering prepacks my fingers start twitching nostalgically.

—EDWARD B. MARKS

•

One of Malenkov's closest rivals in the hierarchy, and the man who, on points, seemed to be the most likely successor to Stalin, was Andrei A. Zhdanov, party boss in Leningrad. Zhdanov, a fantastic character, was the son of a priest; he died (a natural death) in 1948. Soon Zhdanov men, vulnerable now that their leader was dead, began to disappear. Two of these were among the most important men in the Soviet Union at that time, Nikolai A. Voznesensky, a brilliant and promising young man who was a member of the Presidium and chief of Soviet planning, no less, and A. A. Kuznetsov, a secretary of the party. They left their homes for their offices one fine day, and were never seen again. The equivalent in America would be the disappearance, without warning or trace, of, let us say, Harold Stassen and Sherman Adams.—*From "Inside Russia Today," by John Gunther.*

Who?

•

LETTERS WE NEVER FINISHED READING

THE FLETCHER ALUMNI ASSOCIATION
MEDFORD 55, MASSACHUSETTS

DEAR FELLOW ALUMNUS:

There is a column-filler in many issues of *The New Yorker* called Letters We Never Finished Reading. We urge you not to let this be one of those, for it is a . . .

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AT YOUR DOOR . . .
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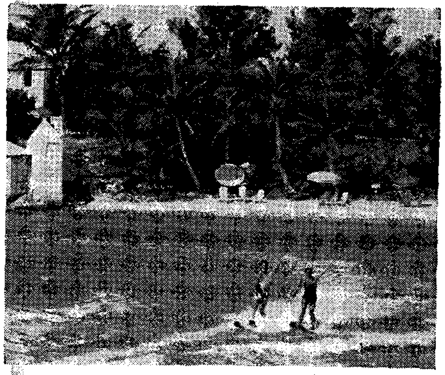

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THE RACE TRACK

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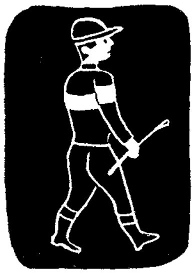

SOMETIMES it seems as if a special run of good fortune took hold of a stable. For example, C. T. Chenery not only has the best two-year-old colt of the season in First Landing but also has a smasher in his two-year-old filly Rich Tradition. Indeed, many of the enthralled observers who saw her win the Selima Stakes at Laurel last weekend were ready to put her at the top of the list. She started so slowly that she appeared to be hopelessly out of it for the first half of the mile and a sixteenth, but when she got cracking she overhauled the leaders and won going away. For the record, Toluene was second and Annsie Pie third. Merry Hill, who won the Frizette at Jamaica the previous Saturday, made a good try, but not good enough to overcome the crowding she encountered early in the race. Now I'll be interested to see how much weight Rich Tradition gets in the Experimental Free Handicap.

ALTHOUGH the activities of the U.S.S.R. are in general extremely mysterious, the training of its race horses is not. At any rate, there was nothing oblique that I could see about the handling of Garnir and Zaryad, the Russian racers who came to Laurel for the Washington, D.C., International, which will be over and done with by the time you read this. Except for one or two details, the training routine was much the same as it is in this country, and it is no more than fair to say that the trainer, the two jockeys, and the groom do a thorough job. To be sure, these are picked men; one would hardly expect the Soviet Union to send any but the best. The trainer, Yevgeni Gotlib, who looks as if he might have been a jockey once (he wasn't, though), has quite a record as both a stud manager and a trainer. One of the jockeys, Nikolai Nasimov, is Russia's best rider (he had fifty winners out of a hundred mounts last year), and the other, Viktor Kovalev, is among the top twenty. The groom, a chubby fellow, looks like a young Khrushchev. They all do their work under the sharp eyes of Yevgeni Dolmatov, a big, soldierly man with iron-gray hair, who is director of rac-

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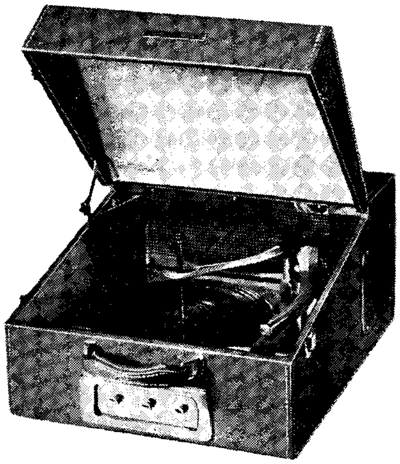

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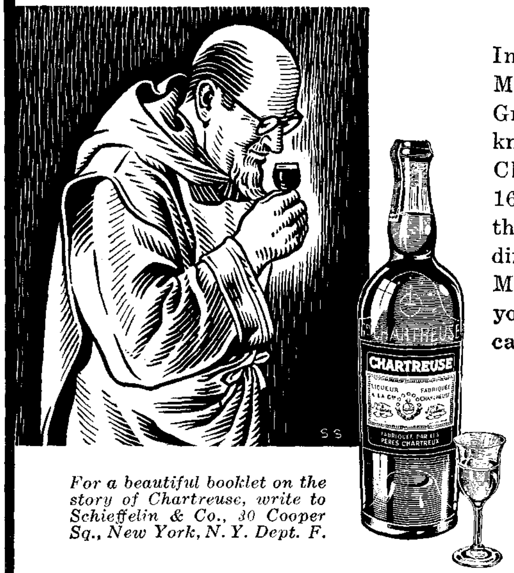

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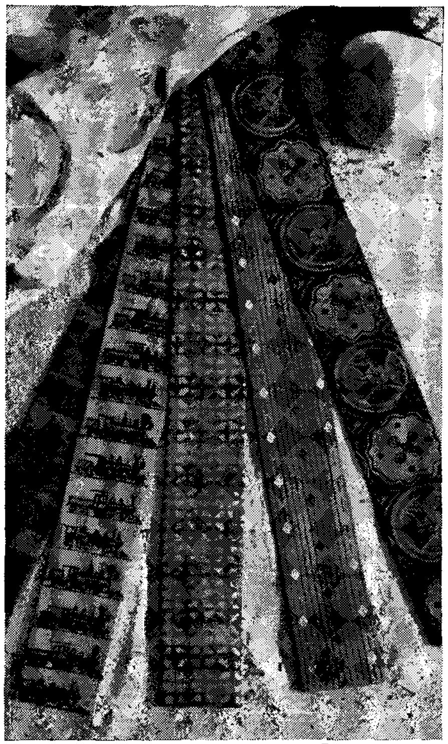

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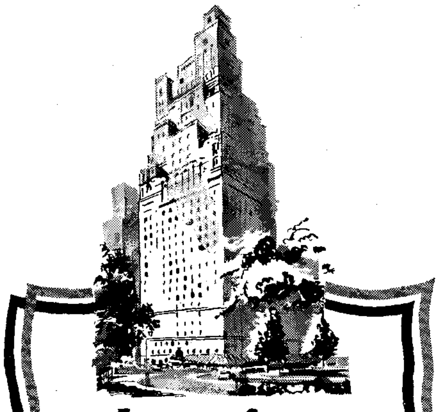

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ing at the Moscow Hippodrome, and I must say the horses fairly radiate good conditioning.

I spent most of a morning several days before the race watching what was done with Garnir, a medium-sized dark-bay three-year-old, who won this year's Russian Derby. His day began at nine o'clock, when Nasimov, a Turkoman who is rather tall for a jockey (he wears a gray astrakhan Cossack hat, and is known at home as the Black Gypsy), rubbed him down with wisps of straw until his coat shone. (Can you imagine Arcaro or Hartack getting out to any stable early in the morning and rubbing down the horses he's going to ride in workouts, the way Russian jockeys do?) That was only the beginning. Nasimov went over Garnir next with a currycomb and a brush, and, to finish off, polished him with a rub rag. Then he saddled up, mounted, and walked the colt around the stable for a quarter of an hour before taking him out onto the track. There, along with Zaryad, who had had similar attentions, Garnir walked a couple of miles and warmed up with a couple more at a slow gallop before he got down to business—a mile and a half at almost racing speed. The workout over, both colts were walked around some more in the paddock, and when they returned to their barn, American horsemen were amazed to see the Russian groom give them as much water as they wanted to drink. (The belief over here is that it's bad for a horse to drink directly after a race or a workout, so he is walked around and around slowly for a long time before he is given any water, and even then it's only a sip or two, at long intervals, until he is well cooled out.) Next, the groom washed Garnir's legs twice, thoroughly and carefully, paying special attention to the front ones. This helps a horse relax, the Russians say. The jockey took over again for the final rubdown—a long, allover one. In the evening, I was told, there would be more walking and grooming before feeding time, and this job is always attended to by the jockey. I've never seen horses so fussed over.

The daily ration of a Russian horse is twelve quarts of oats, an unusually large amount for the average racer, plus a huge amount of hay, some carrots, and a little sugar. Despite the care the Russian racers get, I noticed that the leather of their saddles, bridles, and such wasn't of very good quality, though it was well kept, and that their steel racing shoes were about four times as heavy

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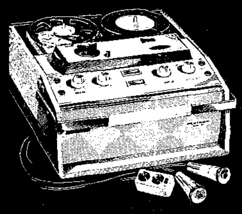

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as the ones used here. Shortly after Garnir and Zaryad arrived, they were shod with American plates, and to show his appreciation to the blacksmith the groom gave him a tot of vodka he'd brought over in an old hair-oil bottle. The blacksmith still speaks of the strength of that drink with an admiration amounting to awe. The visitors liked the American shoes so much that they are taking as many sets as they can back to Russia, so if you should hear that Horse Factory No. 33, which is the name of the breeding farm Garnir and Zaryad come from, is winning all the races, you'll know why.

Mr. Dolmatov likes the term "horse factory," or so he told me when I asked. There are sixty horse factories in the Soviet Union, he said, ten producing thoroughbreds for flat racing and fifty producing trotters. Light-harness racing goes over big with the Russians, and they are very proud of the Ulov strain of trotters, whose foundation was a famous American stallion named Peter the Great and a Russian mare. A lot of factories are needed to produce stock enough for the Soviet tracks, of which there are a hundred and sixty-eight, eight of them in Moscow. Of course, all the tracks and all the horses are owned and operated by the state, and its take from the mutuels in that workers' paradise is twenty-five per cent.

All the tracks, even those for trotters, are at least eighteen hundred metres around (roughly a mile and a furlong), and some for the runners are as much as a mile and five furlongs. They are all dirt tracks. None of the races on the flat for three-year-olds and upward are at less than a mile and a half, and the favorite distance is a mile and five furlongs. The only six-furlong races are for two-year-olds, and there aren't many of those. In fact, no two-year-old is permitted to start more than nine times. The government has also thoughtfully formulated the procedure for giving a horse a name; it must begin with the same letter as that of its dam. "Garnir" means "vegetable dressing," and a secretary of the Russian Embassy I met told me he was sorry the horse had such a plain name. He would prefer something like "Charge!," he said, which I suppose would be fair enough for a runner from Horse Factory No. 33.

—Audax Minor

•

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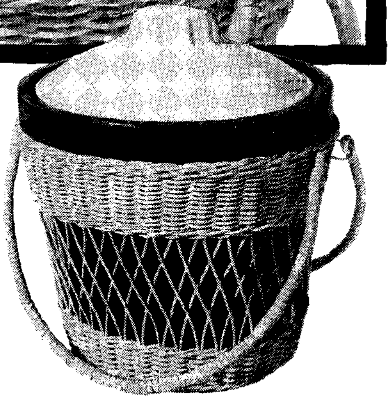

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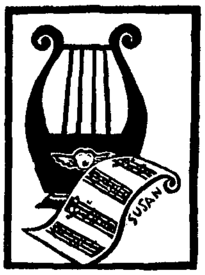
MUSICAL EVENTS

Menotti Again



GIAN-CARLO MENOTTI's latest opera, "Maria Golovin," which opened at the Martin Beck Theatre one night last week and closed three nights later, has a deftly knit and generally melodious score, one that at a few points—notably in a fine trio for female voices in Act II, Scene 1—rises to the level of real operatic eloquence. The drama to which this score is set concerns a blind war veteran who falls in love with the lonely wife of an absent prisoner of war, is tortured by jealousy of the lady's husband, her child, and her past admirers, and, on her husband's return, attempts to shoot her. The shot goes wide of the mark, but since he is blind, he is unaware of his miss, and the lady sorrowfully withdraws, leaving him secure in the thought—apparently a comforting one—that he has brought his tragic romance to an end by killing her.

In telling this story, Mr. Menotti makes use of numerous time-tried and undeniably effective gimmicks of opera-craft, such as the scene of agony played against frivolous music coming from offstage, the innocent child returning from a costume party, still dressed like Pagliaccio, to find the hero brandishing a revolver, and the singing of a light-hearted Italian barcarole just before the moment of horror when the husband's return is announced. But the gimmicks do not succeed in saving "Maria Golovin" as a drama, for the reason, I think, that both of Mr. Menotti's principal characters are slightly ambiguous figures. The blind man excites one's pity, but he is such a mixed-up fellow and his conception of love is so self-centered that he arouses nothing in the way of sympathy or respect, while Maria Golovin herself is merely a silly and woefully indecisive female, whose choice between lover and husband is left pretty much up to fate. I have noticed this sort of indecisiveness and ineffectualness in the characters of some of Mr. Menotti's previous operas—particularly in the hero of "The Saint of Bleecker Street"—and I am afraid that it reflects one of his basic weaknesses as an operatic dramatist. At any rate, it stands forth rather glaringly in "Maria Golovin,"

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and for all Mr. Menotti's powers of invention, his unquestionable skill in setting words to music, and his often engaging gift of melody, it deprives this opera of the kind of forcefulness that can grip the emotions of an audience.

There are moments of beauty and wit in the work; besides the trio I have referred to, there is a very funny set number, sung by the child's mincing and epicene tutor, in which Mr. Menotti assumes the role of a critic, satirizing the twentieth-century aesthetic poseur who likes Vivaldi, Bartók, Stravinsky, Kafka, and T. S. Eliot and who is horrified by the culture of the nineteenth century. I agree with Mr. Menotti's viewpoint on this subject, and I thoroughly enjoyed his gibes. I only wish that he had made a better case for nineteenth-century robustness in the rest of his opera.

The production, staged by Mr. Menotti himself, with stunningly beautiful scenery by Rouben Ter-Arutunian, could not have been more adroit. A superb cast of singing actors—among them Richard Cross, as the blind man; Patricia Neway, as his mother; William Chapman, as an escaped prisoner; Franca Duval, as Maria Golovin; and Norman Kelley, as the tutor—strove valiantly to bring the work to life.

THERE is certainly nothing ambiguous about Ruggiero Leoncavallo's "I Pagliacci." Its characters do not vacillate. They are impelled by fundamental passions, they move toward their inescapable destinies with a lucidity worthy of the Greek drama, and this much battered but indestructible masterpiece, which it was fashionable to deride a generation ago, on the ground of elemental crudity, remains, to my mind, one of the very few perfect operas ever written. Last week, the Metropolitan gave it a new production, under the stage direction of José Quintero, and I must say that the result seemed to me one of General Manager Rudolf Bing's happier efforts to combine opera with the theatrical craftsmanship of Broadway. Mr. Quintero's practiced hand was continually in evidence in the livening up of dramatic detail and in the intensification of the realism of the spectacle. Nedda sang her first-act monologue lying lazily and voluptuously on her back against a staircase. Canio sang "Vesti la giubba" while daubing greasepaint on his face, with the pedestal of a truncated column serving as a dressing table, and the result was that the whole episode seemed a routine, if emotionally disturbed, experience in his life

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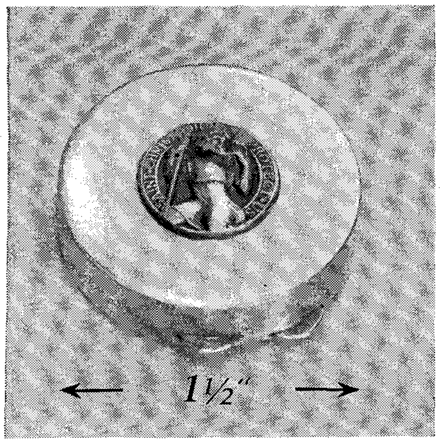

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as a travelling trouper. The crowds followed the action of the principals with intense absorption, and the little *commedia dell' arte* play-within-a-play was charmingly stylized and formal, giving the final double murder an increased emotional voltage by contrast. The set, by Rolf Gérard, was simple and about as effective as any I have seen for this opera.

Though I have heard warmer, tenderer, and more despairing Canios than the one provided by Mario Del Monaco (Mr. Del Monaco doesn't crush easily, and Canio is a very crushed man), he sang throughout with uninhibited brilliance, and the rest of the cast was close to ideal. Leonard Warren demonstrated again that he is without doubt the finest Tonio currently before the public. Some magic on Mr. Quintero's part had overcome Lucine Amara's customary placidity of temperament and turned her into a wild and passionate Nedda, and her voice, which I have never had any quarrel with, sounded wonderfully limpid and expressive, making her whole interpretation one of the most affecting I have encountered in a long time. Even the lesser roles, sung by Charles Anthony and Mario Sereni, were done with great polish, and Dimitri Mitropoulos conducted not only with his usual gusto but with taste as well.

The "Cavalleria Rusticana" that inevitably preceded this performance struck me as a bit disappointing, probabably because I have always found "Cavalleria" a comparative bore, and had hoped that Mr. Quintero would manage to do something special with it, too. The staging was, I suppose, as resourceful as possible, and this opera also had a new set by Mr. Gérard, which was handsome enough in its own right. But Zinka Milanov, as Santuzza, was not in her best vocal form, and a new tenor, named Primo Zambruno, proved pretty wooden as an actor in the role of Turiddu, though he sang a few fairly glowing phrases. Cesare Bardelli was properly menacing as the teamster Alfio, and Rosalind Elias, as the wayward Lola, turned in what was the only really satisfying performance in the opera.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

JAZZ

Morello the Mighty

LIKE a withering balloon, the Dave Brubeck quartet has been slowly but surely changing shape in the two years since Joe Morello took over as its drummer. Before that, the group, which

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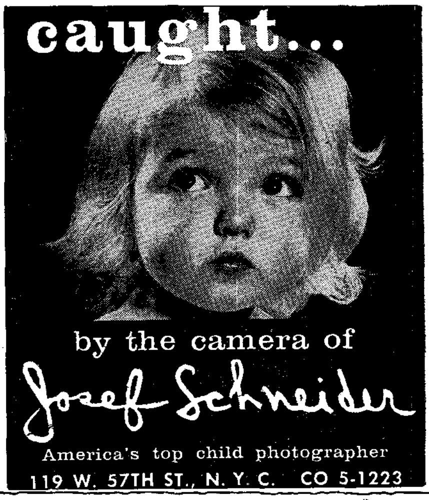

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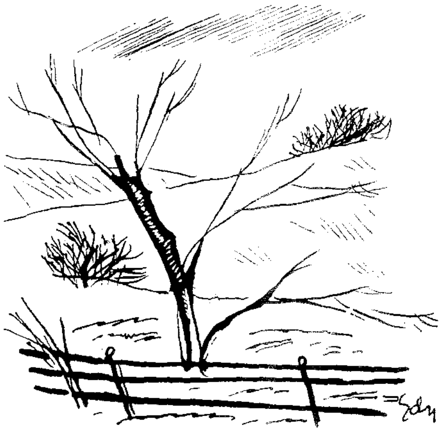
also includes Paul Desmond on alto saxophone and Gene Wright on bass, had been almost totally overshadowed by its leader, a tall, shambling, hawk-nosed man who often started enormous solos with simple single-note figures and ended in masses of wandering Floating Island chords. Desmond, a thin, equally tall man who, when he is not playing, folds his hands over his saxophone as if it were a paunch, generally rushed in at either end of a number to pit his small, buttery tone against Brubeck for some absorbing counterpoint and fugue. But all this has changed. A powerful, precise drummer, with a left hand as furious as an electric typewriter, Morello, whether because of his bobsledding movements or because of their abrasive action on Brubeck and Desmond, has been gradually obliterating the rest of the group. Indeed, what one chiefly hears in almost every selection are brilliant snare-drum work (Morello's rim-shots pop like a whip), tight, glistening cymbal patterns, and massive, irregular arrays of bass-drum beats, like elephants dancing, while, somewhere in the background, Brubeck and Desmond provide wistful, barely supporting accompaniment.

Much of this was in evidence in the quartet's performance during the first of two concerts, called "Jazz for Moderns," last Friday evening at Carnegie Hall. It seemed like old times during the early part of the group's first number, the "St. Louis Blues." Desmond took a long, tiptoeing solo, Brubeck began his portion by noodling and closed with some bearlike arguments, and then, as if waking from a dream, suddenly petered out into pianissimo figures as Morello swelled up behind him and burst into a brief, drenching solo that brought everything back to the present. Six numbers later, after a couple of ballads, a variation on Bach, and an Afghanistan-flavored affair (in which Morello again rose up imperiously), Morello launched a five-minute out-



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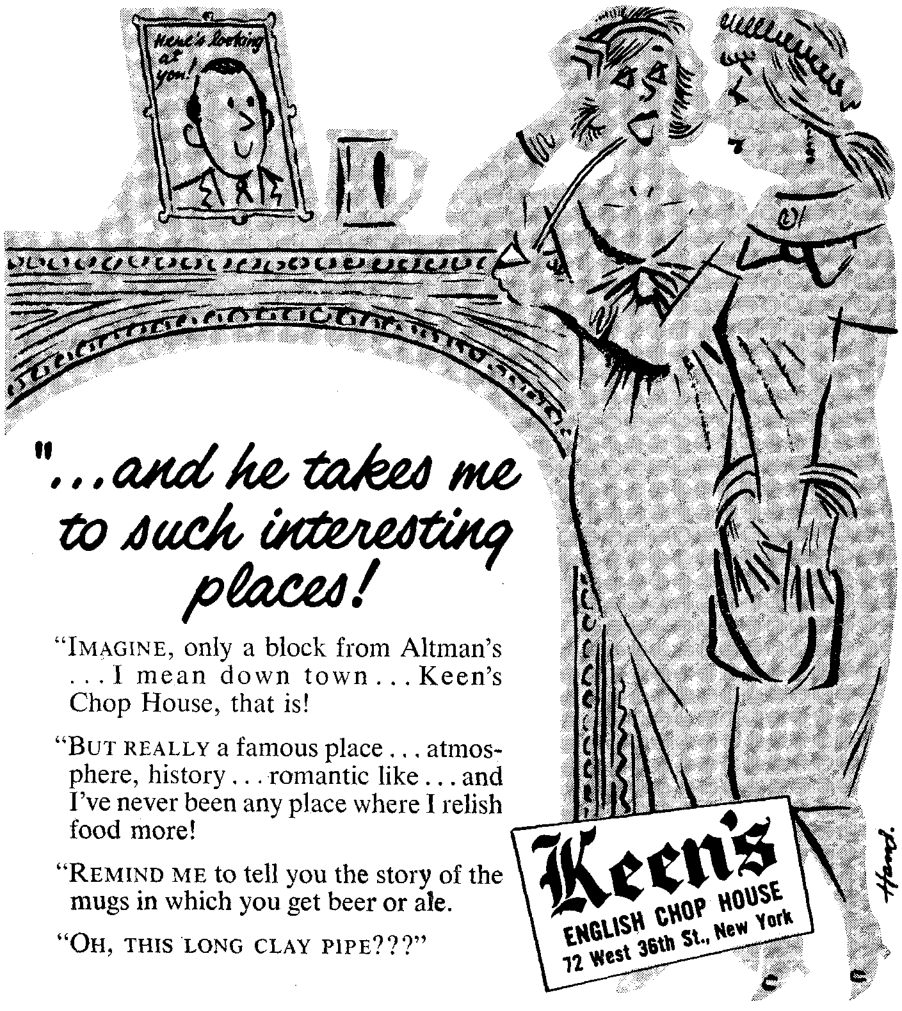
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burst, driving Brubeck and Desmond out of their positions and behind the piano, where they remained, in waiting, till its end.

The Brubeck group was preceded by the Sonny Rollins trio (the leader on tenor saxophone, Henry Grimes on bass, and Kenny Dennis on drums), which opened the evening in an unusual way by bringing it to an immediate climax. Playing just two standards and a blues, Rollins, whose coughing, baying tone has shifted into a full, domineering sound, was hypnotic. He is an improviser who, at the outset of just about every tune, invents a slight variation on its melody and uses that variation (rather than the chords of the melody) as a theme, which he turns over, pokes, pulls, slaps, throws into the air, and then restates, before again testing its resilience. He has also developed a sly, comic approach by frequently intoning his variations in a slightly bleary, sidling way, falling away from each note as if it were slippery. His performance was tantalizingly short.

Sliding steadily downward, the concert neared bottom, after Brubeck and the intermission, with Maynard Ferguson's twelve-piece band, which, dressed in bright-red jackets and stationed behind squat, dark-gray music stands that resembled toadstools, performed five selections with a venomous power that was continually fanned by Ferguson's loud, high winds. This gave way to the Four Freshmen, a quartet that sounded like a one-man band and accompanied itself on trumpet, trombone, mellophone, guitar, bass, and drums while exchanging jokes and singing such things as "Sweet Lorraine" in a mousy falsetto, and an unbelievably lachrymose rendition of Willard Robison's "Old Folks," which deals with an old man ("children's voices at play will be stilled for a day, the day that they take Old Folks away"). Then the Ferguson band, which had sat by in a sagging, stony silence during the Freshmen's eleven numbers, erupted again, as if uncaged, into a brisk blues and a medley of Broadway tunes that were so uninhibited it took some time for its final chord to die away.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

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AN incident that occurred the other day has started me thinking once more about moving out to the suburbs, or the exurbs, or, if possible, even farther away than that from this crazy city. One of my children once observed, when my wife and I were having an inconclusive discussion about the ideal place to live, "Well, there are more advantages to living in the city, but there are fewer *dis*advantages to living in the suburbs"—a remark that struck me as prattle at the time but that I now think sums up the matter compendiously.

My wife sees only the advantages in city living. Manhattan is still an adventure to her. She goes out to take the wash to the laundry or buy a loaf of bread, and she comes back to the apartment all aglow, looking like someone who has just made an exhilarating ski run. With me, the disadvantages loom larger, and there are times when the complications attendant on trying to live just a dull, ordinary, normal life here are more than I can contemplate.

We live on the eighth floor of a fifteen-story apartment house—my wife, myself, our two sons, and a cat, of whom the children are inordinately fond. The incident I mention involved the cat—or, I should say, it involved us all, but it started with the cat. As I was about to leave for work one morning, my older son, Philip, who is eleven, came up to me with a worried look, saying that he could hear the cat crying but couldn't find her anywhere in the apartment and was afraid she had got out and was stuck somewhere.

"Oh, damn!" I said. "Who left the window open?"

You have to concern yourself with trifling problems if you live in Manhattan, such as how to get an adequate supply of soot-laden air into your apartment without providing an aperture large enough to tempt a cat.

"Mother thinks you did," Philip replied.

"Well, never mind," I said briskly. "We'll find her."

I went out, searched the back stairs up to the top floor, looked behind the chimneys on the roof, and then went down to the courtyard, where I found my wife, our six-year-old son, Mark, a couple of women I didn't recognize but supposed were fellow-tenants, and the building's handyman. One of the wom-

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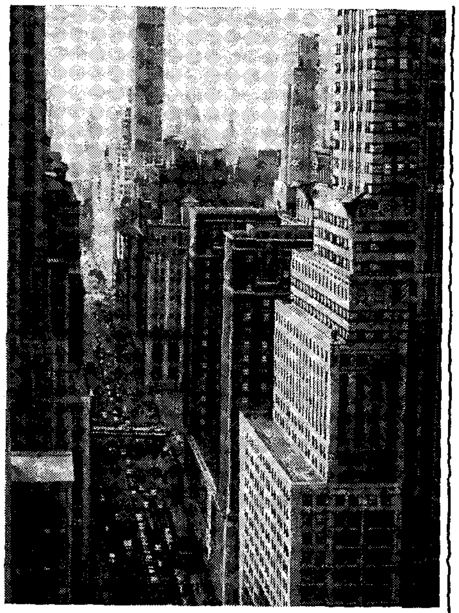

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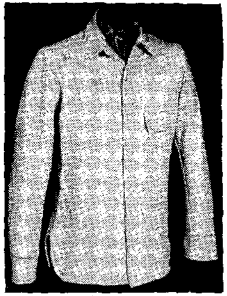

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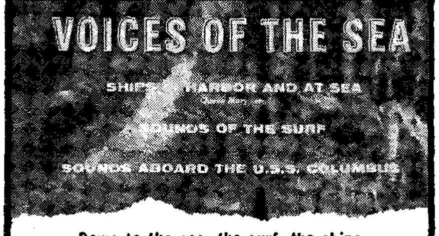

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en had her hands cupped behind her ears and was rotating slowly on her axis, as if she were a radar station. "The cat may be in the basement," she said thoughtfully.

"I already looked there," the handyman said.

"To me, it comes from up high," said the other woman, in a Middle European accent, and, tilting her head back and stretching her neck, she called sternly, "Kidt, kidt, vere are you?"

I have long suspected that cats are natural ventriloquists. As far as I could tell, the sound of our cat's crying, which had now become very loud and piteous, might have been coming from any direction. My child, baffled, continued to look high and low, and to rush about helplessly whenever the cat wailed. My wife asked me, "Why don't you go up to the roof again and see if you can spot it by looking over the edge?"

I said I would. On the way up I stopped off at our apartment to phone my office and leave word that I would be late for an appointment. "Just say I've been detained," I told the receptionist.

When I emerged on the roof a few minutes later, I saw our mailman. He was strolling along by the edge of the roof, smoking a pipe, his mail sack over his shoulder. Surprised, I asked him what he was doing.

"Looking for a cat," he answered.

"*Our* cat," I said.

"Oh, it's yours, is it? I wondered," he said.

We deployed, the mailman on one wing of the building and I on the other, walking along the rim of the roof and peering down. The courtyard group, I could see, had been augmented, and there were also a couple of heads protruding from apartment windows. The search for our cat was becoming a public spectacle. After a while, the mailman called out triumphantly "There it is!" and, going over to him and sighting along his pipe, with which he was pointing, I saw the cat crouched shivering on a window sill two stories below. "It's at 13-E," the mailman said. Then he added, "They're away on vacation, 13-E."

Someone in the courtyard must also have spied the cat about then, for there was a sudden hubbub and arm-waving down there, and I heard somebody call, "Go down the fire escape!" Well, that was obviously the thing to do, all right—the fire escape went within a foot or two of the cat's perch—and I

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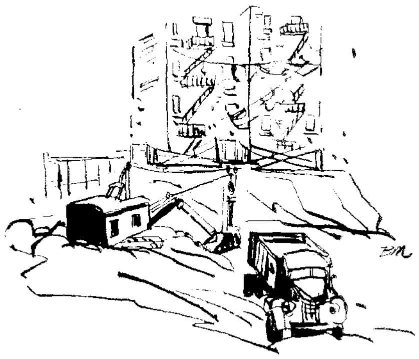
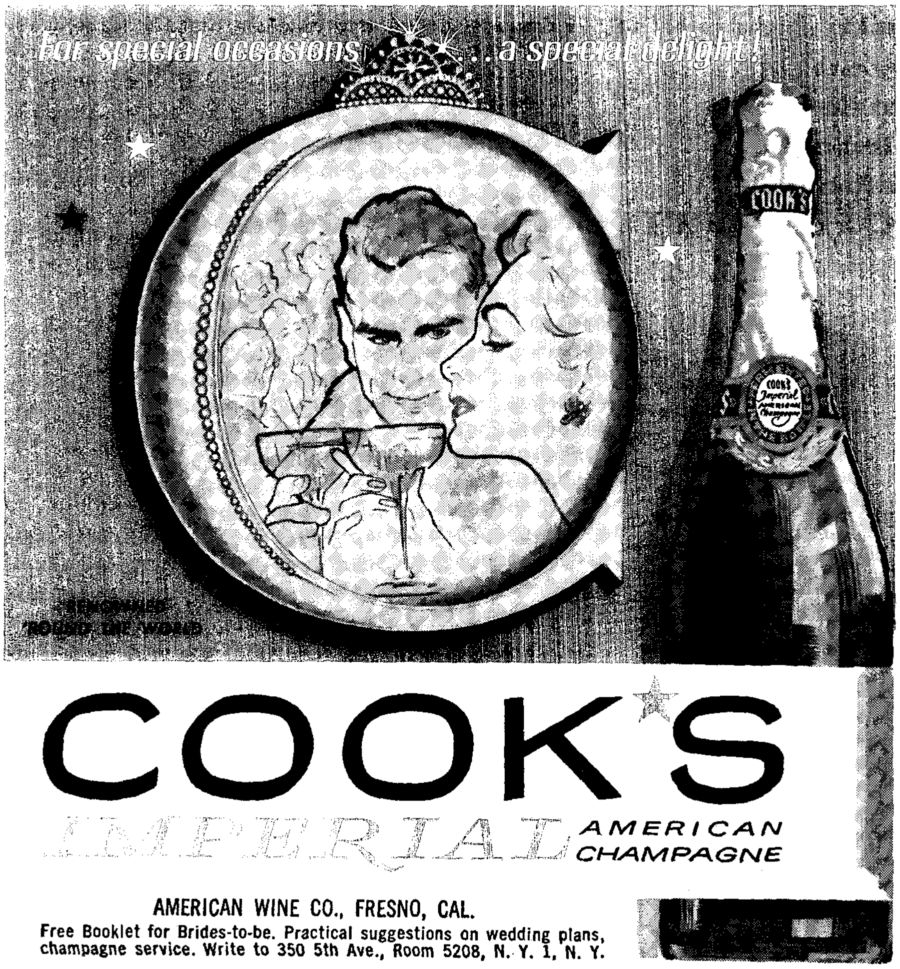
was obviously the one expected to do it, so I stepped awkwardly over the edge of the roof and started down, clutching the railings of the fire escape fiercely.

I happen to be somewhat vertiginous—not to a medically significant degree, but enough to make high places seem pretty unpleasant to me. For one thing, they inflame my imagination. The moment I stepped off the roof, lurid pictures flashed into my mind. First, I had a vision of the fire escape collapsing into the courtyard in an avalanche of ironwork, bringing destruction to all. I had read newspaper accounts of just such catastrophes, usually with some building inspector being quoted as saying, "We inspected that escape only a week ago. The bolts must have been rusted clear through." Then, as the fire escape held firm under my full weight, that vision was supplanted by a more poignant one. I saw myself losing my hold on the railings (because of the buffeting of the wind, perhaps, or a missed step, or a momentary dizziness; all three possibilities presented themselves) and plummeting down through space, paying, like Icarus, the penalty for having presumed to venture too high. Then, wistfully, as from a great spiritual distance, I contemplated the ensuing tableau: my crumpled body in the courtyard, the horrified crowd of onlookers, my children standing pale and silent, unable to comprehend what had happened, my wife weeping heartrendingly, and all the time—a gruesome but effective touch—the cat, trivial cause of the tragedy, keening away on its ledge, still preoccupied only with its own precious plight.

But during those moments when I was mourning myself so sincerely my wife was not sharing the full pathos of the situation. She was standing in the courtyard watching my progress and, as she has since confessed, laughing helplessly. She insists that she couldn't successfully worry about me, because the fire escape is broad, solid enough to support a battalion, and pitched no steeper than an ordinary





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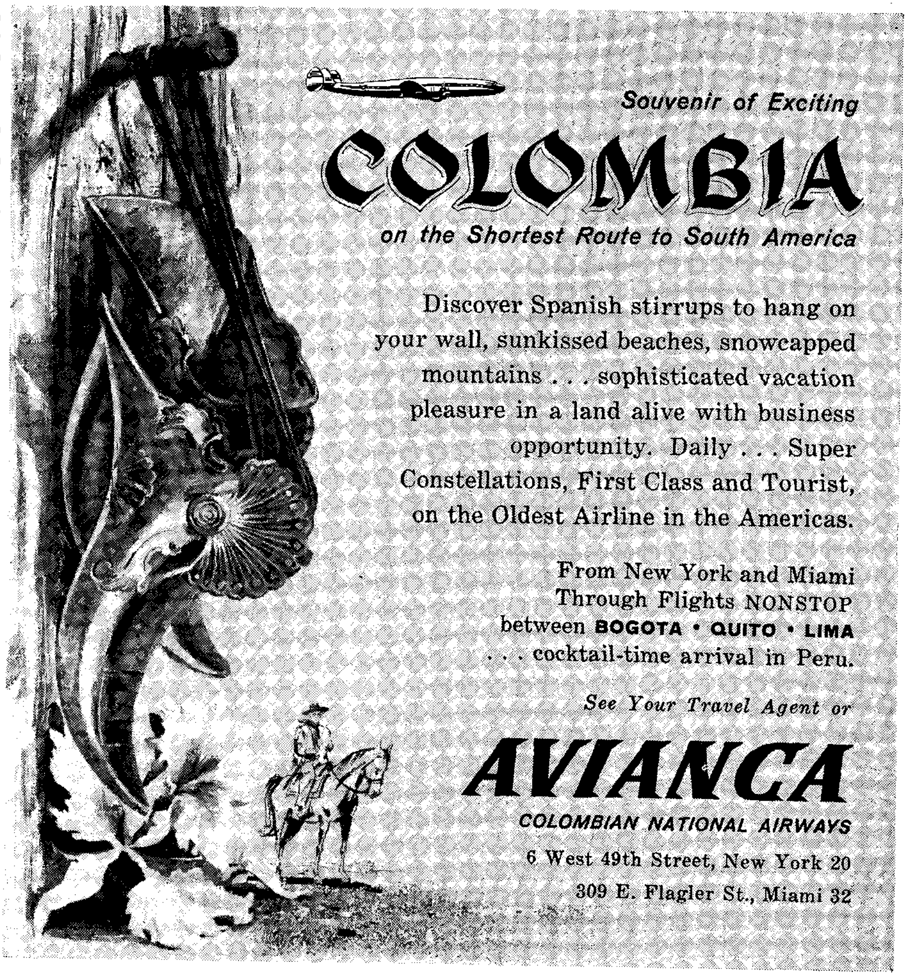

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staircase. She says that the sight of me inching backward down this substantial stairway, spread-eagled, holding on to both railings for dear life, and feeling timorously for each step with my foot, was one of the funniest performances she has ever seen.

Be that as it may, I was immensely relieved when, at last, I found that I had worked my way down to the cat's level. I looked forward hopefully to winding up the extravaganza shortly and going about my normal business. Reaching toward the trembling cat, I crooned, "There, there, kitty. Everything's going to be all right," to which the cat responded in a way familiar to would-be cat rescuers ever since cats first domesticated unwary mankind. With rescue at hand, the cat became transformed. It ceased to shiver and wail. It stretched, yawned, rose languorously to its feet, blinked once or twice at me, as if to show surprise but no great interest at seeing me there, eyed my importunate fingers with light disdain, and then, the window beside her being open a few inches, slid gracefully into Apartment 13-E. There, on what I now saw was the bathroom floor, she settled down to licking delicately at the handsome streak of white fur on her sleek gray chest.

DEEPLY regretting that the apartment's tenants had not seen fit to close their windows before they went on vacation, I pushed the window up and leaned over the sill, murmuring such blandishments as "Come please, kitty, goddammit."

The cat didn't even bother to look at me. I threw one leg over the sill and made a quick grab at her. She drew back out of reach. I brought the other leg over and rushed at her. That was a mistake. She darted out of the room. I hesitated a moment, then—not knowing what better to do—dashed after her, finding myself in a bedroom, where I caught a glimpse of the cat's tail whisking out through a door on the far side. That door, I discovered, opened into the foyer of the apartment. The living room was on one side of it and the dining room on the other. All the furniture in both rooms was covered with sheets and dropcloths. The cat was not to be seen.

I paused in the foyer, feeling increasingly uneasy about having let myself be lured into a strange apartment, and wondering what to do now. As I stood there, to my consternation I saw the front door slowly open. A man and a woman came through it. They were

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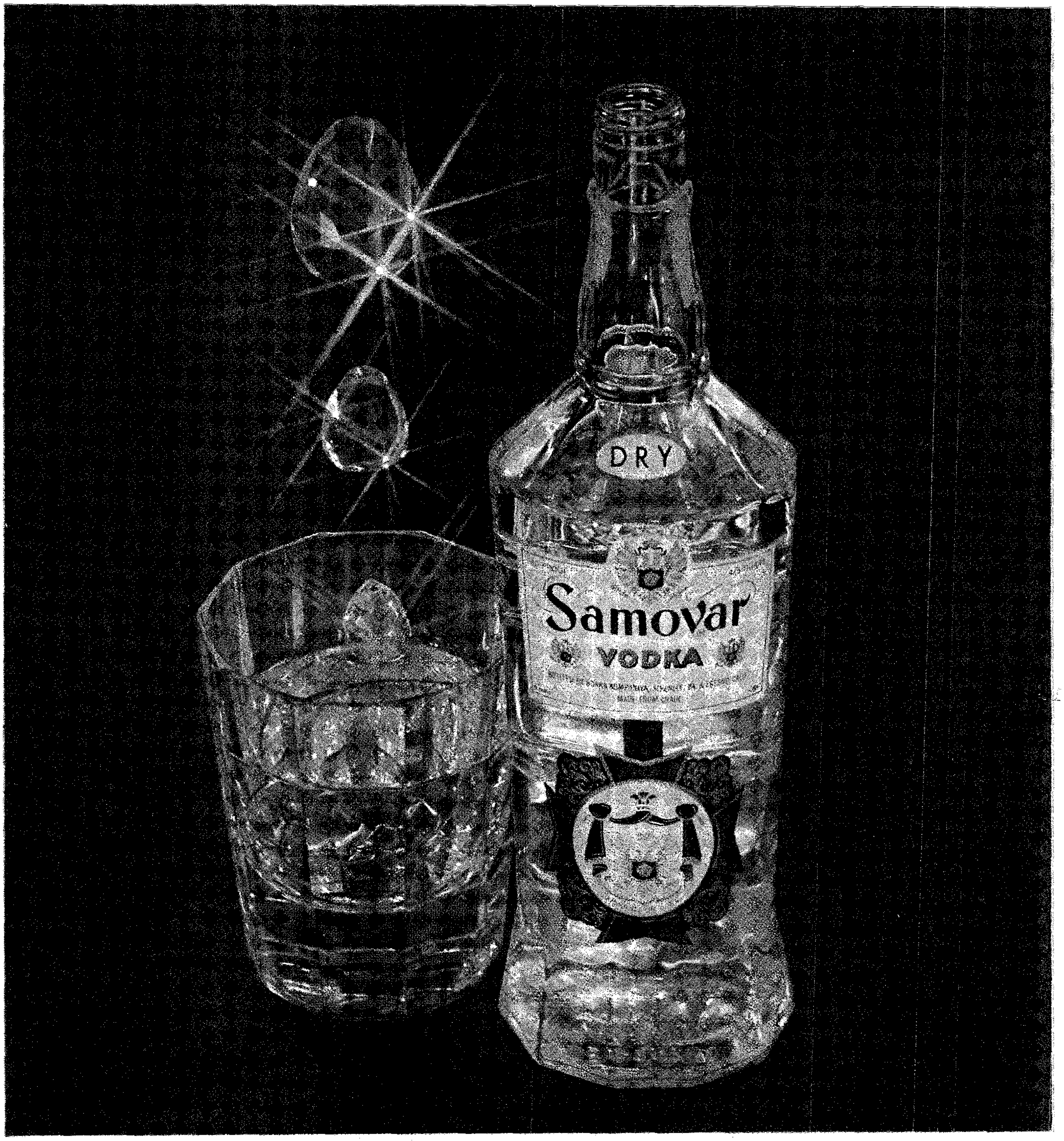

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talking earnestly, and they obviously belonged there. They could only be the apartment's tenants, returned, at this moment, of all moments, from their vacation.

A small eternity—several seconds, perhaps—passed before they noticed me. If I had been able to move, I would have fled back through the bedroom and out the bathroom window, braving all the perils of the fire escape, but I could not stir. When, at last, they became aware of me, they merely stared at me, immobilized, and said nothing. "I live in Apartment 8-E," I said, trying for a light conversational tone, "and I'm trying to find our cat."

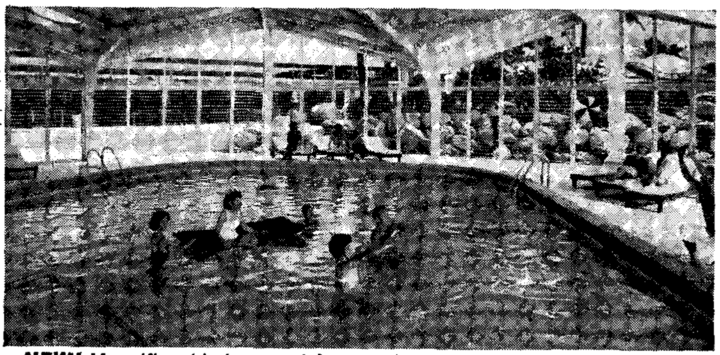
"Cat?" the man said. He was a large man with rumpled blond hair and a harassed expression.

"It's here somewhere," I said. "It must have crawled under the couch. I *know* it's here."

The man had a telegram in his hand, and its contents must have been on his mind, preventing him from adjusting at once to the presence in his apartment of a stranger who claimed to be hunting a cat. He kept looking from the telegram to me, and then, still speechless, blankly about him. Here, things become somewhat blurred for me. Suddenly the apartment was full of people—mostly women, one of them my wife—rushing about, poking under the furniture, and calling, "Here, kitty, kitty!"

Having seen the cat and me vanish into 13-E, my wife had scooped up a posse in the courtyard and led it upstairs. When the posse arrived at the apartment, the tenants had dazedly invited them in to help in the search. And now the women were all over the place, like a pack of hounds running down a fox. The harassed blond man and his wife stood in the middle of it all, trying to consult about the telegram. Every few minutes, the man would mop his brow, run distractedly about, adding his own cry of "Kitty, kitty!" to those of the pack, and then, circling back to his wife, resume his efforts to cope with whatever urgent matter the telegram had announced. I decided that I had better get out of there, before hysteria set in, and murmuring to no one in particular, "I guess there's nothing more that I can do," stole away and went shakily to my office.

I DIDN'T get much work done the rest of that day, but I did spend a good deal of time thinking how simple and beautiful life could be anywhere but in Manhattan. Late in the morning, I received a report from my wife,



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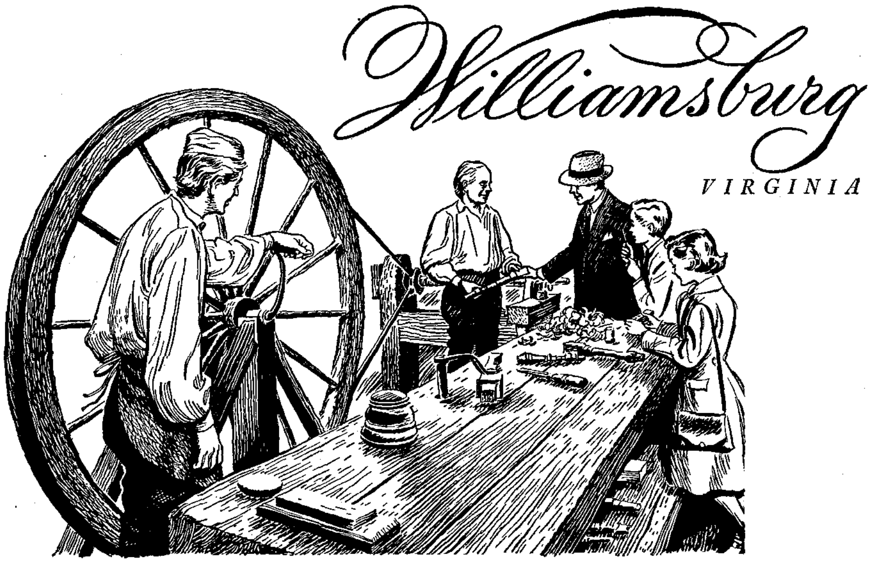

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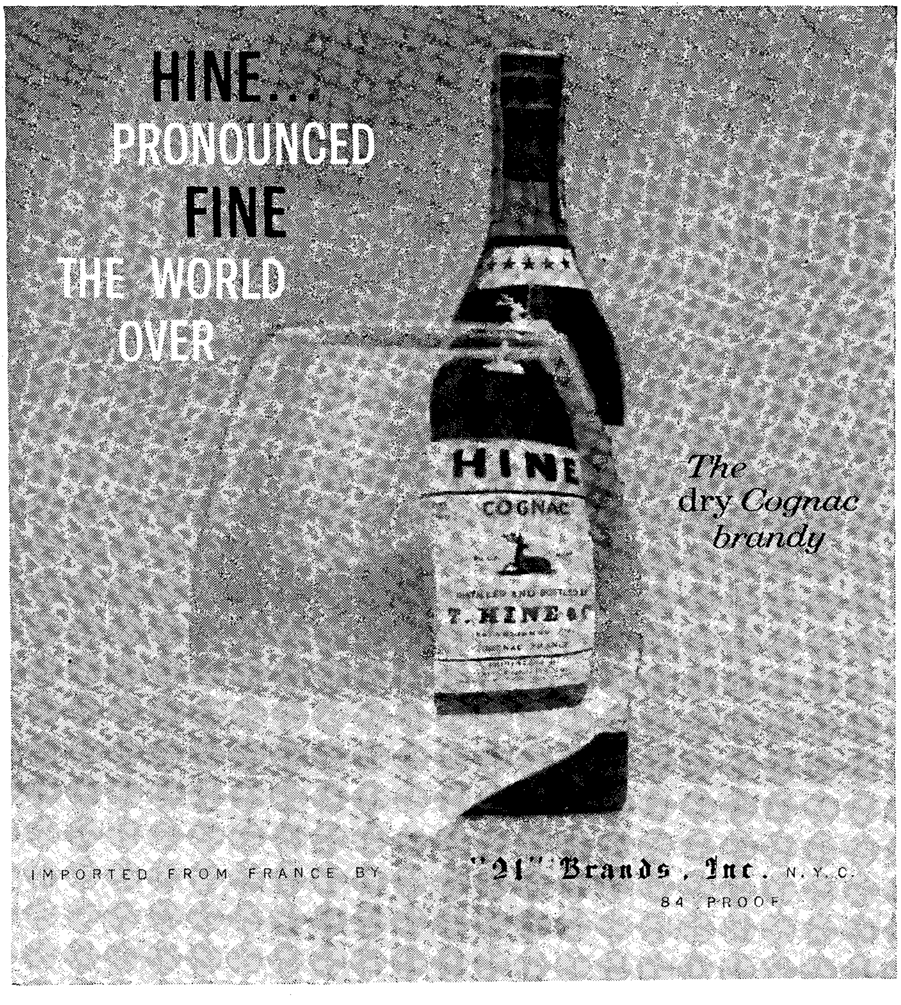

by telephone, that the cat had eventually been found behind the stove of 13-E. And when I got home that evening, I felt that surely, after the day's experience, my wife would be ready to discuss tolerantly the idea of moving to the suburbs.

To my surprise, I discovered that she was nothing of the sort. She seemed, instead, quite inspired by the events of the morning. She kept saying how helpful everybody had been, even the mailman. That was the great thing about Manhattan, she said—that people could be helpful there without having to be perpetual friends. "It's not like Greenwich or Larchmont," she said, pronouncing these names with repulsion. "Or any of those other cozy places. Why, the people who helped us today probably won't even say hello if they meet us in the elevator tomorrow." With a laugh, she added, "By the way, the tenants in 13-E said they never for a moment thought you were a burglar. They thought you must be a building inspector, or something. I guess they thought that because you were wearing a suit."

Not to be deflected, I said, "You have to admit this couldn't even have happened in Larchmont."

My wife gazed at me with real surprise. "Why!" she said. "If you'd broken into the house of one of those property-conscious Larchmont people the way you did into 13-E, you wouldn't have got off so easily, I can tell you. Larchmont isn't Manhattan. They've all got guns in those places. They'd have shot you dead."

—BERNARD TAPER

•

"The Drunken Sailor," broadcast in the Home Service series last week, may very well be Mr. Robert Bolt's best play to date, and we could do with more like it. In recent controversy the point has been put that good drama is not always good radio; and I have had to emphasize the converse, that good radio is not necessarily good drama. "The Drunken Sailor" is good radio and good drama, good radio because good drama and good drama because good radio.—*Roy Walker in The Listener, London.*

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•

NEATEST TRICK OF THE WEEK

[*From "Home to Poland," by Christine Hotchkiss*]

Whenever we stopped, a crowd of onlookers collected around our bright-blue 1957 Plymouth station wagon. Children, particularly the boys, climbed on the running board.

BOOKS

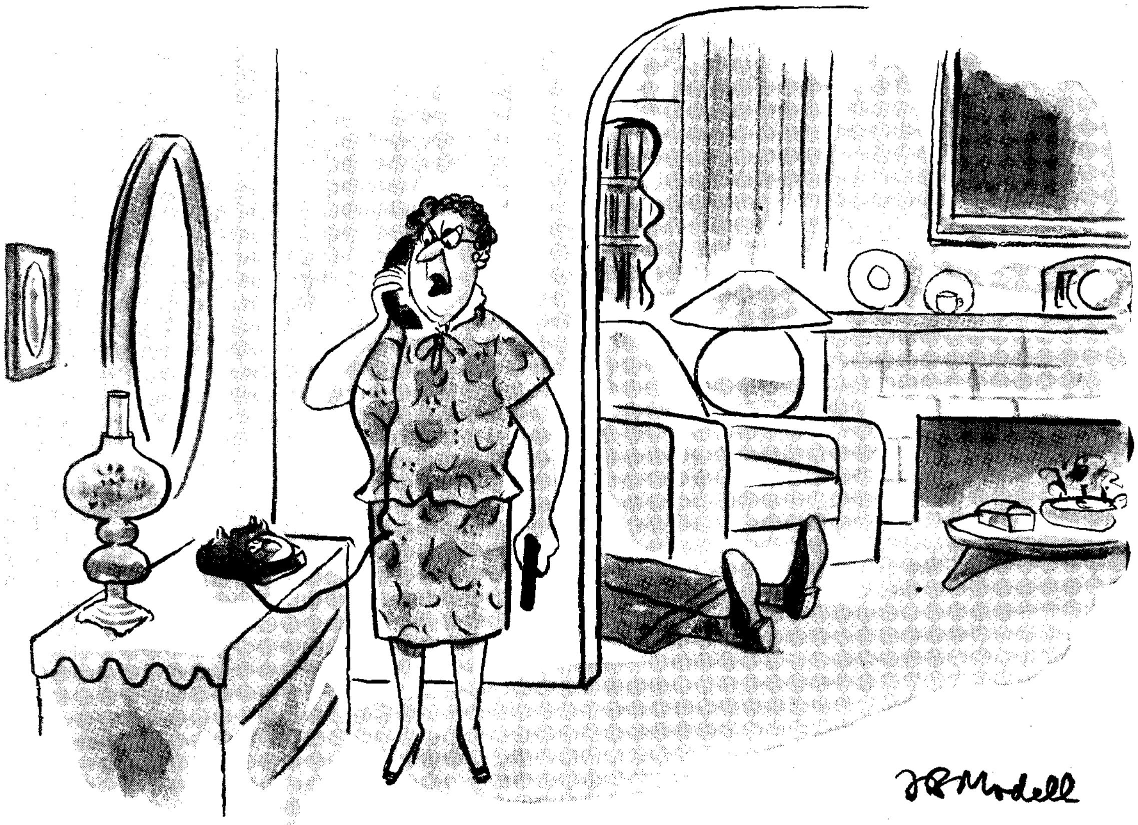
Doctor Life and His Guardian Angel

IN dealing with "Doctor Zhivago," the novel by Boris Pasternak, the reviewer—not to end on a dampening note—proposes to reverse the usual procedure and discuss the translation first. This translation was made in England by Max Hayward and Manya Harari (though the poems which compose the last chapter are translated by Bernard Guilbert Guerney); the copyright page of the American edition (Pantheon) shows that it was revised over here; and a lack of coördination between these several hands may be part of the explanation of the unsatisfactoriness of this English version. But, comparing it with the Russian text—which has been announced for December publication by the University of Michigan Press—one has the impression that a project which, if properly carried out, might well have taken many months has been put through in too much of a hurry and without the translators' having beforehand sufficiently studied the book.

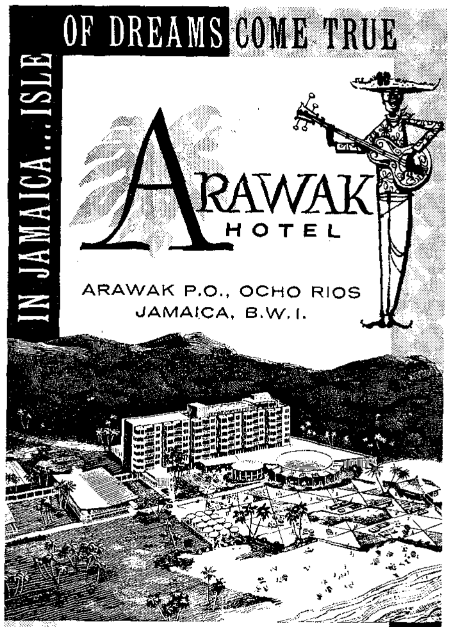
This is said with full recognition that the problems of translating Pasternak are exceptional and must be peculiarly daunting. This writer has an enormous range of idiom—he makes all kinds of people talk, each in the language of his milieu and time—and an immense literary vocabulary. He is also an extremely idiosyncratic writer, a "difficult" modern poet who has taken to prose, with which, despite his eloquence, his brilliance, and the exactitude of his observation, he is somewhat less at home than with verse. There are passages of subjective impressionism in the early part of the book, where the characters are children or adolescents, which present the translator with difficulties of a somewhat similar kind to those which would be encountered in translating, say, Virginia Woolf.

There is also always the difficulty that—since the syntax of the language is so different from ours—the translator from Russian, if he wants to be read smoothly, must always do a good deal of paraphrasing. He must give himself a free hand to improvise a kind of equivalent, and Pasternak is one of the writers who must tax the translator to the point of torture. It is a feature of Pasternak's poetry that he likes to begin his stanzas with a predicate and not arrive at the subject till the final line, and this method may become rather clumsy when employed in a sentence of prose, especially if the subject at the end is preceded by a long parade of modifiers. This preliminary procession of modifiers is a peculiarity of Russian style that it seems to me Pasternak abuses. Turgenev and Chekhov avoided it, but Tolstoy defiantly overdid it, and Pasternak—who in various ways shows traces of Tolstoy's influence—lays it on in a remorseless way. It is nerve-racking to the foreign reader—and somewhat annoying, I learn, even for Russians—to find piled up in front of a substantive a variety of carefully chosen adjectives and of long participles that whistle and hiss, or bump like old-fashioned trunks, and that are sometimes submodifiers of one another, all of which the reader must hold in mind without knowing what they are being applied to till he comes to the noun at the end. When he does finally reach this word, he may have to reread the sentence backward. For the translator, this phenomenon must be even more exasperating. He is obliged to sort out these modifiers, put some of them *after* the noun, and assign some of the participles to relative clauses. Constance Garnett, in translating Tolstoy, when she found too many of these on her hands, adopted the method of simply leaving some of them out. The English translators of "Doctor Zhivago" have resorted to the same practice, but have treated their text even more casually.

To cite a relatively mild example: one passage, if the order of the words were followed, would read in translation, "The sun's rays, reflected from the golden cupolas of the Church of the Saviour, fell on the paved with four-cornered cut stones, in the cracks grown with grass, square." The translators give us: "Sunshine glancing off the golden domes of the Church of the Sav-



"And one thing more, Lieutenant. Tell your men to wipe their shoes before they come tramping in here."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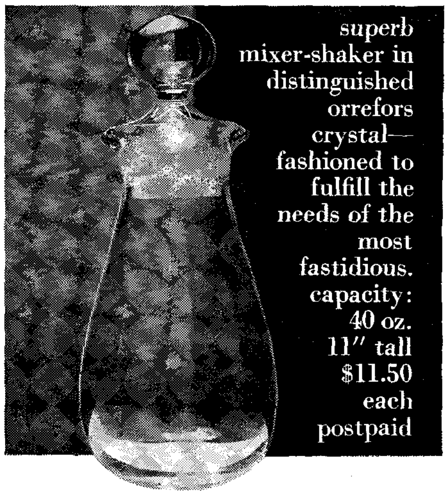

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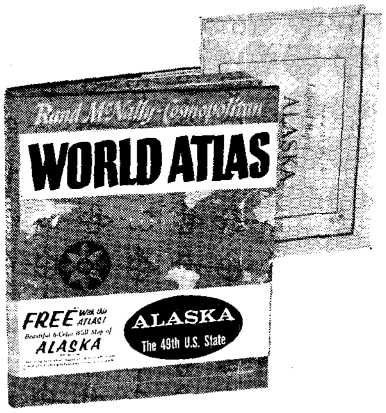
iour played on the square below where grass was growing in the cracks between the paving stones." Very well; this sounds natural enough. Let the squareness of the paving stones go; if the translators had tried to fit it in, they would have found themselves embarrassed with a repetition of "square" in two different senses. But a couple of paragraphs further on, we find them making it, "They applied for premises and obtained the use of some shoestore or flower shop, which had been empty and closed down since the first days of the Revolution, and there they sold out their small haphazard collections." (The presence of "store" and "shop" side by side in one sentence would seem to show a lack of harmony between the American and the British hands.) What Pasternak wrote was: "They would apply for premises of this kind. They would obtain the use of some warehouse for shoes which had been empty since the first days of the Revolution or the greenhouse of some florist whose business had been closed down, and under their wide domes they would sell their meagre and haphazard collections of books." Why make shops of the warehouse and the greenhouse, and why leave out the incongruity of the wide domes? In many other passages of this translation the omissions are far more serious. Of the heroine on a hot spring morning, in a moment of depression and letdown at the time of her first love affair, Pasternak writes, "From the grassy smell and the young greenery her head ached, as at Shrovetide from the vodka and the frying of pancakes." All we get of this in the English translation is "The grassy smell of earth and young leaves made one drowsy as on the morning after a Shrovetide feast." Being drowsy is quite different from a headache, and the vodka and pancakes of Shrovetide are especially important because they turn up again later in the section called "Varykino" and are connected with Pasternak's all-pervading theme of death and resurrection.

The translators also, in some cases, carelessly obliterate metaphors that could perfectly well have been preserved. One of the sections, which describes a winter day, begins with a terse two-word sentence that means something like "The weather was struggling to recuperate." This expression is not, I think, an invention of the author's, but it is more interesting than "The weather was unseasonable," which, besides, conveys a wrong idea. A similar crisp two-word statement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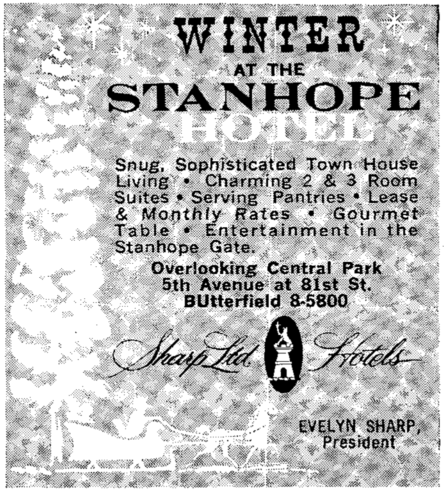
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about the playing of a work by Tchaikovsky, "The trio began to sob," is rendered as "The music rose plaintively." The intent observation of Pasternak is constantly sacrificed. The rich soil "which shows brown in the sun with varying shades of chocolate and coffee" is turned into "the black soil . . . shimmered with rich golden browns," which gives a different picture. It is one of the characteristics of Pasternak's style that, somewhat as in the case of Proust, a regard for realistic accuracy often pushes him, at his most poetic, to images and details that surprise one by their departure from elegant convention; but the translators are sufficiently insensitive to drop many of these touches out or to substitute for them something banal—as when in the case of the description of the nightingale's song in the Varykino chapter, in which the surrounding vegetation is said to "shake the dew off and preen itself, quivering as if it were being tickled," all we get of this is "trembled with delight." And why should "Again the day passed with an insane slowness," an unconventional phrase in Russian, be rendered "Another day went by like a dream"? Further evidences of haste are inaccuracies of a rudimentary kind. "The gold balls on fire towers" become "The golden tops of belfries," and when the author tells us of one of his characters that "he rounded out his historical-philological education by studying mathematics by himself," this is rendered as "after taking his degree in the humanities [he] trained himself in science and mathematics," which is inept as well as incorrect. In a discussion of Pushkin's poetry, the translators mistake a mention of the Arzamas Literary Society, to which Pushkin belonged in St. Petersburg, for a reference to some imaginary residence in the town after which the society was named—a mistake that could have been averted by consulting any life of Pushkin or any history of Russian literature. On page 25 of the English version, the heroine is correctly described as having "fair hair," but on page 46, with no justification whatever in the Russian, we are told that her hair was "dark." *Kuznechiki* are not crickets but grasshoppers or locusts, etc.

These criticisms may be boring, but since no one else has yet made them, they ought to be put on record. The reader of the Pantheon translation should be told that "Doctor Zhivago" is a richer, a solider, a subtler, and a more intense work than he will be able to find out from this version of it. So much of

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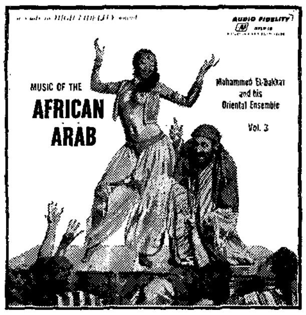

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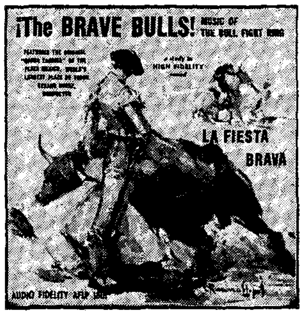

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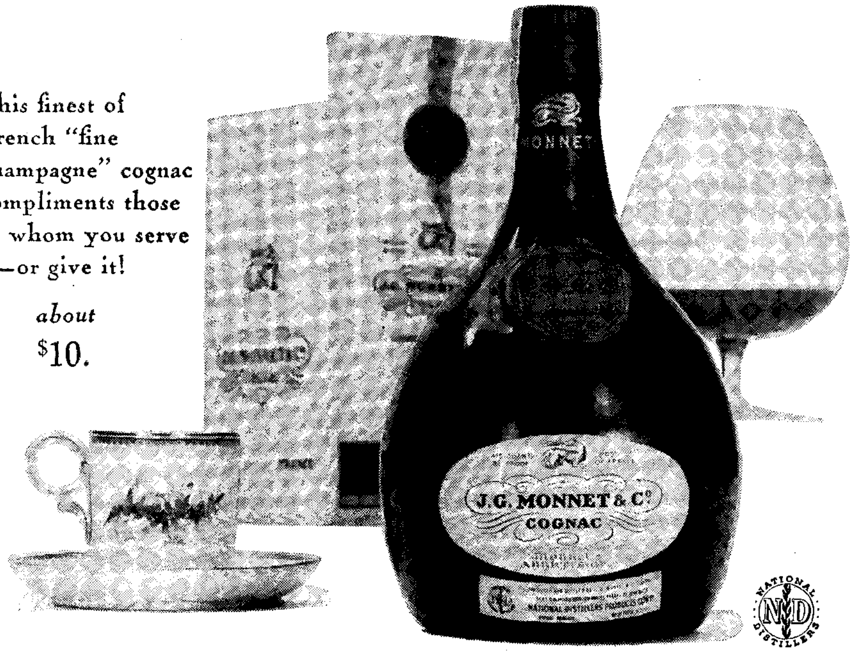

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the detail has been scrapped, so many of the descriptions have been dismantled, and so many of the conversations have been telescoped that there are moments when one could almost imagine that the translators have been doing a job for the *Reader's Digest*. That abridgment is not inevitable, that the difficulties of the text are not insurmountable, is shown by the Italian translation, which cuts very few corners and quite faithfully follows the text.

All this is not said, however, to discourage you from reading the novel, which is one of the very great books of our time. Tolstoy and Turgenev first made their impression in translations that were sometimes far less competent than that of Harari and Hayward. The good thing that can be said for this version is that it reads well, it does not sound translated. And it is the triumph, in any case, of the literary genius of the Russians, master storytellers, master moralists, that they have been able to leave their language and a good deal of their style behind, to submit to be stripped of so much, and yet hold the world spellbound.

"Doctor Zhivago" has no doubt been much read—like other books that promise to throw some light on the lives of our opposite numbers in the Soviet Union—out of simple curiosity. But it is not really a book about Russia in the sense that the newspaper accounts of it might lead the reader to expect; it is a book about human life, and its main theme is death and resurrection.

Dr. Zhivago is the hero of the story, and though Zhivago is a real Russian name—there was a nineteenth-century painter called Zhivago—it is obvious that Pasternak wants to suggest *zhivoy*, "alive, living" (to one form of which it almost corresponds), as well as *zhizn'*, "life," and *zhit'*, "to live." These words are constantly used by Zhivago in his arguments against the deadness of political abstractions and the tyranny of government control. One is reminded, in reading "Zhivago," of Yeats's constant insistence on the importance in literature of "the crooked way of life" as distinguished from "inorganic, logical straightness." One may not at first notice this dominant theme, though it is first announced on page 9 (of the translation) and repeated on page 67. One is likely to be so much surprised at finding a book from the Soviet Union which pays no deference to the official ideology, which has been written completely outside it on assumptions

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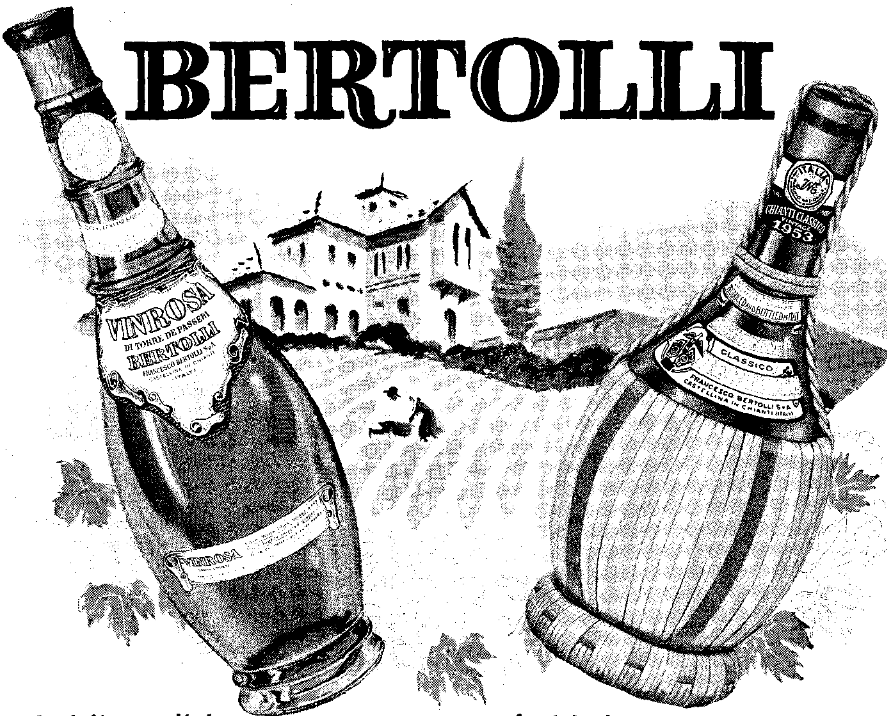
that have nothing in common with Marxism, that one does not at first quite know where one is. Then one realizes that where one is with Pasternak is exactly where one is oneself, at home in the great literary tradition of bold thinking and original art.

Pasternak is as much an example of the intellectual man of the world as Pushkin or Turgenev or Tolstoy, yet he is saturated with Russian life and language in a way that makes most Soviet writing look like diagrams drawn up in offices. His father was a painter, his mother a musician; he studied philosophy in Germany, and he evidently, like Zhivago, before the first war, lived a good deal in Eastern Europe. At the time of the Revolution, he was twenty-seven—that is, his mind was already formed. That this mind should have continued to function for forty years in the Soviet Union, judging the events in Russia and continuing to think in terms of the whole sweep of human history, is likely to seem as astonishing as that the mammoths preserved in Siberian ice should still have their flesh intact. We find that we are reading a contemporary and peer of Faulkner, Malraux, and Auden, and we are so eager to see how such a mind will deal with the Bolshevik seizure of power, the dictatorship of the proletariat, the Civil Wars, the Soviet state after Lenin's death, the purges, and the war against Germany that we may not notice at first that his interest in these matters is, in a sense, incidental. For though he touches on all these events and though his comment on them is breathtakingly explicit, and as enlightening as it is unexpected, there is developed throughout the novel, consistently and step by step, a point of view that is universal, that does not cater to Soviet officialdom or even to Russian patriotism and from which war and revolution are seen as striking local occurrences that have made Russia loom larger to the rest of the world as well as to the Russians themselves but that must be taken in a wider perspective as the transient phenomena they are. It will be well, then, before coming to the story itself, to try to give some account of Pasternak's general view as it is gradually built up for the reader in conversations between Zhivago and the other characters.

It ought to be explained at the outset that Pasternak—though a Jew or part Jewish—has evidently been brought up in the Greek Orthodox Church; that the ritual and the doctrine of the Church represent for him the fundamental moral realities. Yet his religious position



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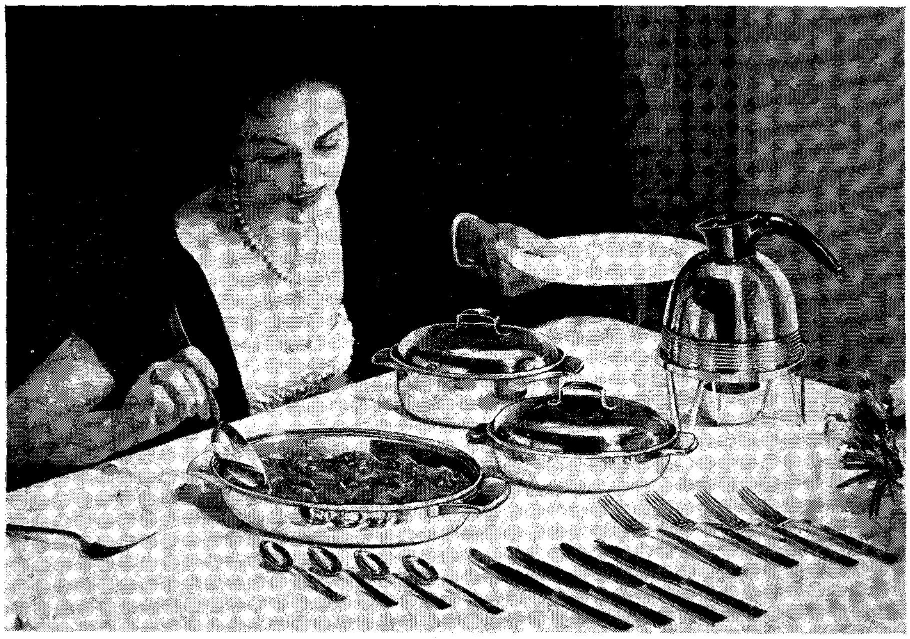

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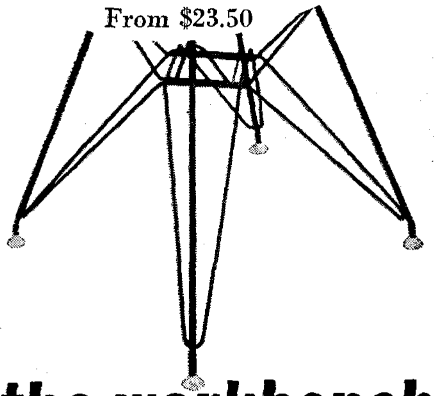

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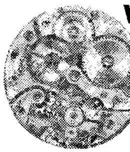

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is peculiar. It is as if his Jewish authority had somehow made it possible for him to reinvent Christianity—which, to this non-religious reviewer, is made here to seem a good deal more impressive than in the works of the literary converts: a force of regeneration that has given Pasternak the faith to survive and the moral courage to write this book. Since it is usually Zhivago or his uncle, whose line of thought the nephew is supposed to be following, who develops this point of view, I shall not, I think, be misrepresenting it if I summarize it by putting together the utterances of several characters at different ages and in various circumstances.

It is possible, then, we are told at the beginning, "to be an atheist, not to know whether God exists or why there should be one," and yet to believe that Jesus has brought to man the supreme revelation. By displacing the moral emphasis from the society, from the nation, from the people in the sense of the *populus Romanus* to the individual soul, to "the idea of the free personality and the idea of life as a sacrifice," he for the first time rescued man from the rest of nature and inaugurated a society that was truly human. It has been the great mistake of the Jews—it is a Jewish character who makes this point—not to recognize this revelation, which has been their own chief gift to humanity. The doctrine of the salvation of the individual disregards, supersedes nationalities, yet the Jews, with all their social idealism, have remained professional nationalists and have paid for this with unnecessary suffering.

But Jesus also brought immortality. One must be "faithful to immortality, which is another word for life, a somewhat intensified word." The resurrection of all humanity in another world is unthinkable and ridiculous. We should be animals still craving our animal life, and our removal from the continuum of the universe would leave it and God without meaning. But life, which pervades the universe, does incessantly renew itself in its innumerable different forms. Our birth is a resurrection, and we shall rise again in our children as well as in our work. (The translators make Zhivago say to his love when they part for the last time, "Farewell . . . until we meet in the next world," but this is not in the text and would be contrary to Zhivago's cosmology. What Pasternak makes him say is that he will never see her again "in life;" he merely bids her "farewell in this world," which does not imply meeting in Heaven.)

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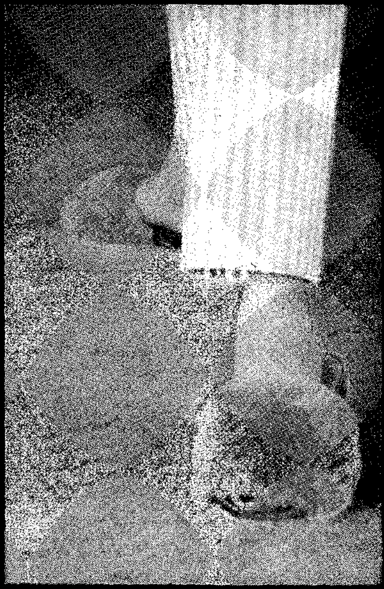

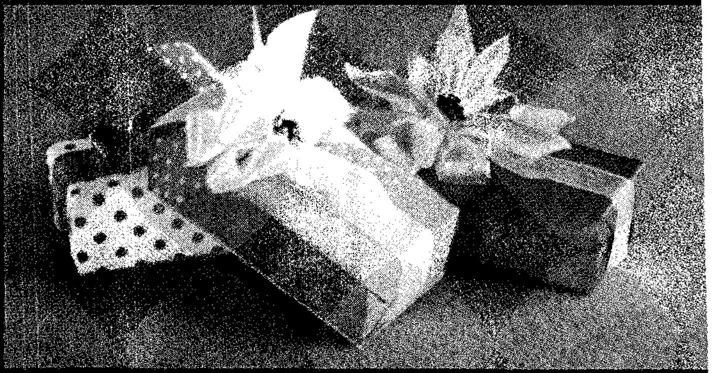

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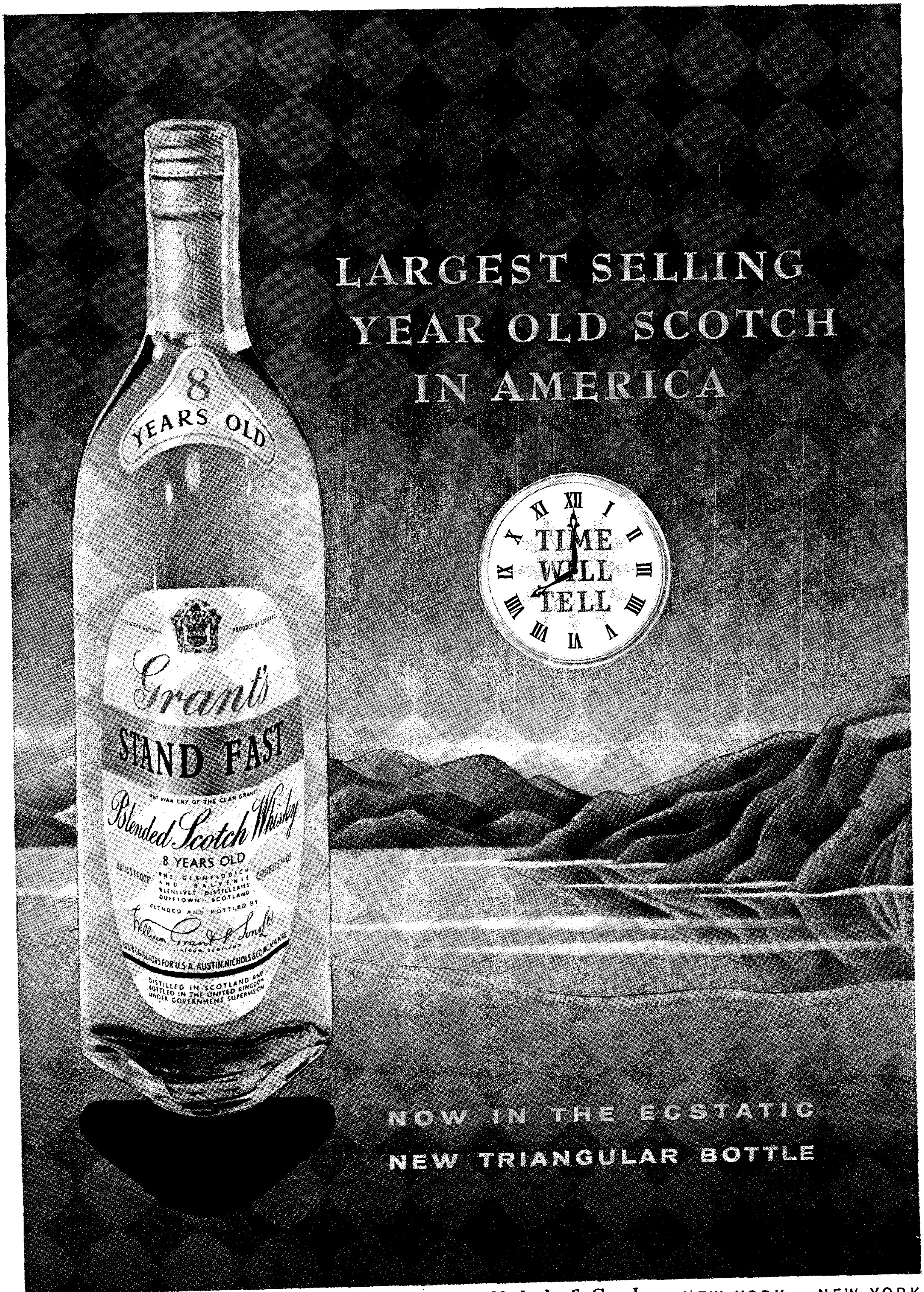
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the official Soviet philosophy has been based on a crude misconception. It has always talked about "remaking life," but "people who can talk in this way—even though they may have seen a good deal of the world—have never known life at all, have never felt its spirit, its soul. For them, human existence is a lump of raw material which has not been ennobled by their touch, which has never been worked over by them. But life is not a material, it is not a substantial thing. It is something that eternally renews itself, a principle that is always taking different shapes; it is always remaking and re-creating itself; it is away out of reach of our stupid theories." The Communists are always thinking in terms of "building new worlds, transition periods. . . . That is all they have been taught, and it is all they understand. And do you know why they make all this fuss about these eternal preparations? From sheer lack of any definite competence, from the absence of real ability. Man is born to live and not to prepare to live. And life itself, the phenomenon of life, the gift of life is such an absorbing and serious matter! So why try to substitute for it this childish harlequinade of immature fantasies," such escapades as that of the schoolboys in Chekhov's story, who decide to run away to America but who never get farther than the nearest Russian town. (The translators have omitted this amusing reference.)

As for Marxism: when a provincial lawyer who professes the official creed while continuing to carry on his bourgeois business tells Zhivago that Marxism is "a positive science, the study of reality, the theory of historical conditions," "Marxism a science?" the Doctor replies. "To argue that with someone one hardly knows is of course rather imprudent—but never mind about that. Marxism is too little in control of itself to be considered a science. The sciences are better equilibrated. Marxism and objectivity? I don't know of any movement more completely shut

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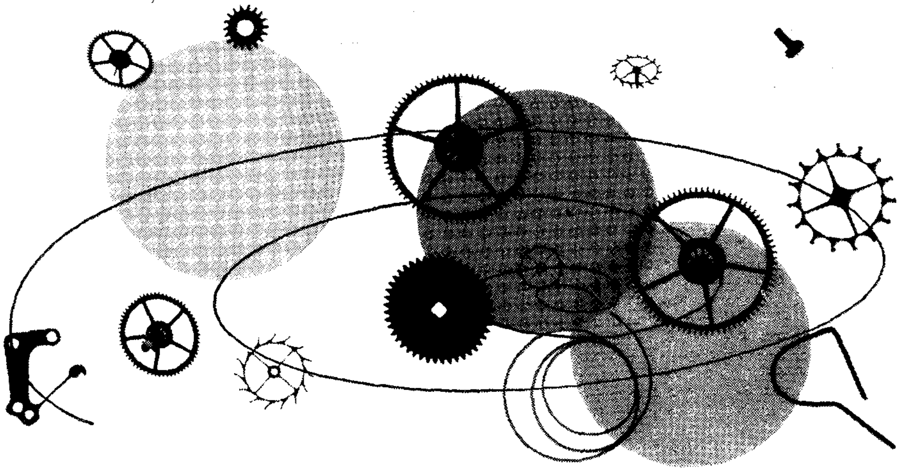

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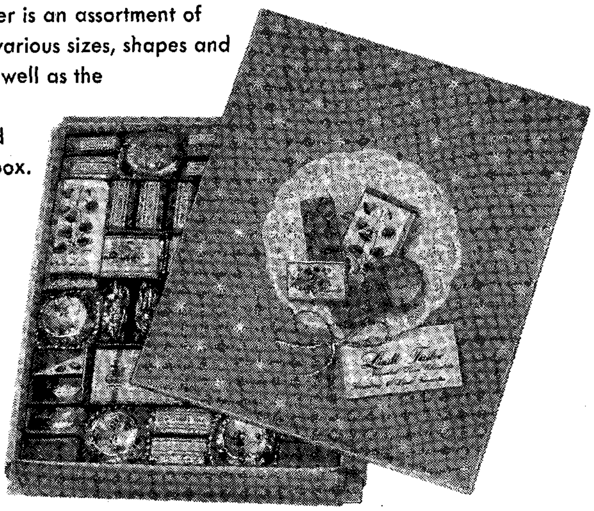

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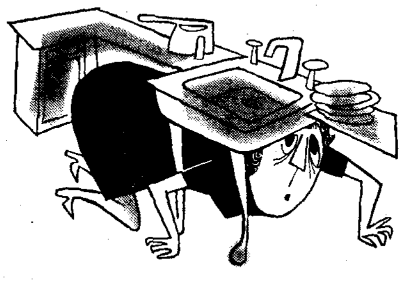

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in upon itself and remoter from the facts than Marxism. Everybody is preoccupied with proving himself in practice, and the people who are in power are compelled by the fable of their infallibility to exert their utmost efforts to keep their eyes averted from the truth. Politics mean nothing to me. I cannot care for people who are indifferent to truth." The whole attempt on the part of Marxism to see everything in terms of classes, to force people into social camps and to align them against one another—Reds against Whites, peasants and workers, on the one hand, against nobility and bourgeoisie, on the other—is contrary to the real character of human nature. It disregards the fundamental Christian truth: that the vital unit is the individual. The very self-discipline, to some degree heroic, which has transformed the railroad worker's young son into an uncompromising commissar imposes a false mold which in the long run would prove fatal. The thing that redeems him as a human being is that he cannot quite submit to this mold. When Zhivago confronts him, the Doctor discovers that this young man is not quite what his formidable reputation has led Zhivago to expect to meet. "It is a good thing," Zhivago says, "when a man fails to live up to your expectation, when he is different from your previously conceived idea. To run true to type is the extinction of a man, his condemnation to death. *If he cannot be assigned to a category*, if he is not a model of something, a half of what is needed is there. He is still free from himself, he has acquired an atom of immortality."

BUT now let us proceed to the story itself to see how this immortality is realized.

The first chapters—except for the poetic impressionism—sound rather like Dos Passos's "Manhattan Transfer." You are quickly switched from one to another of several groups of characters: a little boy attends his mother's funeral and spends the night with his uncle in a monastery; a little Jewish boy, travelling with his lawyer father, sees a man throw himself out of the train; a little girl comes to Moscow with her French mother, a widow in reduced circumstances, who takes over a dressmaking business; a railroad workers' strike on the eve of the 1905 revolution; a big Christmas-tree celebration in a well-to-do Moscow home. All these characters are interconnected, but one does not at first get the hang of them. In childhood and adolescence, we do not yet know

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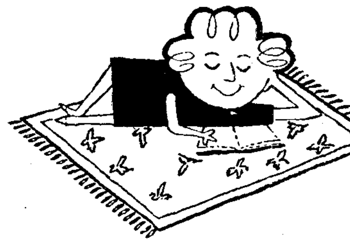

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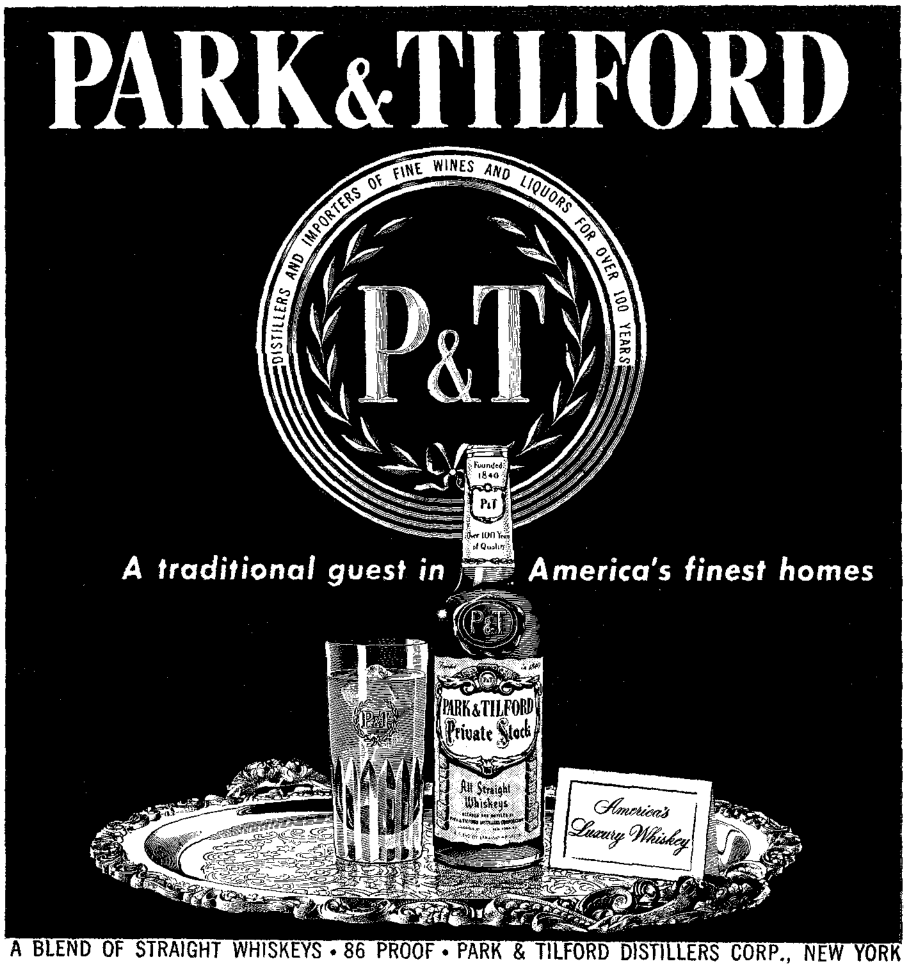
whom we see, where we stand in relation to one another; we are simply a lot of young people together. But the pattern of the narrative soon changes with the coming of the First World War. Young Yury Andreyevich studies medicine and becomes Dr. Zhivago; he marries the daughter of a chemistry professor whose grandfather was an industrialist and landowner. Larisa, the daughter of the impoverished Frenchwoman, marries the studious son of a railroad worker who has been exiled for his political activities. The narrative now concentrates on Zhivago and Larisa; they emerge as the hero and heroine. Though married to others, they are separated from their families and thrown together at intervals by the vicissitudes of the war and the Revolution, and their intermittent, inescapable, and mutually inspiring love affair provides the vitalizing central charge that makes them resistant to pressures and clairvoyant in the midst of confusion. When the great social crisis comes, the background of their cultivated bourgeois world melts away, with many of its figures; other figures fall into place in the drama of the Civil Wars and the establishment of the new society; but Yury Andreyevich and Larisa Fyodorovna are both at once too much individualists, too much naturally immune to the materialistic doctrine, and too much products of the old education—and Larisa is not even a Russian—to accept the Communist creed and that method of dealing with human problems which it suggests to uneducated men recently risen to power.

It should be noted in this connection that one of the most startling features of the book is Pasternak's abstention—in spite of the sympathy with which he presents them—from any idealization, of either Tolstoy's or Lenin's kind, of the peasantry, "the toiling masses." Not that the bourgeoisie is flattered. Nobody is flattered, nor is anyone condemned on the basis of office or class. There are no caricatures and no glorifications. The author never departs from his Christian ideal of taking every individual seriously as a soul which must be respected. Komarovsky, the shady lawyer, who stands for the worst of the old bourgeoisie, who is more or less responsible for the suicide of Zhivago's reckless father (the man who throws himself off the train), who sets up Larisa's mother in business and then seduces the daughter, is shown struggling against a real love for Larisa. And Pasha, the railroad worker's son, whom Larisa afterward marries, is first made sympathetic by reason of his dili-



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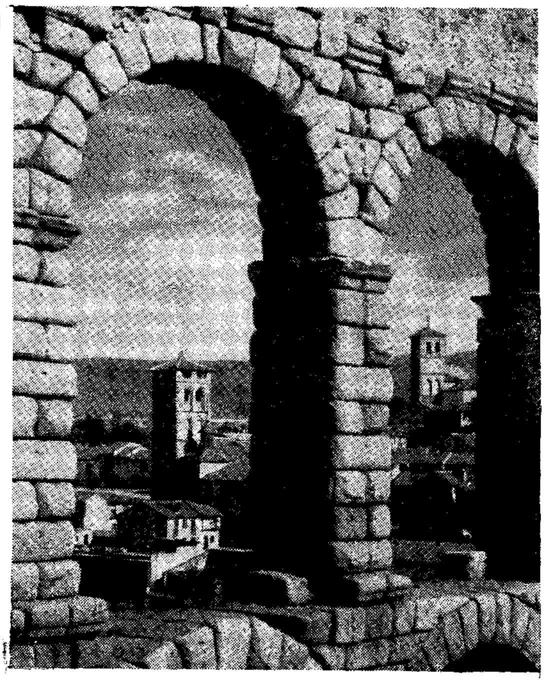

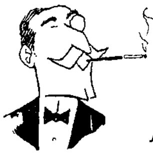
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gence and ambition; then arrogant and unpleasant when, having taken the name of Strelnikov (which suggests shooting people), he appears as the formidable commissar the very mention of whose name creates terror, and baits Zhivago in a menacing way as a potential counter-revolutionary; then made a pathetic figure when the Party authorities are after him and he takes refuge in the same house as Zhivago.

There is a wonderful scene here: "They had been talking a long time, for hours, as only Russians in Russia talk, as talked particularly the frightened and anxious, the frantic and raving people that all Russians were at that time. . . . He was unable to stop talking, he held on as tightly as he could—in order not to be alone—to his conversation with the Doctor. Was he afraid of the gnawing of conscience or of his load of depressing memories, or was he burdened by the self-dissatisfaction in which a man becomes unbearable and hateful to himself and ready to die of shame. . . . This was the malady of the age, the revolutionary madness of the period. What really went on in their minds was quite different from their words and their outward appearance. The conscience of no one was clean. Everyone had good grounds for feeling that he was as guilty as possible, a secret criminal, an unmasked impostor. As soon as any pretext presented itself, there would burst forth and run to extravagant lengths a debauch of self-torturing imagination. People would run on into fantasies, they would falsely denounce themselves, not merely from the working of fear but as the result of a morbid destructive impulse, deliberately, in a state of metaphysical trance and that passion for self-condemnation which cannot be stemmed when one has once given way to it."

The commissar, now under suspicion, has hoped to clear himself of the charges against him, but he knows from his own methods with others that he will not be given a chance to defend himself. The interesting point is made that he has elicited so many confessions of counter-revolutionary guilt that he is tempted by the guilt of his inhuman acts to make a "self-unmasking" confession not of these but of political offenses which he has not committed. He shoots himself in the morning, but not before, in the talk of the previous night, he has poured out—it is the first time in the novel that we have had a full statement of this—the whole apologia for his generation. This passage is too long to quote, but in its insight into the sources of the Com-

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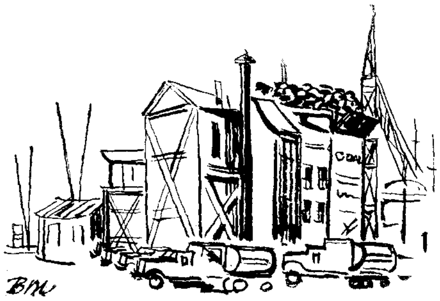
munist faith of the early days of the Revolution, it is as important as the negative passages of Pasternak's political commentary which are currently being printed in the press, out of context and in a way that is quite misleading. Zhivago, Pasha-Strelnikov begins by telling him, cannot understand his point of view: he has grown up in a different world from the one that Pasha came out of; and Pasha describes this world of overcrowding and dirt and privation, and describes the animus it gave the young people, who had always been aware of the indifference to them of the rich in the smart streets, to turn the social world upside down. Marxism has shown them "the root of the evil and where to find the remedy for it." This resentment had been seething all over Europe through the whole of the nineteenth century, and the great revolutionary movement—with "its pitiless instruments devised in the name of pity"—had found its full expression in Lenin, with the result that "the immense figure of Russia, impossible to disregard," had "suddenly risen before the eyes of the world, blazing up like a candle of redemption for all the slackness and the misfortunes of humanity."

Pasha has been wrecked as a human being by his attempt to play a Marxist role. Zhivago and Larisa, who do not attempt roles, will outlive him, but they, too, are to be destroyed. Life in Moscow becomes so difficult in the days after the Revolution that Yury Andreyevich decides to get as far away as possible, to take his family to the Ural Mountains, where his father-in-law had had an estate and where he hopes to find some peace of mind. But the East, he finds, is even more disrupted and dangerous. He is kidnapped and pressed into service by a band of wandering partisans who are fighting the White leader Kolchak in Siberia. He has come upon Larisa again in the nearby town of Yuratin, in which, before Pasha's enlistment, she had been living with him and teaching school. She had married her young proletarian out of a kind of feeling of duty that she ought, on account of her own disadvantages, to identify her interests with his, yet her natural "affinity," her



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deep understanding, is all with Yury Andreyevich. Pasha had already become aware that Larisa could not really love him—"he was jealous of her very thoughts, of the mug from which she drank, of the pillow on which she lay"—and he goes away to the war to prove himself to himself, to impress her, to compete with what she represents (and this in spite of the fact that his original revolutionary impulse has been spurred by his desire to protect her, a finer nature than his, from the indignity of her early helplessness). Missing in action and supposed to be dead, he has escaped from his German captors and re-created himself as "Strelnikov"—also, as Larisa knows, partly to build up something so strong that she cannot refuse to admire it. But he has never—for all his impressive exterior—succeeded in getting his inner morale to the point where he dares to come back to her. And in the meantime, Yury Andreyevich, escaped from the partisan band, *has* returned to Larisa. His wife, as the result of his disappearance, has made her way back to Moscow and so to Paris. He had already been having a love affair with Larisa, and he now begins living with her in Yuratin. But they both now come under suspicion, she as "Strelnikov's" wife, he on account of his original thinking. While working in a local hospital, he lectures on evolution, and his views about the adaptation of organisms to environment are not sufficiently mechanical for the provincial Marxists. Though he is valued as a diagnostician, he finds that when he talks about intuition, they begin to shy away from him: they are afraid of a trap, a heresy. He and Larisa do not have "the right attitude." A counter-revolutionary group with a hidden store of arms is discovered at this point in Yuratin, and they know that they may be pounced upon at any moment. They get away to the place in the country—the estate of his wife's father—in which Yury Andreyevich has lived with his family.

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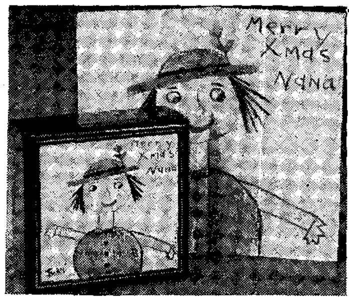

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(The translators have castrated this passage by omitting "the minutes ran into hours" and by changing its whole rhythm.) They know that it is only a question of time before the police will find them. Yet Zhivago, when Larisa has gone to bed, returns to his early poetry, and in the course of these nocturnal sessions, his creative activity renews itself. "After two or three stanzas that came pouring and several metaphors by which he was himself surprised, the work took possession of him, and he began to feel the presence of what is called inspiration. The correlation of the forces that govern artistic genius had as it were been turned upside down. It is no longer the man and the state of his soul, for which he is seeking expression, that are in the ascendancy now, but the language with which he seeks to express it. This language, which is the place of origin and the repository of beauty and meaning, itself begins to think and to speak for the man and is completely transformed into music, not in terms of outward audible sonorities but in terms of the impetuosity and the power of its inward current. Now, like the great rolling mass of the torrent of a river, by its own movement turning as if on a lathe the stones that lie on its bed and revolving the wheels of mills, the onrushing speech itself, by force of its own laws, molds in its course, in passing, the music and the rhythm of the poem, and a thousand other forms and configurations which are even more important than these but which have not yet been recognized or taken into consideration, which have not yet even been given names. At such moments, Yury Andreyevich felt that the main work was not done by him but somehow somewhere above him, that it had found him and taken control of him—the poetry and thought of the world in its present phase and that which is coming, that which is following in orderly progression, the next step which has become inevitable in poetry's historical development. And he felt himself only the occasion, the *point d'appui*, for it to get itself into movement." He looks at the girl and Larisa asleep side by side in their bed. "The cleanness of the linen, the cleanness of the rooms [the achievement of the *women's* work], the purity of their features, fusing with the purity of the night, the snow and the stars" make him "exult and weep with a feeling of the triumphant purity of existence." Then at three o'clock he is torn from his concentration by a plaintive and dismal sound. He sees far off, over the wild waste of snow, four shadows

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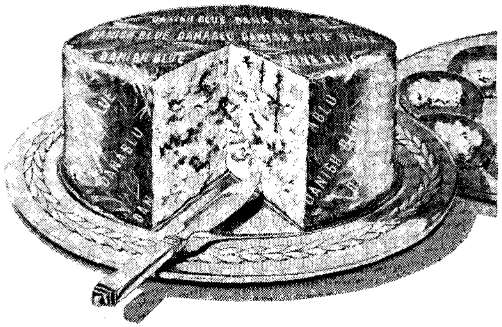

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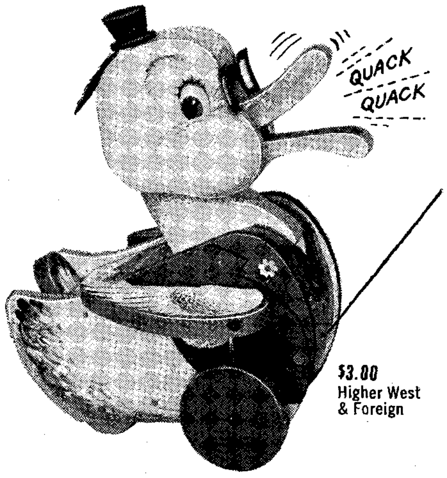

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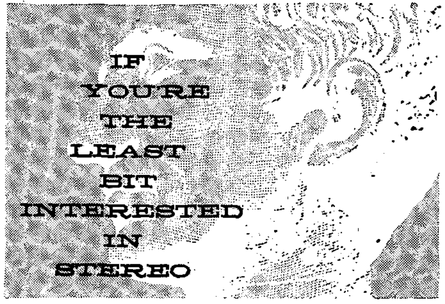

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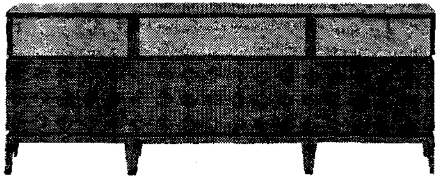

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that make little marks on it. Starved wolves have smelled the horse in the stable.

This chapter, at the end of which Zhivago is to lose Larisa, is the emotional climax of this extraordinary book, in which everyone is degraded or ruined or crushed but in which the positive values—Christianity and love and art—are presented with such overwhelming power that the barbarities against which they must assert themselves seem lacking in long-range importance. But Komarovsky, the indestructible rascal who has been both Larisa's and her mother's lover, and whom Larisa has once tried to shoot, eventually turns up in Yuratin, and Zhivago—to save Larisa's life—allows him to take her to the Far East. To induce her to go, he has promised her to follow, but when she has left, he makes his furtive and difficult way—mostly on foot—back to Moscow, where it is possible for him only to a limited extent to pick up his former life. His old friends have managed to adapt themselves. One of them has been arrested, imprisoned, and exiled for his unorthodox opinions, and he sickens Yury Andreyevich by telling him how much good has been done him by a brainwashing at the hands of the examining magistrate. Zhivago has lost first his family, then Larisa; though he continues to practice medicine, he has no chance for a real career, and though he publishes, in a semi-private way, a few papers on historical and scientific subjects, and though these papers make a certain impression, his work cannot be freely accepted. He marries the daughter of his former servant.

It is impossible, however, to summarize, in an article such as this, what happens in "Doctor Zhivago," and any attempt at a thorough analysis would be likely to reach almost the proportions of the studies devoted to Joyce. The story itself is so long and complex—it covers so much ground—that a mere recapitulation would be impossible within the scope of a review, and one finds, threaded in and out of the story, a phase-by-phase chronicle of Soviet policy, and a discussion of the development of Russian literature which touches on almost all its great figures from Pushkin to the school of modern poetry which is represented by Pasternak himself. There is also involved in the story a historical-political fable—see Larisa's relations with Zhivago, Komarovsky, and Pasha—of the kind that since the time of Turgenev has been traditional in Russian fiction, as

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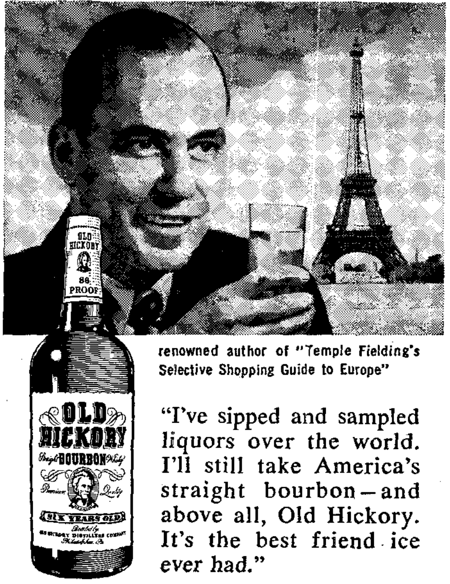

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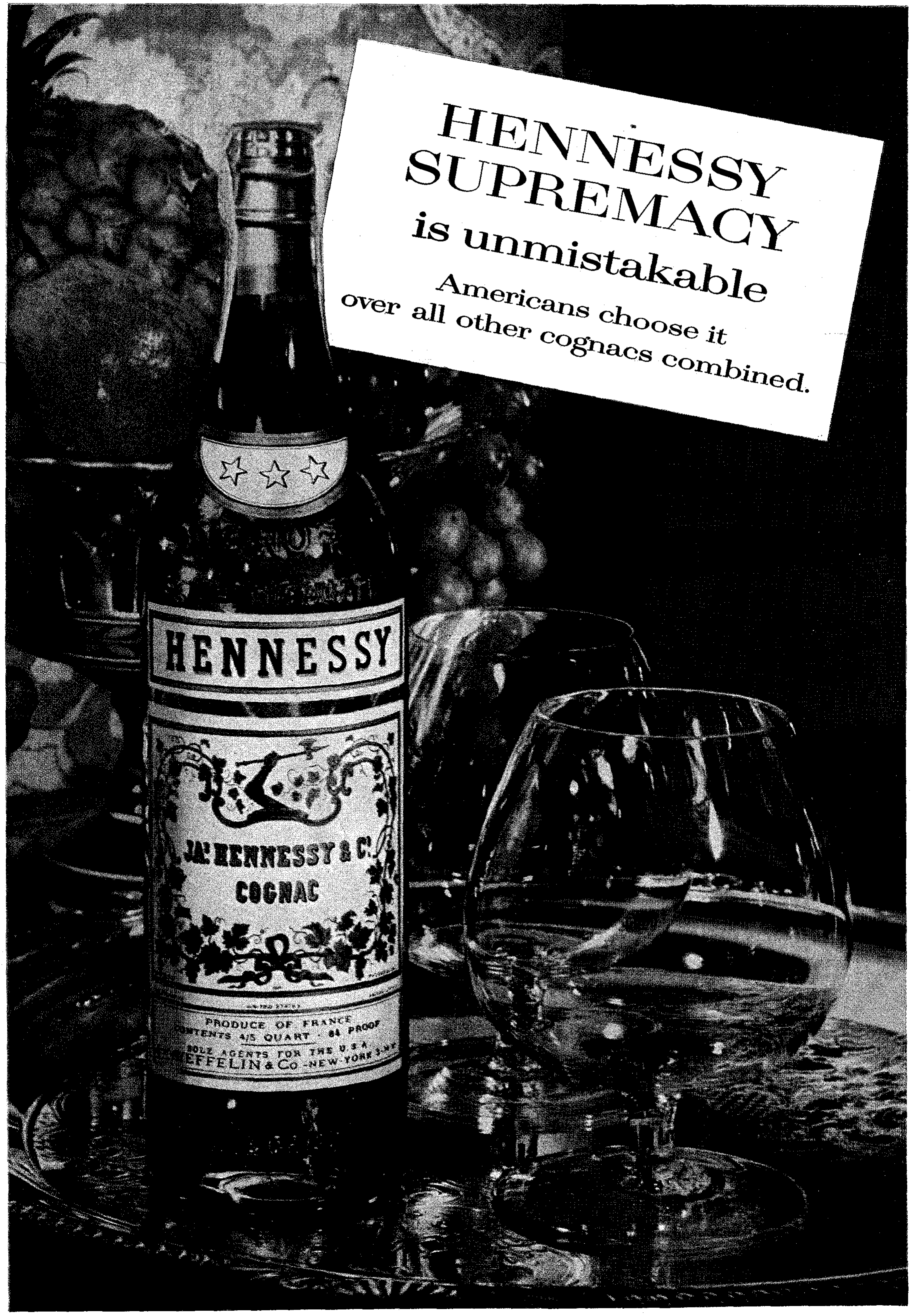
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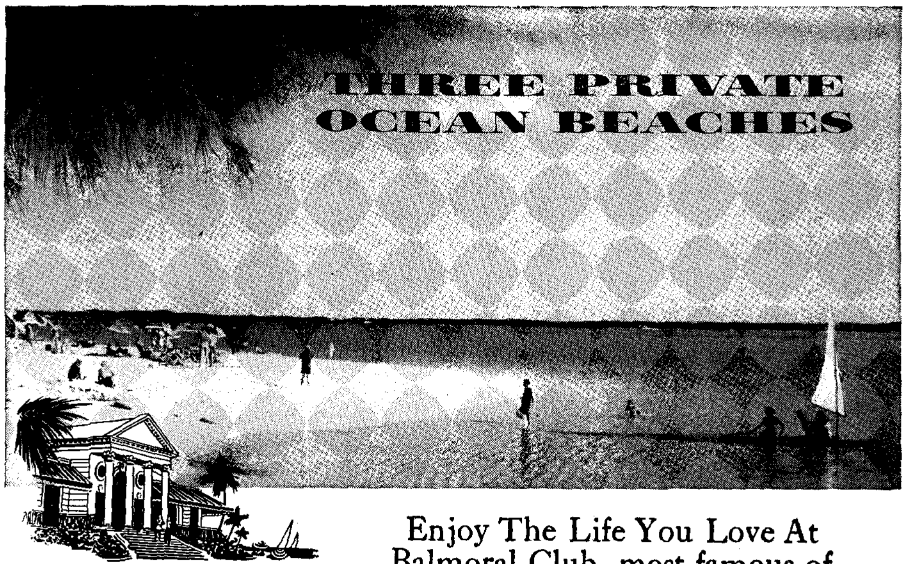
well as (what for Pasternak is far more important) a kind of religious parable. The reader will not at first notice this last, though it constitutes the core of the novel. The incidents succeed one another with so much invention and vivacity, with such range of characterization and description, each submerges us so completely in the atmosphere of its moment of Russian life, we are carried along so absorbedly by the vodka parties, the unexpected encounters, the journeyings (the chaotic interminable train trip of Zhivago and his family to the Urals that occupies a whole long chapter), the campaigns (the adventures of the partisans in the forest is a whole story in itself), the conversations (the nocturnal talks, both comic and desolating, between Zhivago, bored, irritated, and sleepy, and the fervent young partisan leader, who shoots his men for distilling vodka but has discovered the virtues of cocaine as an ideological stimulus and is depleting the Doctor's medical store and keeping him awake at night with his hopped-up pep talks), and the intensely personal love affairs, at once so exciting and so dolorous, that are always being broken up by public events—we have so much the illusion of following life that we only come gradually to realize the poetic significance of these happenings. For if Gogol's "Dead Souls" is, as he called it, a "poem," "Doctor Zhivago" is also a poem. Though we may think, when we begin it, that we are entering again the familiar world of social fiction—the "group" novel of intertwined strands, such as Sartre's Existentialist series, "Les Chemins de la Liberté," which has now been bogged down for so long, simply, it would seem, for the reason that Sartre has changed his political line, or Leonov's "Road to the Ocean," in which a real Russian talent falsifies and nullifies itself by sub-



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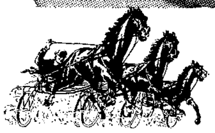

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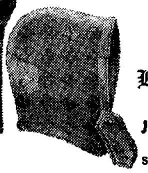

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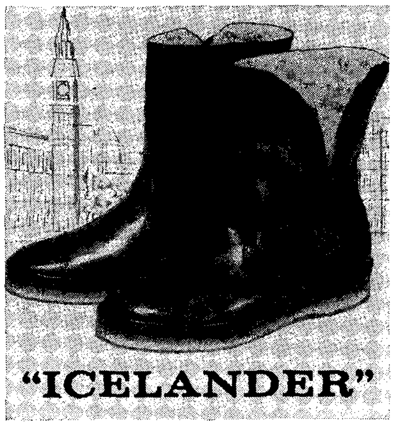

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mitting to a Soviet formula—we presently become aware that "Doctor Zhivago" is more like an epic than even "War and Peace," that the landscapes, the personalities, the tragic outbursts, the comic anecdotes (usually as much horrible as comic) are poetic in their relief and their meaning. This book, in which everything seems real, is not at all "realistic." It exhibits, in fact—as a whole as well as in individual episodes—in spite of its immediacy of detail, of all the costumes and accents and jargon and paraphernalia and living conditions of twentieth-century Russia, something of the technique and the spirit of the *skazka*, the Russian folk tale. The narrative is full of coincidences, each of which is in itself quite plausible but the repeated occurrence of which might shake our "suspension of disbelief" if we were not so much under the spell of what is really a legend, a fable. We are no more surprised or put out by the fact that the characters of "Doctor Zhivago" are always meeting one another again in different guises and changed states of mind than we are in a fairy tale when the wretched old crone whom the youngest of three brothers has been the first to treat with courtesy turns out to be a powerful spirit who can determine success or failure.

The most *skazka*-like element in the story is Zhivago's half brother Evgraf, who is really a supernatural figure. Evgraf is introduced so unobtrusively that we do not at first pay attention to him, and we have to go back later to look him up. Zhivago's unreliable father has left his wife for a princess with the hybrid name of Stolbunova-Enrici, by whom he has had a son. The half-celestial personality of the son is evidently adumbrated when we are told that the mother is a "*mechtatel'nitsa i sumasbrodka*," "a dreamer and rather mad (or erratic)." Yury Andreyevich's mother is characterized with similar brevity as "*myagkaya . . . mechtatel'nitsa*," "gentle, a dreamer." (The translator has muffed this significant repetition by combining the two epithets of the first of these descriptions into the single blank word "eccentric.") The Princess and her illegitimate son live far away, on the outskirts of Omsk, in Siberia. The Princess never goes out, and nobody knows what they live on. Yury Andreyevich has seen a photograph of their house, with five plate-glass windows and stucco medallions, and has felt that it was staring at him in a hostile way across all the thousands of versts and that sooner or later its glance will be fatal. Partly out of fear of this, partly out of contempt for litiga-

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tion, he refuses to contest the claims to his father's estate of this princess and another of his father's mistresses, and he is rewarded for his renunciation by the strange intervention in his favor at critical times in his life of his mysterious half brother from the East. At the time of the victory of the workers in the fighting of the October days and the transfer of power to the Soviets, the Doctor walks out at night in the midst of a heavy snowstorm and buys a paper which carries the news. In order to get light to read it, he goes into the entrance hall of an unknown building. An eighteen-year-old boy comes downstairs in a Siberian fur coat and fur cap. He has narrow Kirghizan eyes but something aristocratic in his face—"the shy ray, the hidden delicacy, which is sometimes found in persons of mixed and complicated stock and which seems to have been brought from afar." Zhivago does not know that it is his half brother Evgraf, but the apparition afterward haunts him. This is the moment of his most wholehearted enthusiasm for the success of the Revolution. He feels that there is something characteristic of Russia in the drastic directness, the rude courage, of the sweeping away of the old order—"something of the uncompromising clarity of Pushkin, of the unevasive fidelity to facts of Tolstoy." One imagines at this point that Evgraf is meant to represent something sound, at once popular and noble, in Russia, and as the story goes on one suspects that he may even be intended to embody the old conception of "Holy Russia." One becomes more and more aware that Pasternak's book is studded with the symbolism of the Orthodox Church. The five barless windows of the house in Siberia are the five wounds of Jesus. (The number five elsewhere appears, and always with sinister significance: the five-o'clock train from which the older Zhivago throws himself, the five conspirators in the forest who try to murder the partisan leader.) Evgraf is a guardian angel, but he is also, with his dark face, the angel of death. And yet death is always followed by resurrection. Three times, like the fairy in the folk tale, he comes to Yury Andreyevich's rescue. First when, before Zhivago has taken his family away, he collapses in Moscow with typhus; again, when he is marooned with his family in the Urals, before he has been kidnapped by the partisans; and finally when, returned to Moscow, unwanted and unassimilable, he is on the point of petering out. On this last occasion, Evgraf induces him to leave for a time his devoted lower-class

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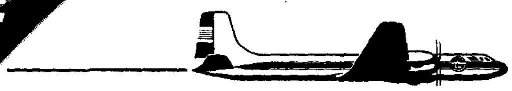

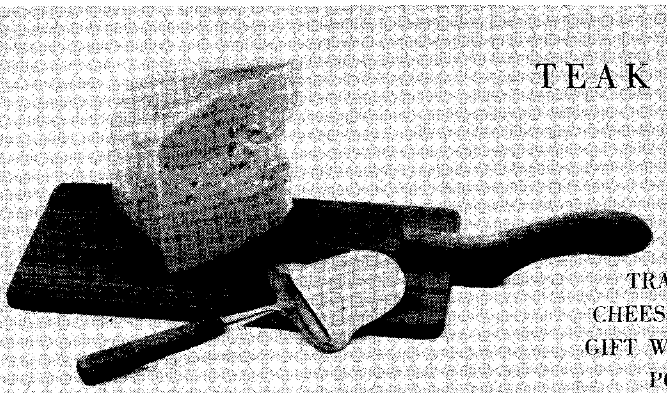

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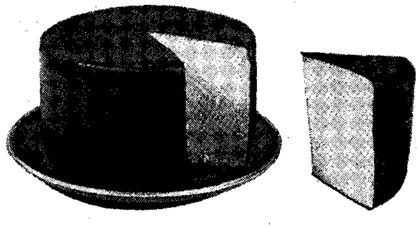

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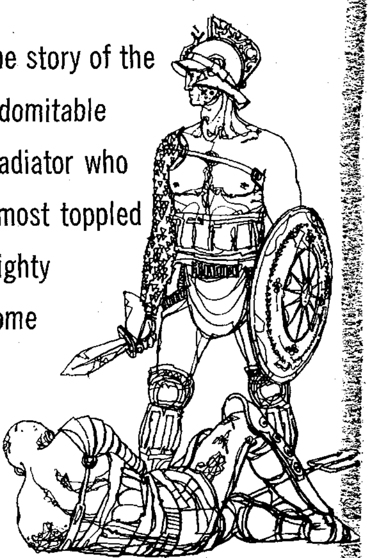

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wife and provides him with lodgings in which to write. We never know what Evgraf is or how he accomplishes his miracles; he is always an important person whose authority is felt at once, never questioned; he can always produce food, secure for his half brother conditions of leisure. Yet we do not know what office he holds, why he is always so sure of himself, how he has managed to escape the purges. On his third intervention, he brings death in the flesh. The Doctor, now hidden from his family, does not survive his last creative liberation, but Evgraf preserves his manuscripts, the poems in which Yury lives again. Since "Yury" is a Russian equivalent for "George," the Russian reader will have guessed by this time that Zhivago is St. George, the martyr, who is supposed to have paid with his life for his audacity in arguing Christianity with Diocletian. He has written in the Urals, with the wolves on the horizon, a queer poem with an unexpected ending, about the battle of St. George with the Dragon, which we shall read in the final chapter. (One suspects that the legends of St. Larisa and St. Eugraphos, after whom the heroine and Evgraf are named, would reveal further connections between the characters and the hagiography of the Orthodox Church. A mythological Larisa is supposed to have been the wife of Poseidon, and Pasternak's Larisa is associated with the sea by Zhivago—for reasons which, however, I have not grasped.) Evgraf, a general now, appears for the last time toward the end of the second great war to rescue the daughter of Larisa and Yury, born after her flight with Komarovsky and abandoned with a peasant family, who has been partially reduced to the level of a peasant and yet knows that she is something else. Evgraf will see that she is educated (the importance of education is emphasized all through the book).

By this time, we are quite aware that the theme of death and resurrection, slipped into the first pages, is central to the whole book, repeated in all sorts of variations and with ever stronger positive force. Again and again the characters are entombed and rise from the tomb. Evgraf is the angel at the grave. The father, enmeshed in the financial ruin entailed by his emotional instability, has leaped out of the train; Yury Andreyevich, the son, with sclerosis of the heart, is suffocating on a crowded tram, tries to get a window up, then forces his way out and drops dead on the curb. And in the interval between these two deaths, the incidents that join

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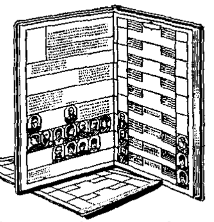

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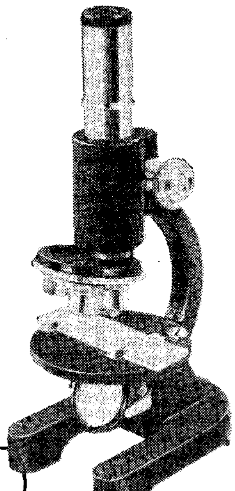

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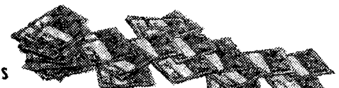

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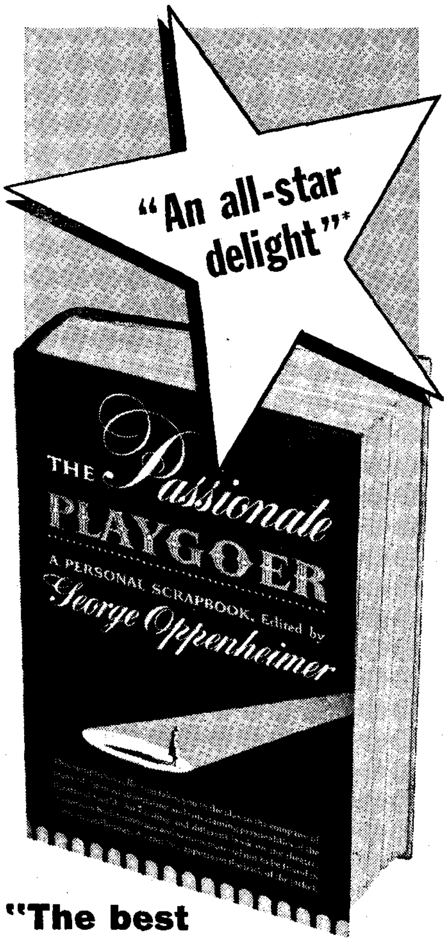
them together are now seen to compose a sequence of images, sometimes physical, sometimes spiritual, of the cycle of extinction and survival. The vodka and pancakes of Shrovetide—which in Russia is dedicated both to the dead and to the renewal of life by marriage—are a ritual symbol of the theme. The second of these references is a herald of Evgraf's second intervention. The Jewish boy in the station who is thinking about "what it means to be a Jew" and paying no attention to the man who has just then committed suicide—he later adapts himself to the Moscow regime, though not with the same enthusiasm as the non-Jewish friend who has been brainwashed—is meant to illustrate the author's conception of the too self-centered role of the Jews. The book begins with the burial of Yury's mother and the night in the monastery, in which no special ray of light is yet seen; and we have afterward the escape from the train of the prisoners condemned to forced labor; the shooting, on the edge of a precipice, of the vodka distillers and other offenders, of whom one, a backward boy, survives; the burial of the old woman by her murderer in the pit in which she has been hoarding potatoes, and the escape, through taking refuge in an underground cave, in the raid that follows the murder, of a boy who is suspected already of having committed it; and the trapping in the cellar of the murderer of the husband of the peasant woman with whom the daughter of Zhivago and Larisa has been living. Pasternak keeps too close to real life to perpetrate a monotonous allegory. In this last-mentioned instance of burial, there is no resurrection for the brute. He is held prisoner by the woman whose husband has been killed, and she allows him to strangle her little boy, whom he has taken down with him as a hostage. The abandoned daughter of



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Zhivago and Larisa flags a passing train—the husband of the woman was a signalman—and the trainmen bring out the murderer, tie him to the tracks, and run over him. The woman, as a result of all this, goes mad. Here it is the girl who escapes from the household which has for her been a tomb.

The last chapter is composed of Zhivago's poems, which have been published after his death. The reader, when he faces this chapter, may be somewhat puzzled and dubious as to why what is ostensibly a story should be prolonged by what looks like an appendix; but by the time we have finished these poems, we see that they are needed to complete the book, that the theme only now gets its full, triumphant statement. These poems fall into two series, which alternate and echo one another and merge. One sequence recapitulates certain incidents of Zhivago's life and grows darker with the parting from Larisa and the darkness of the oppression of Stalin: "For this in early spring my friends and I gather together, and our evenings are farewells, our feasts are testaments, in order that our hidden stream of suffering may warm the cold of existence." The other of these sequences commemorates the holy days of the Church and the main events of the life of Jesus. The gloomy poem quoted above is followed by "Evil Days," the entrance of Christ into Jerusalem and giving him up for judgment to the dregs of society by "the dark forces of the Temple," and his memory at this moment, of his bounty at Cana and his bringing Lazarus back from the tomb; then two poems on Mary Magdalene, with whom we have already had some intimation that Larisa is to be identified (after all, she could never get away from Komarovsky, whom she has married in the Far East). The last magnificent poem of this sombre yet affirmative series gives us Jesus in the Garden of Gethsemane. "I shall descend into the grave," it ends, "and on the third day I shall rise again and as rafts float along the river, so the centuries, like the barges of a caravan, shall, for my judgment, float down out of darkness."

I ASSUME that by this time everybody knows that "Doctor Zhivago" has not been published in Russia, that the manuscript was brought out of the Soviet Union by the Italian Leftist publisher Feltrinelli, that Pasternak was awarded the Nobel Prize, and that the anti-creative bureaucrats who are allowed in the Soviet Union to interfere

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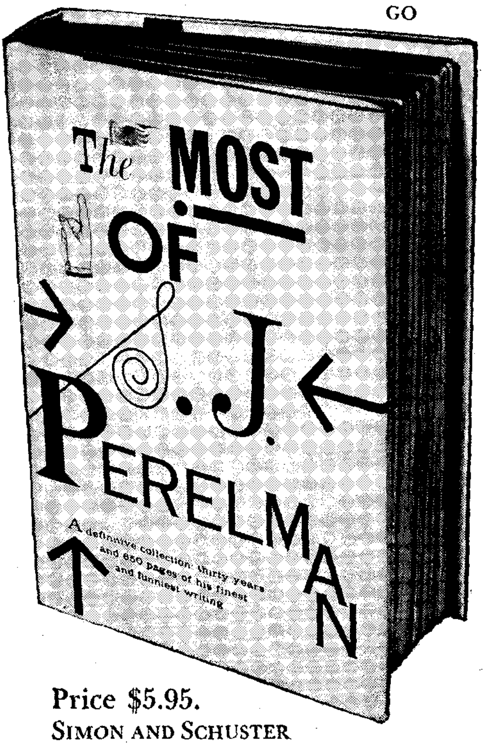
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in matters of literature—sounding much like those Mississippi newspapers which raised a howl against Faulkner in the same situation—have compelled him to refuse this reward. I do not, however, in paying my respects to the official mediocrities of Moscow, want to adopt the self-righteous attitude toward Russia which has become official in the United States. On hearing of this literary crisis, Secretary Dulles said that "it illustrates what I said last night. The system of international Communism insists on conformity not only in deed but in thought. Anything a little out of line they try to stamp out." "Doctor Zhivago" is not merely a little out of line with the assumptions of the Soviet Union; it presents a radical criticism of all our supposedly democratic but more and more centralized societies. The criticism of Pasternak's novel is directed at conditions and tendencies which are in evidence all over the world and which have lately become pronounced in the United States. Here is a quotation from Pasternak which might equally apply to us: "It was then," says Larisa of the First World War, "that untruth came to the land of Russia. The first disaster, the root of future evil, was the loss of faith in one's own opinion. They imagined that the time had passed for them to pay attention to the promptings of moral feeling, that one now had to sing with the general voice and to live by the general notions that were being thrust upon one."

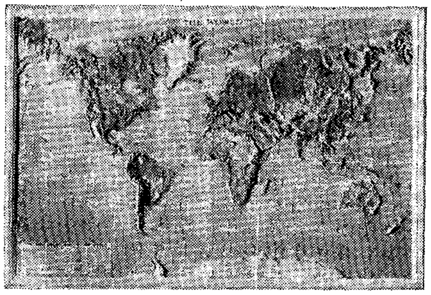
"Doctor Zhivago" will, I believe, come to stand as one of the great events in man's literary and moral history. Nobody could have written it in a totalitarian state and turned it loose on the world who did not have the courage of genius. May his guardian angel be with him! His book is a great act of faith in art and in the human spirit. As for his enemies in his fatherland, I predict that their children, over their vodka and tea, will be talking about the relations between Larisa Fyodorovna and Pasha and Yury Andreyevich as their parents, and I don't doubt they themselves, have talked about Tatiana and Lensky and Evgeny Onegin, and Natasha and Prince André and Pierre.

—EDMUND WILSON

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

JUSTICE OF THE HEART, by E. Arnot Robertson (Macmillan). Louise Downes, an enormously successful foreign correspondent for a big Lon-



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don newspaper, throws away her flourishing career in order to undertake an independent reportorial investigation in Zanzibar. A pretty blond war widow in her late twenties, Mrs. Downes embarks on her adventure partly in a crusading spirit—she believes an injustice has been done to an Arab newspaper editor—partly in the hope of uncovering a great newspaper story, and partly because of her interest in a handsome Dutchman who lives near Zanzibar. As a heroine, Mrs. Downes is a nice but not really very appealing figure. Her ladylike aggressiveness and her unconsciously patronizing manner cause her to have the same effect on the reader that she has on her colleagues, who all entertain a mild dislike for her, but she has courage and a flair for clothes, and Miss Robertson has built a soundly engrossing novel about her.

THE PROSPECTS ARE PLEASING, by Honor Tracy (Random House). Miss Tracy's new novel, which portrays the farcical side of patriotism and politics in present-day Ireland, engages some comic Irishmen and some comic Englishmen in the theft of a famous painting from a London gallery. While the writing occasionally rises to a moment or a gesture of pure comedy, for the most part this work wears a broad, regrettably parochial air.

BREAKFAST AT TIFFANY'S, by Truman Capote (Random House). Four mildly humorous laments—one a brief novel, and the rest short stories—for the transitoriness of life. They deal with a small-town Texas girl who comes to New York and flits engagingly around on the fringes of café society; with a bittersweet love

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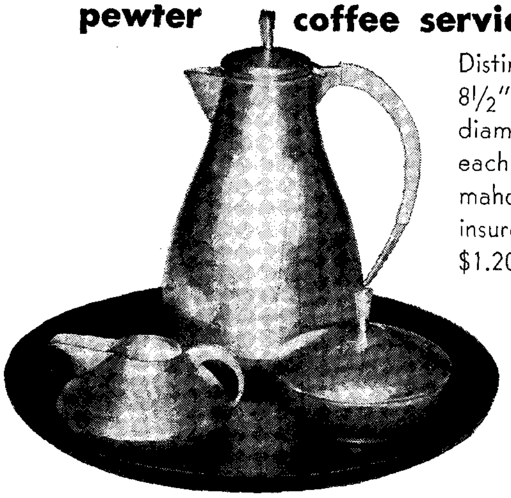

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affair between two Haitians; with a couple of inmates at a prison camp in the South; and with a boy and an old spinster who share with great pleasure their mutual childhoods, also in the South. The attraction of the book is that Mr. Capote, in a bright, fluttering, wheeling way, makes all the tinsel and confetti and embroidery that bind together such delicate emotions as nostalgia and sentimentality come vigorously to life. But if one tries to peek behind these arrangements, one finds nothing, for the simple reason, apparently, that Mr. Capote never intended to put anything there.

THE BRIGHT YOUNG THINGS, by Amanda Vail (Little, Brown). A small novel, written in a defiant but very uncertain tone, about the first love affairs of two self-conscious young New York girls.

THE BEST SHORT STORIES OF EDITH WHARTON, edited and with an introduction by Wayne Andrews (Scribner). Mrs. Wharton's stories are not her best work, and the ten in this book are not quite good enough to be immediate and dateless; they seem old-fashioned, their characters a little remote, and their technique stiff. Nevertheless they have qualities—good writing, flashes of perception, honest human sympathy—that make them interesting. They are, perhaps, like Mrs. Wharton herself, as she appears in Mr. Andrews' introduction—full of stuffy ideas but impressive in spite of them.

GENERAL

THE LOST WORLD OF THE KALAHARI, by Laurens van der Post (Morrow). The Bushmen, the paleolithic hunters of Africa, were almost entirely exterminated by invading immigrants, black and white, with Colonel van der Post's Boer ancestors doing the best job of it by shooting them on sight with high-powered rifles and hunting down the last few of them with packs of men and dogs. Colonel van der Post, who seems to carry all the guilt of African history on his resolute shoulders and who, perhaps because of this, is one of the Union's most interesting writers, has been obsessed by the Bushmen since his childhood, dreaming of finding the last survivors. This is an account of an expedition he led last year, first into the forbidding Zambezi swamps and then into the rigors of the Kalahari Desert in the dry season. Deep in the desert, he finally made contact with

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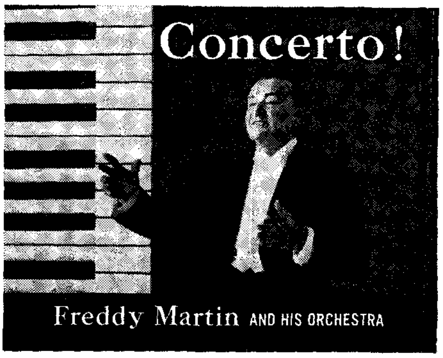
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a small band of entirely unacculturated Bushmen, lived with them, and made his peace with the past, reassured that "my aboriginal heart now had living kinsmen and a home on which to turn." It is a remarkable book, although Colonel van der Post's overpowering mysticism sometimes becomes distracting, and the volume desperately needs photographs.

EGYPT IN TRANSITION, by Jean and Simonne Lacouture, translated from the French by Francis Scarfe (Criterion). A dispassionate, sensitive, and thorough study. Most Egyptians are peasants, and most Egyptian peasants are chronically ill with several parasitic and deficiency diseases. There are some rich Egyptians, but they do not have enough capital to finance the kind of investments their country needs to build itself up, while foreign capital usually demands political commitments that the increasingly nationalistic Egyptians are reluctant to make. The Lacoutures start their story at the end of the eighteenth century and move along briskly until they come to the last decade or so, when they examine in great detail the attempts—particularly Nasser's—to remedy the country's economic anemia, as well as the work of a few writers, painters, and intellectuals who would like to bring modern art and thought to their country. The authors describe contemporary Egypt brilliantly, and do not attempt to give anybody—Americans, Suez Canal users, or Egyptians—any advice; they understand, and make the reader understand, how difficult Egypt's problems are.

THE KLONDIKE FEVER, by Pierre Berton (Knopf). A comprehensive and absolutely first-rate history of the Klondike gold rush, with side excursions into such matters as the spree as an art form and how sharing a whipsaw turned partners into crazed enemies. Mr. Berton, a Canadian journalist who grew up in Dawson City and has worked in Klondike mining camps, writes with considerable authority. He sees the whole thing as a wild three-year splurge at the roulette wheel, after which the miners who had had butlers in their log cabins went broke, the dance-hall girls who had bathed in nothing but vintage champagne went back to squalor or died by their own hands, and things settled back to normal. Highly recommended.

JOURNEY TO THE BEGINNING, by Edgar Snow (Random House). Mr.

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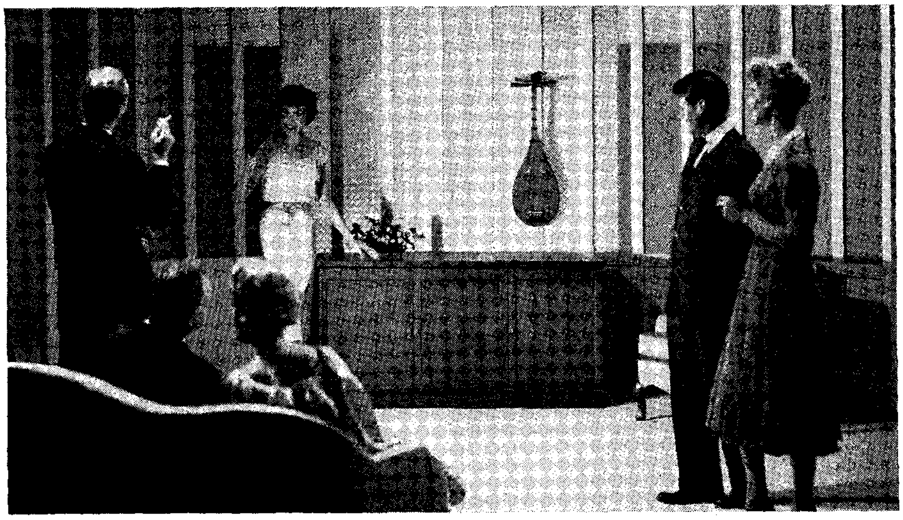

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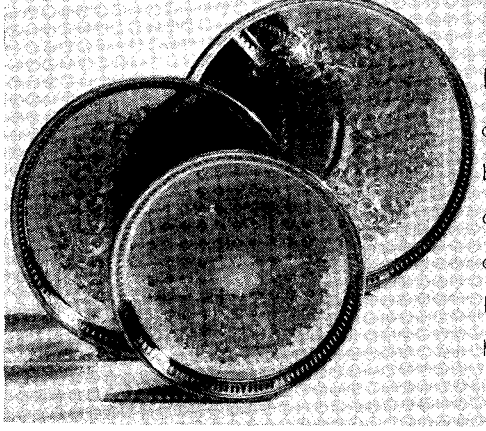

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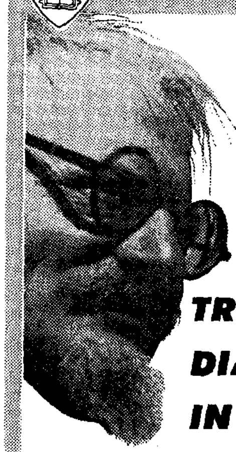

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Snow's autobiography is fascinating when he is reporting what he has seen and heard in thirty years as a foreign correspondent specializing in Asia, but it is less fascinating when he seems to be running the world, rather than reporting it—dashing down to brief F.D.R., saving China, and telling Gandhi and Nehru how wrong they were. It is least fascinating when he psychoanalyzes the news, telling us about the Oedipus complex of Red Chinese leaders or the compulsive eating of insecure Politburo members. Mr. Snow is not the first good reporter who has become his own favorite news story, but it seems a shame that he has done so, for he is a talented and honest man.

HENRY KNOX: GEORGE WASHINGTON'S GENERAL, by North Callahan (Rinehart). Mr. Callahan has set out to fill a gap in American biography—this is the first modern life of Knox, the ebullient bookseller who commanded the American artillery during the Revolution and later served as Secretary of War—and he has done a competent job.

CORAL ISLAND, by Marston Bates and Donald P. Abbott (Scribner). A chatty, appealing, and somewhat inconsequential book about the island of Ifaluk, in the Carolines, by two members of a team of scientists who studied its human ecology in 1953. They promptly fell in love with the mannerly children and the handsome adults; and they went native to the extent of wearing garlands of flowers as they worked and getting their thighs tattooed, although they never did come to prefer the native food to Spam and canned spinach. Their recommendation: more pigs and mosquito nets, but otherwise leave Ifaluk alone. Photographs.

VOICES IN COURT: A TREASURY OF THE BENCH, THE BAR, AND THE COURTROOM, edited and with notes by William H. Davenport (Macmillan). An admirable introduction to the theory and practice of the law in the United States, England, and France, as comprehended by some forty professionals and lay enthusiasts. The book includes a couple of short stories (a Maupassant trifle and, perhaps inevitably, Benét's "The Devil and Daniel Webster") and several fragments from novels ("Bleak House," "Phineas Redux," Cozzens' "The Just and the Unjust"), but most of the pieces—and much the most rewarding ones—are matters

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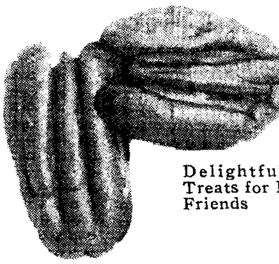

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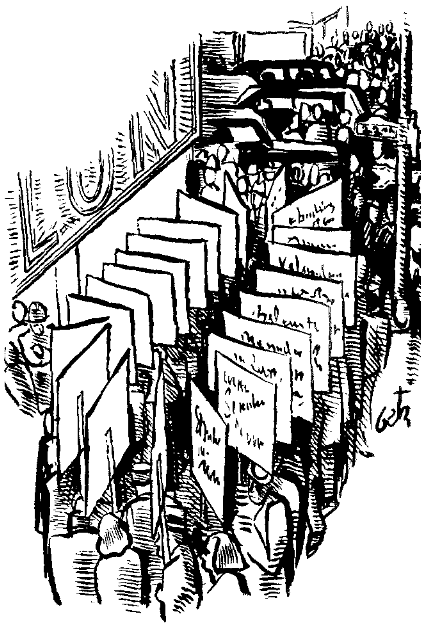
of scholarship (by such titans as Learned Hand, Felix Frankfurter, Oliver Wendell Holmes, John Marshall, and Lord Macmillan), of fact (trial transcripts and important decisions), and of interpretation (a forceful excerpt from Catherine Drinker Bowen's "The Lion and the Throne," an extract from Thoreau's "On the Duty of Civil Disobedience," Carl Sandburg's "Lincoln the Lawyer," and Macaulay's portrait of the hanging judge Sir George Jeffreys).

THE AMERICANS: THE COLONIAL EXPERIENCE, by Daniel J. Boorstin (Random House). A brisk critical survey, aimed at the general reader, of the hundred and fifty-odd years during which a number of English settlements grew up to be the United States. Professor Boorstin picks out what he considers important tendencies that developed during this period—all of them tendencies he finds in America today, such as practical, not mystical, religion, widespread but not profound education, and so on. At times, the author puts his theories so assertively that they appear to be unchallengeable truths, and the reader must bear in mind what the author so often seems to forget—that they are, after all, just one historian's opinions.

THE MARCH OF ARCHAEOLOGY, by C. W. Ceram, translated from the German by Richard and Clara Winston (Knopf). This book consists of three hundred-odd photographs, drawings, and paintings, sixteen of them in full color, plus a running textual commentary. It is the author's belief, he tells us in an introductory note, that "picture and



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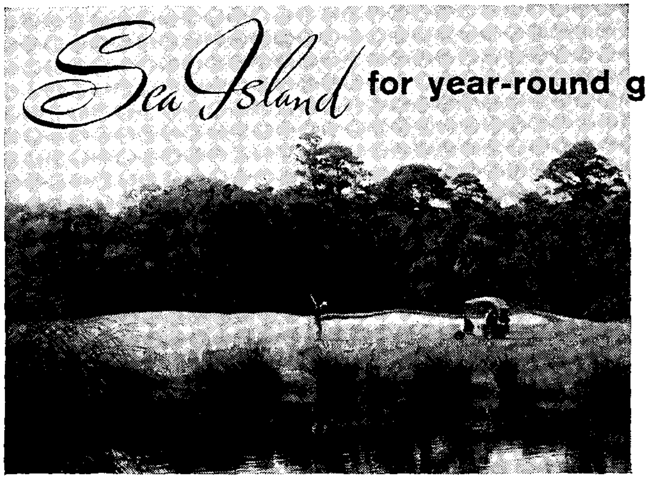

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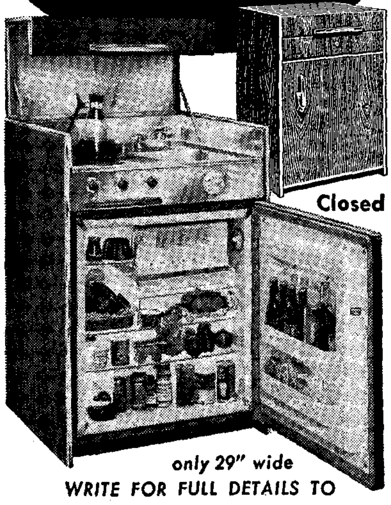

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text are so welded together that the one cannot stand without the other." His assumption, it must be said, is entirely correct. The pictures are quite meaningless without close reference to the text. Unfortunately, the text makes difficult reading, for it is, stylistically, anything but cohesive. Some of it reads like captions ("Here Schliemann is digging in Stratum II"), some like stage directions ("And now our scene changes"), and some as if it had simply been lifted intact from Mr. Ceram's original march through the same territory, "Gods, Graves, and Scholars." The book, as a book, is extremely good-looking, and the pictures are almost all stunning. Fifteen dollars.

LITERARY DISTRACTIONS, by Ronald Knox (Sheed & Ward). Essays and talks by the late Monsignor Knox. Several are important contributions to criticism, among them a learned attempt to define the principles of English translation; all are urbane and witty to a degree not common among twentieth-century clergymen; and at least one is uproarious—a study of an awful poet named James Grainger, who wrote a blank-verse epic about the sugar-cane industry, including such immortal lines as "Nor tremulates the cocoa's airiest arch."

THE GREAT WEST, edited and with an introduction and notes by Charles Neider (Coward-McCann). A ten-ton omnibus, handsomely made and handsomely illustrated, of Western Americana. The contributors, all active participants in the events they describe, include such wind-burned wanderers as Coronado, Lewis and Clark, Zebulon Pike, Jedediah Smith, Frémont, Kit Carson, Geronimo, General Custer, Buffalo Bill, Francis Parkman, John Muir, and Pat Garrett. Among the artists represented are George Catlin, Frederick Remington, Alfred Jacob Miller, Charles Schreyvogel, and the many talented anonymous hands that enlivened the pages of *Harper's Magazine*. There is also a useful end-paper map. Mr. Neider's introduction, though self-indulgent, is innocuous.

THE BROKEN MIRROR, edited by Pawel Mayewski, with an introduction by Lionel Trilling (Random House). An anthology of writing that appeared in Polish periodicals in 1956 and 1957, all of it by Communists or Communist sympathizers,

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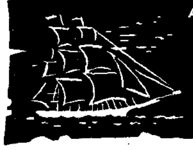

but all of it astonishingly nonconformist—from Tadeusz Rozewicz's creation of a kind of Polish Angry Young Man to Pawel Hertz's undisguised plea for democratic humanism. Most of these pieces are in the form of autobiographical semi-fiction, as though imaginative writing in Poland had to take its first faltering steps all over again, but at least one of them is a superbly conceived play about the death of Socrates, by Zbigniew Herbert, which is full of hope not only for Polish literature but for literature.

AN OUTLINE OF RUSSIAN LITERATURE, by Marc Slonim (Oxford). As the title promises, a Baedeker—fine on facts and chronology but less satisfactory on the nuances of literature that evade synopsis. It is interesting to note that Russian writers had difficulties with state authority as long ago as the reign of Catherine the Great, and that the Russians got through their Beat Generation a century ago.

MASTERS OF PHOTOGRAPHY, by Beaumont and Nancy Newhall (Braziller). A large and beautiful album containing, in a hundred and sixty photographs, representative work of most of the acknowledged masters. The pictures by the moderns, like Paul Strand, Henri Cartier-Bresson, Edward Weston, and Walker Evans, are arresting, but it is the photographers of the nineteenth century who make the strongest claim on the viewer's attention and admiration—Nadar's portraits of Daumier, Delacroix, and Baudelaire, for example, and the pictures that the remarkable Julia Margaret Cameron took of her friends Lord Tennyson and Thomas Carlyle. Perhaps we are less impressed by the photography of our contemporaries because today everything seems possible for the camera; in the eighteen-forties and fifties very little was possible, and it is what the old masters did within their limitations that is astonishing and wonderful. Brief biographies of the artists are supplied, and extremely interesting they are, too. Twelve dollars and fifty cents.

HEADS, FIGURES AND IDEAS, by Henry Moore, with an interpretive introduction by Geoffrey Grigson (New York Graphic Society). This is an unusual book in more ways than one. Mr. Grigson's "comment," as he calls it, is sensitive in its approach, if a little Whitmanesque in mood, and it introduces a series of extraor-

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dinarily exact reproductions, full-folio page in size, of Moore's background sketches for his sculptures. There are sixty-one pages of these, some in color and some in black-and-white, according to whether he happened to be working in wash or in crayon, and they range from random detailed studies—hands, heads, and so on—to more or less finished sculptural designs. Moore's own pencilled comments, mainly in self-admonition, are also included ("with absolutely no tricks, no affectation, no self-consciousness," for instance, is the scribbled accompaniment to one page), and the whole book offers a truly fascinating glimpse of the man's own working methods. Thirty dollars.

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SIR:

I would like to say a few words about this question of paying lobola to the value of £100 or more for a woman.

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My own view is that women should be graded or classed somehow so that more money is paid for those who are worth it. What I really mean is that a man wishing to marry, say, a Nurse or a school teacher could pay a sum like £50 in lobola and one who wished to get married to the low type of women fresh from the Reserve ought to pay no more than £2.10s.

I realise that quite a good number of people may take umbrage at what I have said, but I feel I must point out certain things which I have learnt as a result of personal experience about the so-called "Maideis." By and large they are next-to useless persons and I am afraid to mention that some of them are not even fit to get married to anyone. In most cases when anyone makes love to this type of woman the words that immediately come to her lips are, "You must marry me." Then if one decides to marry her she asks one to buy her a pair of shoes and if she gets the money she rushes to buy a pair of high-heeled shoes in which she can't walk properly.

To make matters worse the woman cannot even make a decent cup of tea and one has to teach her how to cook almost everything that one expects to eat. One has even to tell her that she should not at all put any sugar into the tea cups of visitors who call on her for an afternoon cup of tea.

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—Letter in the Salisbury (Southern Rhodesia) African Daily News.

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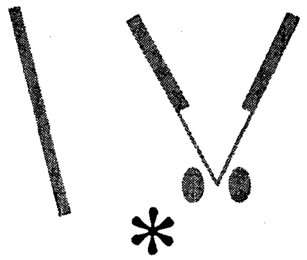

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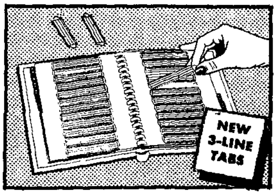

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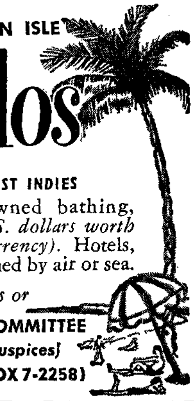

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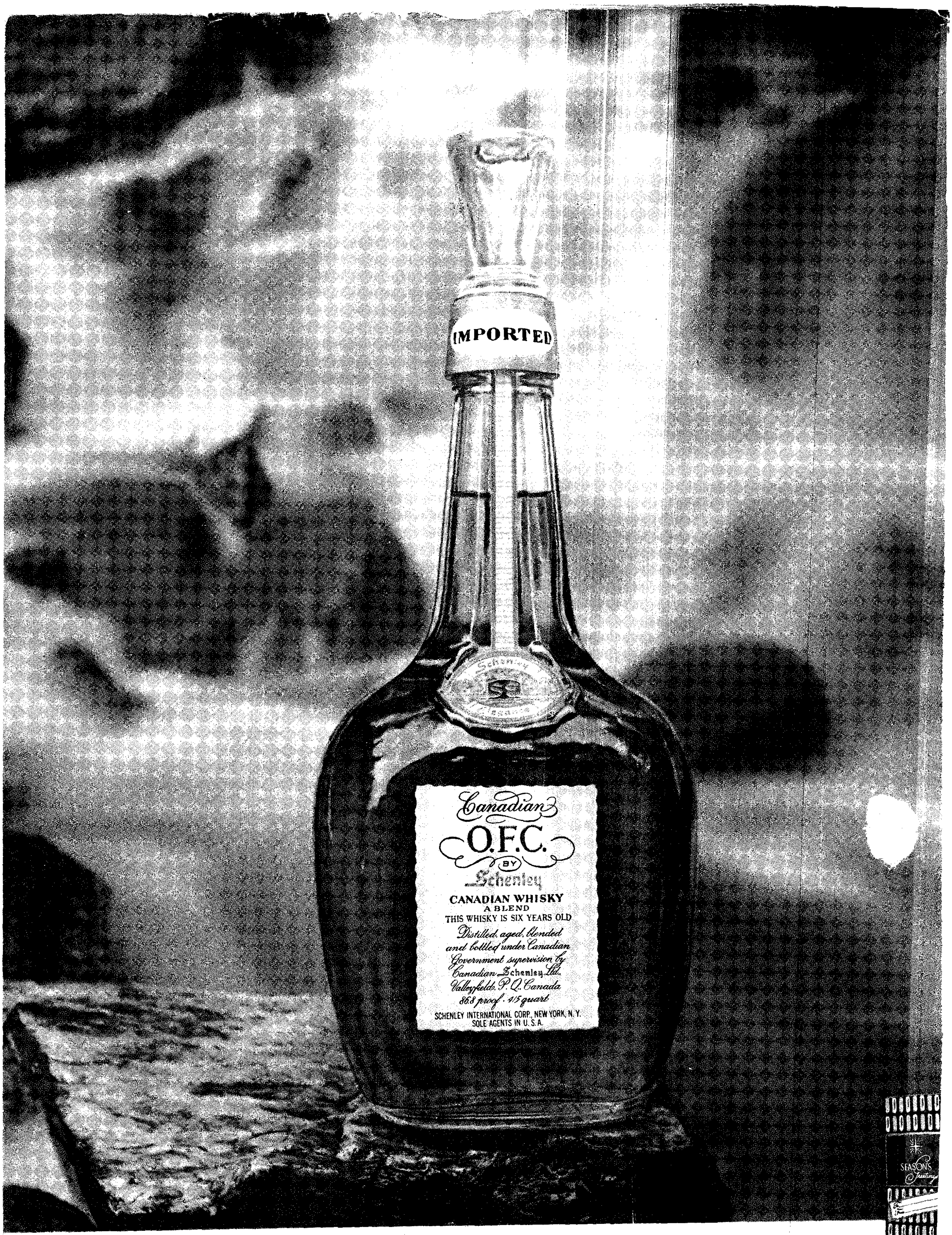
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